The Outlook

VOLUME 95 JUNE 25, 1910 NUMBER 8

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
REGULAR WEEKLY NUMBERS, FIVE CENTS. MAGAZINE NUMBERS (FOURTH ISSUE OF EACH MONTH), FIFTEEN CENTS. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS — FIFTY-TWO ISSUES — THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

CONTENTS

Copyright, 1910, by the Outlook Company

Mr. Roosevelt's Return 353
The National Fine Arts Commission 355
The World Missionary Conference 355
Postal Savings 356
Statehood 357
The Passing of Log-Rolling 357
Mr. Pinchot on the Present Issue 358
The Decade's Work in Saving Watersheds 358
A Fight for a Capital 359
The San Francisco Prize-Fight 360
Dr. Lammasch's Ideal 361
Germany and the Vatican 361
Professional Training for Lay Religious Work 362
The Commencement Season 362
There and Back 363
Special Interests 363
The New Railway Bill 365
Railway Accidents 367
The World of Faith 368
Mr. Roosevelt in England (Staff Correspondence) 370
By Lawrence F. Abbott
The Spectator 372
How Air Travel Began 375
By William Johnson
The Slowcoach: Chapters I to V 381
By Edward Verrall Lucas
Psychology and Daily Life 397
By H. Addington Bruce
Joy (Poem) 410
By Herbert Müller Hopkins
Milwaukee, a Socialist City 411
By Frederic C. Howe
Royal Exiles 422
Drawings from Life by Joseph M. Gleeson
A Violin Village 426
By Louise E. Dew
Treasure (Poem) 432
By Priscilla Leonard
The Custer Statue 433
My Orchard-Garden 434
By Laura Wolcott
The Import of Art 441
By William M. Chase
The Spirit of Democracy: The Tendency of Democracy 446
By Lyman Abbott
Five Ways to Fairyland (Poem) 450
By Mary Elizabeth Rodhouse

POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 to the regular subscription price for postage.

HOW TO REMIT. Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express Order, or Postal Money Order, payable to the Outlook Company. Currency, unless mailed in a registered letter, is at the sender's risk.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent Two Weeks before the date of issue on which the change is to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

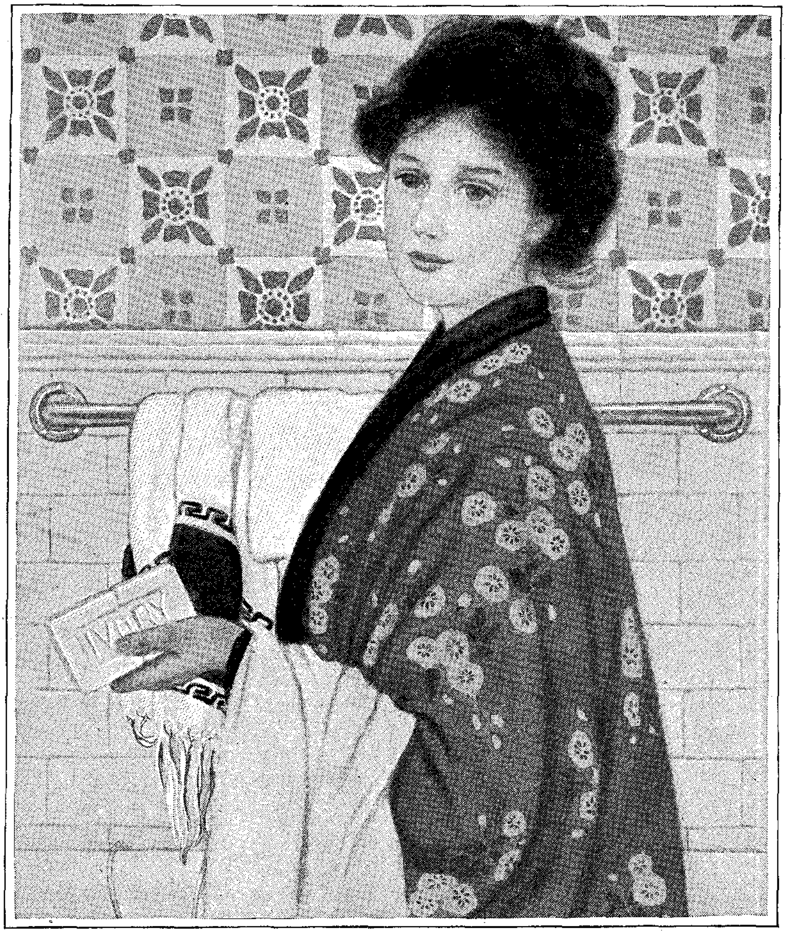
RENEWALS. The date opposite your name on the yellow label which appears on your copy of The Outlook shows to what date your subscription has been paid. Your renewal should be received two weeks before the date of expiration thus indicated, to prevent any interruption in your receipt of The Outlook.

COPYRIGHT. All the contributions and illustrations of this number are fully protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without special permission. The editorial contributions of Theodore Roosevelt are fully protected by copyright, domestic and international, and are not to be reprinted in full except by arrangement in specific cases with the Outlook Company. Extracts from any of Mr. Roosevelt's articles, however, not exceeding one-third of the total, may be made, provided full credit to The Outlook is given.

ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising must be received two weeks before the Saturday on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by its author.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Chicago Office, 150 Michigan Boulevard
London Office, 3 Regent Street



No matter whether you bathe in the morning or at night, in warm water or cold, *you should use Ivory Soap.*

It floats. It is pure. It lathers freely. It rinses easily. It *cleans!*

Can you think of any other qualities that a bath soap should have?

Ivory Soap . . . . It Floats.

The Outlook

JUNE 25, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

⁂

THE RETURN OF MR. ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President and private citizen, returned to America last Saturday to a popular welcome commensurate with the receptions which have met him in the countries of Europe. In its enthusiasm and spontaneity it was significant of the appreciation of the American people for the services which he has rendered to his country and of their regard for him as a man. The early hour of his arrival seemed to have no appreciable effect upon the enthusiasm of his countrymen, and the welcome began as soon as the steamer which carried him entered New York Bay. Shortly before eight o'clock in the morning the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, of the Hamburg-American Line, steamed through the Narrows and dropped anchor off Quarantine. Close behind the steamer came the South Carolina, one of the newest battle-ships of the American navy, grim in its leaden-hued paint and bulking huge in the morning mists. As the war-ship passed the anchored Kaiserin, her bluejackets manned the sides, her six-pounders barked out a Presidential salute of twenty-one guns, and parti-colored signal flags broke out in lines from bow and stern to the tops of the lattice-work military masts. The guns of Fort Wadsworth had already given a similar salute as the steamer passed through the Narrows; and the five torpedo-boats that accompanied the battle-ship followed their big leader's example. Quickly tugs, yachts, excursion boats, and revenue cutters began to gather about the liner; and when, twenty minutes later, the revenue cutter Manhattan, with Collector of the Port Loeb and relatives and personal friends of Mr. Roosevelt's family, came alongside, the usually quiet bay off Quarantine had become "a town upon the waters." Mr. Roosevelt and his family left the steamer for the Manhattan, and about nine o'clock the ex-President boarded the big white revenue cutter Androscoggin. Here the official welcome began, and once more battle-ship, torpedo-boats, and revenue cutters saluted, the bright yellow flashes and the billowing puffs of white smoke bearing the greeting to the eye long before the staccato note of the explosions reached the ear. On the Androscoggin were the reception committee of three hundred, headed by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the two Cabinet officers and the military aide who bore President Taft's greeting to his predecessor. The ceremony on the revenue cutter was brief, and without delay the procession formed for the parade to the Battery. First came the war-ships, then the Androscoggin flanked by two sister cutters, then a fleet of numerous excursion steamers, tugs, and yachts, with the Albany, carrying members of the Republican Club of New York, in the lead. Up the Bay and the North River as far as Eighteenth Street the procession steamed at quarter-speed, in perfect alignment and order. There the Androscoggin turned, and at full speed darted down the river toward the Battery, where Mr. Roosevelt was expected at eleven o'clock. As she went, the whistle of every craft on the crowded river sounded in noisy salute, and the crowds on land and water waved and shouted a greeting.

THE POPULAR GREETING

Meanwhile at the Battery, where the southernmost end of Manhattan Island juts into New York Harbor, a great throng of people were gathering. A landing-place at Pier A had been reserved. About it were roped-off inclosures. In one of these inclosures a grand stand had been erected, and a speakers' stand in front of it. The stands were draped with bunting, and the inclosing ropes were bound with oak leaves. Within the inclosures were admitted those who had obtained tickets from members of the Reception Committee. The privilege of entering these places had been secured, not by any one class of people, but by all sorts of men, women, and children. The woman who had apparently come from the tenement with her baby was by the side of a group who had come in an automobile. The distinction between those within and without the inclosures was not one that was accompanied, as is often the case on such occasions, by a distinction in dress and appearance. This was an impressive indication of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt has, through his public service, established close relations with people in every station and calling. In the neighboring buildings every window was filled; and even on the roofs of the highest of them people sat with their feet dangling over the edge. A cordon of police surrounded the reserved spaces, and with patience and efficiency kept the good-natured but eager crowd in order. As the whistles of the passing vessels in the marine parade sounded their welcome, a military band near the landing played festive airs. The hour of Mr. Roosevelt's landing was set for eleven o'clock. At a quarter before the hour there was a fanfare of trumpets. Preceded by mounted police, an automobile bore Mayor Gaynor to the entrance of the stand. In a few moments the revenue cutter Androscoggin approached the pier. At the sight of Mr. Roosevelt on the bridge the crowd broke into cheers. At eleven, promptly, Mr. Roosevelt landed, and ascended the speakers' stand. The tumult of welcome was stirring. Even the policemen, who had been keeping the crowd from straining the ropes, no longer faced the people, but turned their eyes upon the man who had been Police Commissioner as well as President. After a few moments, during which Mr. Roosevelt characteristically signaled his greetings to such acquaintances as he could identify in the crowd, Mayor Gaynor made a very brief and happy speech. This, which only those nearest the stand could hear, bade Mr. Roosevelt welcome as one who had been "received everywhere in Europe and honored as no man from this country ever was honored." In reply Mr. Roosevelt said:

> I thank you, Mayor Gaynor. Through you I thank your committee, and through them I wish to thank the American people for their greeting. I need hardly say I am most deeply moved by the reception given me. No man could receive such a greeting without being made to feel both very proud and very humble.
>
> I have been away a year and a quarter from America, and I have seen strange and interesting things alike in the heart of the frowning wilderness and in the capitals of the mightiest and most highly polished of civilized nations.
>
> I have thoroughly enjoyed myself; and now I am more glad than I can say to get home, to be back in my own country, back among people I love. And I am ready and eager to do my part, so far as I am able, in helping solve problems which must be solved if we, of this the greatest democratic republic upon which the sun has ever shone, are to see its destinies rise to the high level of our hopes and its opportunities.
>
> This is the duty of every citizen, but it is peculiarly my duty; for any man who has ever been honored by being made President of the United States is thereby forever after rendered the debtor of the American people, and is bound throughout his life to remember this as his prime obligation, and, in private life as much as in public life, so to carry himself that the American people may never have cause to feel regret that once they placed him at their head.

From the Battery, Mr. Roosevelt, preceded by a guard of honor consisting of the Rough Riders, his old command, and followed by about two thousand Spanish war veterans, was driven in a carriage uptown through Broadway and Fifth Avenue. At a number of points along the route of the procession were stationed the members of various societies. How many hundreds of thousands of people lined the way can only be guessed. As the carriage passed along Mr. Roosevelt stood and acknowledged the welcome of the people which they gave by their shouts and by the waving of flags. This extraordinary reception is partly a tribute to Mr. Roosevelt's personality; but it is still more a demonstration of popular faith in those principles of government and those standards of public life with which Mr. Roosevelt has become associated in the minds of the American people.

THE NATIONAL FINE ARTS COMMISSION

In the passage of certain desirable bills the United States Senate has certainly been distinguishing itself. Prominent among such measures has been the National Fine Arts Commission Bill. It gives statutory authority to President Roosevelt's idea in appointing a National Council of Fine Arts. Mr. Roosevelt had recommended the establishment by legislation of such a commission. Perhaps aware, however, that this recommendation would not be followed by Congress, he himself created the Council by Executive order. Congress now authorizes the President to appoint seven artists of repute as a National Commission of the Fine Arts. The Commission is to have authority to decide upon the selection of statues and monuments in the public squares, streets, and parks of the entire District of Columbia, and is also to advise in the selection of models for statues and monuments erected anywhere under the American Government's authority, and in the selection of artists for their execution, and generally to advise upon all questions of art. Everything pertaining to Government architecture and everything pertaining to the Government's establishment of memorials, especially of statues, has shown the necessity of a supervision other than that of the eminent legislators in Congress. No matter how great their legal erudition or their political acumen, when it comes to questions of art, they are, most of them, tyros. But America justly boasts men who are not tyros in art and who at the same time have much public spirit and a broad comprehension of how the National art instinct may best express itself. Such men are Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, Mr. Thomas Hastings, Mr. Cass Gilbert, the well-known architects; Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., the Boston landscape architect; Mr. Daniel C. French, the veteran sculptor; Mr. Frank D. Millet, the decorative painter; and Mr. Charles Moore. These gentlemen were members of President Roosevelt's Commission, and have now been properly appointed by President Taft, on his signing the bill, as members of the new Fine Arts Commission. Colonel Spencer Cosby, of Washington, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, has been appointed Secretary of the Commission. In view of the opposition of reactionaries like Speaker Cannon to the passage of the bill, the final outcome is gratifying to all friends of art, even though the Commission's authority in all departments of art is not as great as we hoped it might be.

THE WORLD MISSIONARY CONFERENCE

The greatest of missionary conferences has begun its sessions in Edinburgh. The delegates represent almost every country and consist of a very wide variety of shades of religious belief. The Conference is a meeting of the various foreign missionary societies working among non-Christian peoples. The present meeting is the third of a series; the first was held in London, the second in New York City. The Edinburgh Conference, however, is on a much larger scale, and more fully represents all missionary movements. It consists of two parts, a Conference proper and a "Parallel Conference," the latter being of a decidedly popular and inspirational character. The programme consists primarily of reports of commissions and the investigation of problems arising in non-Christian fields. The resultant conclusions are expected to show the fields still unoccupied or under-occupied, or those where conditions require certain kinds of work. The commissions are eight in number. The first commission has been studying the subject of Carrying the Gospel to All the Non-Christian World; the second, The Native Church; the third, Education in Relation to the Christianization of National Life; the fourth, The Missionary Message; the fifth, The Preparation of Missionaries; the sixth, The Home Basis of Missions; the seventh, The Relations of Missions to Governments; the eighth, Co-operation and Unity. A letter from ex-President Roosevelt, expressing sympathy with the Conference and regretting his inability to be present, contains the following interesting paragraph:

> In missionary work, above all other kinds of Christian work, it is imperative to remember that a divided Christendom can only imperfectly bear witness to the essential unity of Christianity. I believe that with-

out compromise of belief, without loss of the positive good contained in the recognition of diversities of gifts and differences of administration, the Christian churches may yet find a way to cordial co-operation and friendship as regards the great underlying essentials upon which as a foundation all Christian churches are built. This is one of the lessons which has been particularly impressed upon me by what I have seen of Christian work in Africa, both in heathen and Mohammedan lands.

The Conference was opened under the presidency of Lord Balfour of Burleigh. Its sessions will, we believe, be productive of great good in directing men's minds to the particular fields of work needing particular emphasis.

❖

GERMAN STUDENTS AND BEER

With restless interest in all that concerns his people, the German Emperor devotes his attention now to this and now to that subject calling for comment. His latest pronouncement is against excessive beer-drinking. Both in manner and in matter the warning is interesting. In manner, it takes the form of a letter to a young student at the University of Freiburg. The event is the more noticeable as the student does not belong to the nobility. In matter, the warning is a blunt appeal to common sense. It is aimed at those students in general, and to those "corps students" in particular, to whom university life means three years of practically all-day or all-night beer-drinking. American and English university students in visiting Germany have been disagreeably struck by the unnecessary amount of adipose tissue characteristic of German students. This is largely due to the excess of beer-drinking and to the absence of sufficient bodily exercise. Of course the German corps student points with pride to his traditional swordsmanship. But student swordsmanship has come to mean a very occasional duel, the evidence of which does not seem to have been any particular excellence in fencing but to be rather the exhibition of a slit cheek or ear. While these tendencies are not characteristic of the best German students, tradition is strong, particularly at such renowned dueling and drinking universities as those of Heidelberg and Tübingen. Many an otherwise normal student has been drawn into an incredible waste of time for which he has naturally little taste. Fortunately, social precedents being fixed by the monarch, the supreme German arbiter now sets up a new precedent. At Bonn William II was a corps student himself. Doubtless he followed some of the corps student customs. But that did not prevent him from deprecating their excesses. He is thus all the more the friend of students in general. His warning will, we believe, do good. It should help the students' physical and mental life alike. By curtailing the hours now spent in beer-drinking the student will have sufficient time left for his athletic life and his studies. No doubt the faculty of the University of Freiburg and the faculty of every other German university are grateful to the monarch for his letter. It is a letter of pure common sense.

❖

POSTAL SAVINGS

Both houses of Congress have agreed that postal savings banks should be established. Thus, after an agitation lasting a score or more of years, it seems now highly probable that it will soon be as easy for a person to open a savings bank account as it now is for him to register a letter. In form, the bill which has passed the Senate is in many respects different from that which has now passed the House. During the formation of these two bills there has been a prolonged discussion as to detail. The principal subject for discussion has been the method of disposing of the accumulated funds. That matter raises a question which cannot be ignored, for it relates to the distribution of money in different parts of the country. It is highly important that, whatever postal savings bank bill is finally adopted, nothing in it should unnecessarily increase the dangers that are consequent upon the congestion of currency in financial centers. How the increase of the dangers of such congestion may best be avoided is a matter on which experts differ. But it is a problem which experts must solve. One thing is clear: that it is the duty of Congress to give to the people of the United States the same opportunity for exercising thrift by means of the post-office that the governments of most other civilized countries have given to their respective peoples.

STATEHOOD After lying dormant for three or four months, the bill framed in the Senate for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as States was suddenly taken up last week in the Senate and passed without a dissenting vote. The only disagreement in the Senate regarding this bill was over the question whether it should be adopted instead of the bill which has been passed by the House of Representatives. On that question the division was on purely party lines. The unthinking manner in which Congress has in the past admitted States to the indissoluble partnership of the Union is apparently about to be repeated in this case. That there is any real popular demand throughout the country for Arizona and New Mexico to come and help govern the Nation at large we do not for an instant believe. There are apparently three reasons offered by the advocates of the Statehood Bill: First, that both Territories have as large a population as many States had when they were admitted, and are, therefore, entitled to become States. To this we answer that no Territory is entitled to Statehood. Statehood is a privilege, not a right; and it belongs to the American people as a whole and not to the people of the Territory to decide whether the people of the Territory shall help to carry on the government of the American people as a whole. We have not yet seen any cogent argument to show that the people of New Mexico and Arizona will greatly benefit the Nation as a whole by helping to govern it. The second reason offered is a party reason. Many Democrats desire Statehood for these two Territories because they think that the result will be four more Democratic Senators. Moreover, both party platforms have advocated the admission of these two Territories. The fact that an early morning plank is found in a party platform ought not to weigh for an instant against serious doubts as to the capacity of either Territory to become a part of a self-governing Union. The third reason that is given is that it has been advocated by the President. Inasmuch, however, as the President bases his advocacy upon the party platform, we cannot regard this reason as distinctive, much less do we regard it as conclusive. The effort of Oklahoma (to which we refer in another paragraph) to nullify one of the provisions of the Act which admitted it to Statehood is a warning that the Nation should consider with special care the fitness of any Territory for the duties and privileges of Statehood.

❖

THE PASSING OF LOG-ROLLING Last week the United States Senate, we are glad to say, followed the House of Representatives in authorizing in the Sundry Appropriations Bill an expenditure of $250,000 by the President to meet the expenses of the Tariff Board. That Board was established in virtue of a provision of the Payne Act giving the President power to employ certain persons in determining the application of the maximum and minimum tariff. The President promptly appointed three persons who have constituted an effective and non-partisan Tariff Board. They are Dr. Henry C. Emery, Professor of Political Economy at Yale; Mr. James Burton Reynolds, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in special charge of the tariff questions; and Mr. Alvin H. Sanders. The work of these gentlemen has been wider than a mere inquiry into the application of the maximum and minimum tariff; it has, of necessity, been an investigation into the cost of the production of commodities both here and abroad, covering the cost of labor, material, manufacture, and other elements of production. The intention of Congress has been, if it must revise the tariff, to revise for the benefit of special interests, not for the benefit of the public welfare. On the other hand, the idea of those who have stood for the establishment of a non-partisan, permanent commission has been to provide the country with a really scientific tariff. The tariff is scientific only when framed for the benefit of all the people, and not for the benefit of a favored few. Even Congressmen are coming to realize the necessity of making some concession to popular sentiment. This is evident from their grudging deference to the President's wishes in the matter of the new appropriations. No provision of the Payne Act was more acceptable to Mr. Taft than that concerning the appointment of experts to aid him in determining tariff matters; he saw that, from these experts, he could obtain a body of impartially collected evidence, ready at the proper time to be used in officially illuminating the country as to just where we stand with regard to the tariff. Take the wool schedule, for instance—does any one contend that, as it exists, it is other than an injustice? And yet, when the interests of the wool-growers of the West and the interests of the woolen manufacturers of the East join forces, the Government of the United States is held up! No matter how strong such forces may be in the future, they are now, by the action of Congress itself, somewhat shorn of their most formidable weapon, and that is the kind of partial, one-sided, unfair information doled out to a supposedly unsuspecting public. Much fair and impartial information is now ready from a not discredited source—the Tariff Board. Such information, available to the public, will, if anything can, bring to an end the system of "log-rolling" in tariff legislation.

❖

MR. PINCHOT ON THE PRESENT ISSUE

In an address at St. Paul, Minnesota, on June 11, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, formerly Chief Forester, and recognized as leader of the Conservation movement in the United States, presented his views on the issue now confronting the American people. Briefly put, it is the issue between the public interest and special interests. Naturally, he took as his text Conservation. Coming back from a trip abroad, he finds that "Conservation has captured the Nation;" that "its progress during the last twelve months is amazing;" that "official opposition to the Conservation movement . . . has vastly strengthened the grasp of Conservation upon the minds and consciences of our people;" and that this movement "cannot be checked by the baseless charge that it will prevent development." The great danger to the country that he discerned is the alliance between business and politics. It is because the people think that the Senate and the House represent special business interests rather than the people as a whole that, as he believes, they have lost confidence in Congress. He cited the new tariff as an illustration of the effect of such an alliance. On the other hand, Mr. Pinchot saw reason for great hope in the fact that party regularity is no longer as binding as it once was. "The man in the street," said Mr. Pinchot, "no longer asks about a measure or a policy merely whether it is good Republican or good Democratic doctrine. Now he asks whether it is honest and means what it says, whether it will promote the public interest, weaken special privilege, and help to give every man a fair chance. If it will, it is good, no matter who proposed it. If it will not, it is bad, no matter who defends it." As a consequence of this growing public opinion, the former prevailing type of politician is coming to be seen for what it is. In the meantime the people of the United States, Mr. Pinchot declared, are insisting "that the special interests shall go out of politics or out of business—one or the other." And in concluding he predicted that "the conservation of political liberty will take its proper place alongside the conservation of the means of living." This speech by Mr. Pinchot indicates the source of his influence. He has not merely been an expert student of forestry and an earnest believer in his work, but he has also been a seer who was able to perceive the principles which connected his work with the public welfare and to make those principles plain to the people.

❖

THE DECADE'S WORK IN SAVING WATERSHEDS

The Weeks Bill is shortly to come before the House of Representatives. No bill, we believe, exceeds it in importance. In 1900 it was first proposed that the Government should purchase land in the White Mountain and Appalachian watersheds. Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, recommended the purchase of lands, especially in the Appalachian Range. His recommendation was based upon investigations made at the suggestion of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who had been the first champion of the Appalachian Forest Reserve. Mr. Pinchot knew the region well, having been chief forester on Mr. George W. Vanderbilt's estate, Biltmore, near Asheville, North Carolina. Later in the year President Roosevelt supported the recommendation, as he did in subsequent Messages. Bills to purchase lands in the White Mountain and Appalachian regions were introduced. They repeatedly passed the Senate, but not the House. When they came to the latter body, they were of course referred to the Committee on Agriculture. Finally, in 1907 the bill was favorably reported. Speaker Cannon, however, refused to let it come up for consideration on the floor of the House. In the next Congress Mr. Wadsworth, the Committee's chairman, failed of election. Mr. Henry, ranking member of the Committee, would naturally have become chairman. He favored the bill. Not only was he not made chairman by the Speaker, but the latter removed him from the Committee itself. Two other members who had voted for the bill were also dropped, and were replaced by men who have not since so voted. In addition, Mr. Cannon appointed as the new chairman Mr. Scott, of Kansas, a courteous and popular man, but, as regards this bill, a reactionary. It is natural for us to suppose, therefore, that the Speaker's new appointments were made to defeat the bill. In 1908 the bill was reintroduced. It passed the Senate, but in the House was never reported. Yet it had been admirably redrafted so as to put it on a basis of controlling the flow of navigable rivers, thereby bringing it very clearly within the Constitutional power of Congress. In 1909 popular pressure had become strong, and the Committee on Agriculture itself introduced a bill granting some assistance from the General Government to a co-operation among the States for the protection of their forests and water supplies. This bill passed the House but not the Senate. The Senate sent the original Appalachian bill again to the House, and again it was referred to the Committee on Agriculture. Discussions there led to the preparation of a new bill. It had as its author the Hon. John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts, a member of the Committee. The new bill did not mention the White Mountains or Appalachians by name, but provided that money for the purchase of the forested watersheds of navigable water streams should be taken from the income of the National Forests. The bill passed the House. The Speaker, despite his personal opposition, was liberal enough to allow a modification of the rules so that the bill might go to the Senate, where the "Rocky Mountain group" killed it. This year the Weeks Bill has been reintroduced. The reference to the income from the National Forests has been replaced by a direct Treasury appropriation. The practical reason for passing the bill is that the addition of another year to the decade's delay in saving the watersheds means irrevocable loss to navigation, irrigation, water power, and timber supply. In this year of burdensomely high prices this should have special appeal. The States affected are not able to do what is necessary; only the General Government can, and for it the legislation involves no permanent expense. It is an investment. The present juncture thus calls for letters from constituents to both House and Senate members, demanding the bill's passage without further delay.

❖

A FIGHT FOR A CAPITAL

The country at large is not greatly concerned over the question whether Guthrie or Oklahoma City shall be the capital of the State of Oklahoma. But it is concerned with the way in which our new States control themselves, and the amount of respect shown by them to law and order, for this has an important bearing on the admission of proposed States which have a pioneer character and an unsettled population. Of the two towns which claim to be the capital, Guthrie has about 12,000 people, Oklahoma City over 30,000. A vote held recently throughout the State gave a heavy majority in favor of the larger city, but feeling ran so high that it is reported that the Governor's daughter was stoned on the streets of Guthrie for expressing anti-Guthrie sentiment. Yet it does not appear what right the State authorities had to settle the dispute by a popular vote. The enabling act by which Congress gave permission for the organization of the new State not only declared that Guthrie should be the capital until 1913, but required that the Constitutional Convention should accept all the conditions of the enabling act; and the Convention did that very thing. Whether or not lawyers can find a loophole to release the State from this promise, and whether or not it be true that the clause about Guthrie was inserted by a political trick, as has been said, it is certain that Oklahoma stood pledged to Congress and the country to do a certain specified thing. The haste with which the officials seem to be settling things as they want them, without regard to law, is not an encouraging sign; the matter is already in the courts, and it would have been wise to await a final judicial decision rather than to indulge in such spectacular acts as carrying the great seal of the State secretly in the night by fast automobile to the alleged new capital. Such haste and excitement remind one of the petty squabbles of a frontier town rather than the serious action of a great State.

⁂

THE SAN FRANCISCO PRIZE-FIGHT The Outlook has not referred to the proposed prize-fight in San Francisco because it has not wished to advertise an exhibition which it did not think it could do anything to prevent. The Governor of California has now, however, directed the Attorney-General of the State to examine the question whether the proposed fight is not a violation of the law of California, and to see what measures can be taken either to prevent the fight, or, if that is impossible, to punish those who participate in it. In his letter to the Attorney-General the Governor thus describes the law:

> The first session of the Legislature held in this State, in the year 1850, enacted a law making it a felony for two persons to fight each other upon a previous agreement upon a wager for money, or any other reward. This law has been amended from time to time, but never so as to make prize-fighting lawful. In 1903 the Legislature again amended the law relating to prize-fighting. While the law as amended permitted "sparring exhibitions" for a limited number of rounds with gloves to be held by a domestic incorporated club, it did not remove the ban which the laws of this State have always placed upon prize-fights, and while a "sparring exhibition" under certain conditions and restrictions is permissible under this act, a prize-fight still remains a felony. Therefore the question arises, What is a prize-fight and what is a "sparring exhibition"? The former is a crime; the latter is lawful. It is claimed by many that the contest soon to take place between Jeffries and Johnson is to be a prize-fight, as that term is understood in the law, and therefore a crime under our statutes.

We shall not undertake to answer the question which the Governor here raises, What is the difference between a prize-fight and a sparring exhibition? The Governor is right in desiring from the Supreme Court an authoritative answer to this question. We are, however, tolerably clear as to another question: What ought the law to prohibit, what ought it to permit? In our judgment, the California law of 1850, as described by the Governor, made the only practical discrimination between a legal and an illegal sparring contest. To make the legality depend upon the wearing of gloves, or the kind of gloves worn, has been proved by experience to be wholly ineffectual as a prohibition of gross brutality. The only effectual prohibition is one which makes illegal any exhibition for which an admission fee is charged to the spectators. In other words, boxing by amateurs, such as takes place in our gymnasiums, is generally innocent and often advantageous. It develops both strength and muscle and alertness of mind and action. Professional fighting between professional bruisers for compensation paid to them, and made a spectacle for which admission fees are taken, is rarely innocent, and often horribly brutal, as witness this description of a prize-fight in California, which we take from the Governor's letter:

> "After the sixteenth round had gone some fifty seconds Moran landed a blow on McCarthy's jaw. It did not look to be a heavy punch, but the young fighter went over backward, his head seemingly dropping below as though his neck had been injured, and as he struck the floor the sound of the impact could be heard throughout the pavilion." McCarthy died.

Governor Gillett is somewhat late, but we hope that his interference will prove effectual. The Attorney-General declares that the proposed fight is illegal, and that he expects to obtain an injunction prohibiting it; so that the reported defiant statement of the Mayor of San Francisco, that the exhibition will take place despite the Governor, may be disregarded by the public. An injunction issued by the Court, and sustained by the military power of the State, under the direction of the Governor, if he has the courage of his convictions, will be quite adequate to protect the city and the State from the disgrace of this retrocession to barbarism.

DR. LAMMASCH'S IDEAL

The text has now arrived in this country of the address of Dr. Heinrich Lammasch, professor in the University of Vienna, member of the upper house of the Austrian Parliament, and President of the Fisheries Arbitration Tribunal at The Hague. In opening that case between England and America before the tribunal the speaker emphasized, we are glad to note, the progress from the present semi-diplomatic so-called Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague (which, as a matter of fact, is neither permanent nor a court!) towards a permanent and truly judicial tribunal. Professor Lammasch's high conception of the judicial function to be performed by a real Court of Arbitral Justice is distinct from the ordinary diplomatic ideas of ordinary arbitral tribunals. By no means did he minimize the good already accomplished by the so-called Permanent Court of International Arbitration established ten years ago by the first Hague Conference. Under it tribunals have decided disputes touching four continents. The greatest world powers have spontaneously submitted to it. Moreover, Governments, having once appealed to it, intrusted it a second and third time with the decision of their controversies. Indeed, arbitrators chosen in one case have been nominated to decide other affairs. Certainly these are convincing evidences that the nations have been fairly contented with the work done at The Hague. And yet the manner of procedure has not been ideal. It is proposed now to make it so. The Fisheries case affords an opportunity for drawing the distinction which Professor Lammasch indicates. As he says, perhaps never has there been intrusted to an arbitral tribunal a question of greater gravity and of more complex nature than this dispute. Many of its documents date prior to the declaration of American independence, some of them go as far back as the seventeenth century. From the time of the Anglo-American Treaty of 1818 the questions implicated have been the subject of almost uninterrupted diplomatic correspondence. More than once they have brought Europe and America to the verge of war. In now submitting such a long-standing conflict to the arbitration of the Hague Tribunal, the two Governments have, as Dr. Lammasch says, set an example for the whole community of nations. But—and this is the essential thing—the award is to be no merely semi-diplomatic award. Dr. Lammasch thus defines the ideal:

> The award we have to pronounce must, by the force of its motives, meet with the approval of all who, by an unbiased knowledge of international law, are entitled to criticise us. Every sentence rendered by this Court ought to be, by virtue of its impartiality and equity, a new pillar to sustain the ideal palace of justice and peace.

As the second Hague Conference recommended, the only way to realize this ideal is to establish a Court of Arbitral Justice. The present Court consists of a panel of judges to be drawn upon when it is desired to organize an arbitration tribunal for some special case. Three difficulties at once arise: frequent embarrassment in fixing upon proper arbitrators; a relatively large expense, and one to be borne solely by the parties to the dispute; finally, the necessary lack of continuity in such a tribunal's history. On the other hand, a truly permanent arbitral court would be composed of paid judges, serving long terms, who would judge cases, not diplomatically as arbitrators, but judicially as judges. The expense would be borne by all the contributory nations. Finally, what is of greater importance, the Court would necessarily gradually establish precedents which would crystallize and codify international law.

GERMANY AND THE VATICAN

During the past fortnight two well-nigh unprecedented events occurred in the diplomatic dealings between Germany and the Vatican. Foreshadowing the tercentenary of the canonization of St. Charles Borromeo, the Pope had published an encyclical letter eulogizing the saint as the champion who had opposed Luther's "heretical reform." With regard to the Protestants the encyclical, as reported, says:

> They called the perversion of faith and morals reform, and themselves reformers. In truth, they were seducers, and, while they

exhausted the strength of Europe in strife and war, they prepared the way for the upheaval and decadence of modern times, in which three sorts of strife that were formerly separated, and from which the Church always emerged victorious, were united—the bloody struggles of early times, the internal plague of heresies, and, finally, under the name of evangelical freedom, that corruption of morals and perversion of discipline to which the Middle Ages hardly reached.

This language met with prompt protest from German Protestants. On the Sunday following the publication of the text mass-meetings were held in a number of German cities. Hundreds of thousands of persons attended the meetings in Berlin alone. The Imperial Foreign Office was quick to realize the significance of these demonstrations. They moved it to action. As most of the demonstrations had occurred in Prussia, the Prussian Government protested against the Pope's encyclical. If the manner of the Government's protest was almost unprecedented, so was that of the Vatican's reply. Not only did the Pope withdraw the encyclical so far as Prussia was concerned, he withdrew it with regard to all Germany, and instructed the bishops throughout the Empire not to make the encyclical known in their dioceses. Moreover, the Vatican, in expressing formal regret over the whole affair, declared that the encyclical was not intended to insult either the German people or German Protestants. The double event seems to us significant, in more ways than one, of the political and religious movement of our time. It indicates that the Vatican, even under Merry del Val, is not indifferent to public opinion. We do not remember that ever before in history has the Vatican recalled an encyclical which had been once issued.

⁂

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING FOR LAY RELIGIOUS WORK

Recently the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. This school, which is situated at Hartford, Connecticut, prepares its pupils for service in the churches as laymen. Of course such service is as old as the Church itself, but only lately has it been regarded as a calling for which training is necessary. Twenty-five years ago it was doubtful whether the churches would ever demand the service of salaried lay workers. Now it is impossible for at least this school to meet the calls that come to it. In the old days the Sunday-school superintendent was always an amateur. Now, in many Sunday-schools, the superintendent is as truly engaged in a profession as the principal of a day-school. Indeed, professional training for such work has increased to such an extent that there are now at least twelve distinct departments of lay service for which the graduates of this school are prepared. Other institutions are doing a similar work. There are classes, for example, in the Union Theological Seminary. Indeed, there is no reason why a theological seminary should prepare men solely for the conventional ministry.

⁂

THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON

Three noteworthy retirements from long and honorable service have taken place at the close of the college year. Dean Van Amringe, the "Van Am" beloved of many generations of Columbia students, after fifty years of close intimacy from his youth with the life of the University, retires with universal praise from the office which he has made illustrious. Chancellor MacCracken closes at New York University the work whose record, as related in The Outlook of March 12, gives him high rank among college presidents and educators. Of peculiar interest is the retirement of President Seelye from his unique position at Smith College, which from a group of sixteen students in 1875 has grown under his direction to be the Alma Mater of nearly forty-five hundred alumnæ. Speaking for the Trustees to an audience of some two thousand women, Professor John B. Clark said that President Seelye's work had been to conceive and build up an institution which, while maintaining an educational standard for women the same as that for men, should introduce the differentiation required for women. Conferring upon President Seelye the highest honor in their gift, the Trustees have made him President emeritus. Among the addresses of the Commencement season thus far the widest public interest attaches to the address on "The Spirit and Purposes of American Diplomacy," given by Mr.

Knox, Secretary of State, before the University of Pennsylvania. As a succinct account of the most honorable chapter in our National record the address deserves to be read throughout the country. It reviewed our policy and its results at the Hague Conferences with their sequel to the present time, and also in the Near East, in the Far East, and toward our sister republics on this continent as its chief sphere, as a policy always controlled by the ideals of peace and principles of international comity and good will, endeavoring by good offices to lead and guide others in the same path. From the progress in that path thus far made Mr. Knox prophesies a federation of nations as real and vital as that which now subsists between the States of our Union, "when by deliberate international conjunction the strong shall universally help the weak, and when the corporate righteousness of the world shall compel unrighteousness to disappear."

◆

THERE AND BACK The Curtiss aeroplane flight from Albany to New York, which is described and illustrated in an article on another page, was promptly rivaled by another young aeronaut. His flight strengthened the impression made by Curtiss's achievement and Paulhan's success in England, that in man's campaign for the conquest of the air he is making a great advance toward victory. On Monday of last week Charles K. Hamilton flew from New York to Philadelphia and back between daylight and dark. A couple of refractory spark plugs in the engine were all that prevented him from making an entirely unprecedented achievement—going "there and back" (eighty-six miles each way) without stops, except at the terminal points. The flight to Philadelphia was made exactly on the schedule which the aviator had made before starting. He left Governor's Island at 7:36 A.M., and came to earth at the appointed landing-place in Philadelphia at 9:26 A.M., just one hour and fifty minutes later. After a two hours' rest he started for home at 11:33, but when he was within twenty minutes' flight of his goal the unsympathetic spark plugs abdicated their office, and Hamilton was compelled to come to earth. He alighted safely on rough swamp land near South Amboy; but in an attempt to start again, after temporary repairs, considerable damage was done to the aeroplane's propeller. Six hours he waited for a new propeller to be brought from Governor's Island. When it came he quickly ascended, and in twenty-three minutes had landed again at his starting-point. His actual flying time on the return trip was one hour and forty-four minutes, and his average speed over fifty-one miles an hour. Paulhan and Curtiss showed that an aeroplane can go long distances from one fixed point to another, practically upon schedule time. Hamilton has shown that an aeroplane can go "there and back."

SPECIAL INTERESTS

The following extracts from a letter give sufficiently clearly the different questions involved in the one question at the beginning, What are or who are Special Interests?

In the number of The Outlook for May 28, 1910, appears an editorial entitled "The Paramount Issue," which opens with the statement: "The paramount issue in the United States is represented by the legal phrase Special Interests vs. Public Welfare." May I ask The Outlook to state at length the exact meaning of this phrase as used by it? What are or who are the Special Interests? Does every business enterprise represent a Special Interest? Is bigness the test, or success, or engagement in a public or quasi-public employment? Are labor unions Special Interests? Does every business enterprise that desires tariff protection thereby become a Special Interest, or is it only those enterprises which want a larger measure of protection than some free-trader or some advocate of a low protective tariff thinks is proper? Does a group of men who wish to obtain possession of a water power and develop the same in accordance with the laws now in existence constitute a Special Interest? Do capitalists constitute a Special Interest by refusing to invest at all in the improvement of arid lands? If not, do they constitute a Special Interest if, in undertaking to improve arid lands in accordance with present laws, they offer merely to reclaim those lands the reclamation of which constitutes a sound business proposition? What can the railroads do with respect to rates that will enable them to satisfy their carping critics that their action is in accordance with public welfare?

Please give your readers a definition of the term Special Interests. C. M. O.

If a hundred instruments were gathered in a hall to give a concert, and each musician should select the tune he would like to play, and each played according to his own sweet will, the result would not be harmonious. Even if they agreed on one piece of music, but in playing it the cornet should attempt to drown the flute and the bass drum should attempt to drown the cornet, the result would not be a symphony. Good music is something other than a discordant jangle of sweet sounds. If in a family the husband should give his wife as little as possible and demand of her as much, and the wife should get from her husband as much as possible and give him as little, and the children should severally see how much they could get out of their parents and how little service they could render, and their parents how much service they could get and how little they could give the children, the result would not be a happy family. Eighty millions of people, each person looking after his own interests and careless of the interests of his neighbor, does not make a prosperous nation. To specify:

If a lumberman who owns a thousand acres of timber land considers only his own interests, he will probably cut down the trees and turn them into lumber as fast as the ax and saw will do it; it does not injure him that the mill-owner five miles down the river suffers alternately from drought and flood. If the woolen manufacturer considers only his own interests, he will ask for a tariff which will prohibit all importation of woolen goods into the United States and give him and his fellow-manufacturers a monopoly of the American market. That all other citizens have to pay an extra price for their woolen goods may be an injury to them, but not to him. If the railway directors consider only the interests of their stockholders, they will naturally charge for freight and passengers "all the traffic will bear," and will not hesitate to make special terms for special customers or special localities if profits will result. That such special terms may ruin a small customer for the benefit of a large one, or a small town for the benefit of a favored competitor, is immaterial.

What we mean, then, by special interests are interests which are allowed by the Government to be carried on in a manner injurious to the public welfare, or which receive special benefits from the Government in disregard of the general welfare. In the above paragraph the lumber instance illustrates the first, the woolen mill illustrates the second, type.

We wish every player in the orchestra to have the best of instruments and an opportunity to develop in himself the best musical ability; but we wish to see him using that instrument and that ability in harmony with his neighbor and for the common good. We wish father, mother, and children in the family to attain the highest possible human happiness and the highest possible human development; but we are quite sure that that result cannot be obtained unless each seeks the common welfare. We wish to see private enterprise in the community encouraged and rewarded; but we are quite sure that all private enterprise ought to be carried on in subordination to the general welfare; that the woolen manufacturer should not be given by law a protective tariff which will enrich him at the cost of the community; nor the lumberman allowed by law so to deforest the hills as to destroy the value of his neighbor's mills; nor the railway corporation allowed by law to conduct the highway so as to make one man a millionaire and another man a bankrupt. We want to see all private interests made subordinate to the public interest, and we want to see legislation determined, not by a conflict of special interests, not by a bargain between special interests, but by a consideration of the public welfare.

Specifically:

We want to see all timber-cutting in the country brought under Governmental supervision by both State and Federal authority, and that either for every tree cut one shall be planted, or that the cutting shall be so regulated that, except in clearing specifically permitted for cultivation, only trees of a certain size shall be cut down and the smaller trees preserved for future growth, or, in whatever way the experts may determine, the country shall not by private enterprise be reduced to the treeless condition of Palestine, to the incalculable injury of future generations.

We want to see the railways forbidden to charge more to one customer than to another customer for the same service, or to one town than to another town over the same line; and required to submit their rates to Government inspection and approval before they can be imposed on the traveling and transporting public; and we are glad to record elsewhere this week that Congress has come to this conclusion.

We want to see the tariff adjusted, not by a bargain between special interests in which each interest gets all it can get out of the other interests and all combine to get the utmost they can get out of the unprotected consumer; but adjusted by a non-partisan commission, which will be as independent of local interests as are the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and which will make the adjustment, or obtain the information to enable Congress to make the adjustment, for the purpose of securing an adequate wage to the American workingman, and for no other purpose whatever.

We want to see the river and harbor improvements determined on, not for the purpose of dividing the public moneys in some more or less satisfactory fashion between the different parts of the country, but for the purpose of carrying on to completion a scheme of public improvements planned by a body of competent and disinterested engineers.

We want to see the wealth which now belongs to the people of the United States—its forests, water power sites, unmined coal, unmined minerals, unwatered arid lands—recognized as the wealth of the people of the United States, and so administered, preferably by private enterprise, but under the regulation and control of the Government, that the wealth which belongs to the people shall be preserved for the people, and shall not be given away to any one who is shrewd enough, enterprising enough, and perhaps unscrupulous enough to get possession of it.

We want to see labor unions better organized, recognized by law, provision made for their incorporation, the right of laborers to have some larger share in determining the nature of their labor conditions recognized and provided for by law, and their responsibility, not only as individuals but in and through their organizations, to the law for illegal acts more clearly defined and more effectively enforced.

Our correspondent, in closing his letter, asks us:

> Is not the controversy one between those who believe that the general welfare will be furthered by the fullest encouragement of private enterprise and those who believe that the general welfare will be furthered by an extensive regulation of private enterprise? If this is so, how can those who believe in the regulation of private enterprises fairly accuse those who believe in the other policy—a policy whose application has undoubtedly had so much to do with the remarkable growth in the wealth and prosperity of this country—of being hostile to the public welfare and of supporting Special Interests; particularly so, as the policy of freedom still finds general expression in the common and statutory law of to-day?

Our answer is that official reports, and such unofficial reports as those of Mr. James J. Hill, have shown very clearly that unregulated private enterprise has wasted our natural resources, and threatens, if continued, to impoverish the country; and that in so far as that policy finds expression in the common and statutory law of to-day, it is high time that the law was changed in the interest of the people and of future generations.

⁂

THE NEW RAILWAY BILL

Since the railway rate regulation law, known as the Hepburn Act, was passed, under Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, public sentiment regarding National control of the railways has made an astonishing advance. An indication of the degree of that advance is the Inter-State Commerce Bill on which the Republican majority of the Conference Committee of Congress has just now agreed. In this case, as in many other cases, it was the first step that cost. Up to the time of the passage of the Hepburn Bill the prevailing opinion was that a railway was a commercial concern engaged in selling an article—transportation—and that it might legitimately get from each purchaser what price it could. Very slowly, and only after much public discussion, public opinion accepted, guardedly, the principle that a railway is primarily a public servant operating a public highway, entitled to fair compensation, but not entitled to get all it can, and not entitled to determine the conditions under which its work should be done. Although this principle was not unrecognized in court decisions, and was in a fashion involved in the creation of the Inter-State Commerce Commission some years before, it was established beyond dispute when the Hepburn Act was adopted. To that principle was added another, that every one who used a railway should for the same service be entitled to the same terms as every one else.

Now, though these principles were far-reaching, the specific provisions by which they were established unmistakably in law were very conservative. They allowed the Inter-State Commerce Commission to fix a maximum rate, but only after a hearing upon complaint from somebody who had a serious enough grievance and had sufficient resources to institute proceedings. They also prohibited rebates, and, with due qualifications, passes, but did not enable the Commission to deal effectively with the many devices by which favored shippers received advantages.

For a year the Commission exercised its new powers. It was evident that the law was justified. Then came a new suggestion. It was that the Commission, instead of being limited to such action as it might be called upon to take in response to complaints, should have the power to initiate investigations, and even to suspend increased rates pending a hearing as to their reasonableness. This suggestion was regarded as radical, and even by many of those who had advocated the Hepburn Act was received with great caution. The public, however, became convinced that the Commission, representing the public interest, should have this larger power. Moreover, in response to public opinion, the Republican party put into its platform a plank in favor of giving enlarged powers to the Commission, and of allowing traffic agreements subject to the approval of the Commission.

This was the state of public opinion when the new Congress assembled a little more than a year ago. Congress, however, always lags somewhat after public opinion. It would have been entirely natural if there had been another struggle against remonstrant private interests over this proposal to allow the Commission to initiate investigations and to suspend rates. Public opinion, however, has in the meantime advanced so far that this proposal has not even been questioned. The struggle has been over other proposals. For four months the Inter-State Commerce Bill has been under discussion in the House and the Senate, and the outcome is a bill in which powers are granted to the Commission and restrictions are placed upon the railways which no one could reasonably have anticipated a year ago. It establishes a Court of Commerce, which has no greater jurisdiction than the present courts in hearing appeals from the decisions of the Commission, but which can prevent the delays in court procedure which have often been a refuge for offending railways. It summons to the aid of the public the services of the Attorney-General's office, without invalidating the right of the Inter-State Commerce Commission or interested shippers to take part in the defense of the Commission's decisions. It brings telegraph and telephone companies under the control of the Commission and the provisions of the Inter-State Commerce Law. It empowers the Commission to establish through routes. It prohibits railways from imparting to one shipper information about the shipments of other shippers, and requires the railways to be responsible for giving shippers correct information about rates. It puts the burden upon the railways of showing the reasonableness of charging in any instance more for a short than for a long haul, and prevents the railways from first stifling water competition and then raising rates. And it does all this besides enabling the Commission to investigate rates of its own initiative, to suspend new rates for eleven months in advance of their going into effect pending hearings, and even to require a railway to show the reasonableness of any rate increase made after the first of last January.

No bill in recent years has so manifestly grown under the direct stimulus of popular opinion. What has happened to this bill may be likened to what often happens in the building of a house. The owner tells the architect what sort of a house he wants, and the architect draws the plans. Meantime the owner has some new ideas, and when he looks at the plans makes several suggestions, which are incorporated. Then the builders begin their work. No sooner, however, are the foundations laid than the housewife sees that a root cellar must be added. Then the young people call for a music-room. Then the master of the house wants a wing constructed to contain a den. So the house grows under the public sentiment of the family. At last, when it is finished, some disappointment may be expressed that the roof was not made higher or a chimney built to provide for more open fireplaces; but the house as completed is far more elaborate and satisfactory than the house as planned. So with this bill. Provision after provision was put in because of the demands made by those representing public sentiment.

In two respects the original plan was not carried out. In the Republican platform it was proposed that permission be granted to the railways to make traffic agreements subject to the approval of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Such a provision was put into the bill as drafted by the Attorney-General, but because it seemed to open the way to unregulated combinations it was dropped. We believe that it is entirely possible to draft a provision which shall take rate agreements out of the category of the prohibited and put them into the category of the regulated.

In one other respect the original plan was not carried out. The authority of the Inter-State Commerce Commission should be extended to apply to the financial operations of common carriers in inter-State commerce, as such authority has been given to the Public Service Commission in New York State over the financial operations of public service companies within its jurisdiction, and as similar authority has been granted to public commissions in Massachusetts. When any common carrier engaged in inter-State commerce desires to issue new securities, it should first be required to apply for permission to the Inter-State Commerce Commission; and the Commission should be empowered to ascertain the physical valuation of the carrier's property. The cost of the necessary investigation could justly be charged to the applicant carrier. As a consequence, not only would there be a protection offered to investors in railway stocks and bonds, but there would be established a basis for determining what rates could be regarded as reasonable, and what sort of service could be justly demanded. In this respect, however, the bill is not altogether silent, for it creates a special commission to study and report upon questions pertaining to the issuance of stocks and bonds by railway corporations.

Despite, however, these two respects in which the bill falls short of that for which public opinion is ready, it is a great piece of legislation, and is far more extensive than any bill which the country had a year ago any reason to expect.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS

The Outlook has long urged the necessity of an adequate railway accident act. We are now proportionately gratified to report the enactment of such a measure.

Last autumn the Hon. John J. Esch, Representative from Wisconsin, whose name is already honorably connected with railway legislation, introduced two bills into Congress. The first bill was to protect the lives of railway employees, the second those of passengers. The first bill became known as the Standardization Bill. It was duly passed, and is now law. Statistics concerning accidents from defective ladders, hand-holds, hand-brakes, and running-boards show that many hundred casualties occur every year from these causes. The casualties arising from the coupling and uncoupling of cars have been markedly reduced because of the enactment of the Safety Appliances Law, requiring air-brakes and automatic couplers. We may expect as much from the new Standardization Bill. It compels railway companies to adopt a uniformity of car equipment.

The second Esch bill, that insuring the safety of passengers, has come to be known as the Railway Accidents Bill. Nearly every railway accident has called public attention to the necessity of more thorough and unbiased investigation than that obtainable from the railway companies themselves or from coroners' juries. No matter how thorough the first, the people will always feel that it is not sufficiently public. No matter how public the second, the people will always feel that, of necessity, it could not be thorough. In certain States, it is true, a public service commission may undertake this work with assurance both of thoroughness and publicity. But such States form exceptions to the general rule. There has always been necessity for the immediate investigation by a non-partisan, scientific body of every important railway accident.

Great Britain long since recognized this necessity by authorizing the Board of Trade, a department of the Government, not only to investigate accidents but to recommend preventive measures. The railway companies themselves proved to be the strongest adherents of the new system. In every way they facilitated the Board's work, and the cases have been rare indeed where the Board's recommendations have not been followed. The result is that in Great Britain there is a far smaller proportionate average of loss of life from railway accidents than in this country.

President Roosevelt and President Taft have both urged the necessity of similar legislation. It has remained for the present Congress to pass the necessary law.

The Esch Act requires the general manager or superintendent of every railway engaged in inter-State or foreign commerce to make to the Inter-State Commerce Commission a monthly report of all accidents resulting in serious injury. If any railway company shall fail to make such report, it shall be liable to punishment by a fine of not over a hundred dollars for every offense and for every day during which it shall fail to make report after the month's expiration. The Commission is authorized to investigate all such accidents, and for that purpose may subpœna witnesses, administer oaths, take testimony, and require the production of books, papers, and other evidence, and, finally, "shall be provided with all reasonable facilities" by the railway companies themselves. The Commission shall make reports of such investigations, stating the causes of accident, together with such recommendations as it deems proper.

No recent piece of legislation, we submit, is more vital than this. It is indeed well, economically and morally, to provide for Government supervision of railway rates. But it is better to provide for Government supervision of what is more precious—human life.

*

THE WORLD OF FAITH

We must believe some one; we could not carry on our lives for a week if we did not believe many people. For we all live the life of faith; nobody above the savage state ever lived by sight; no man of any intelligence will ever live by sight. The idea that faith is irrational and that the wise and honest man must accept only those things which he knows to be true because he has seen them, experienced or proved them, is not only false in the world of religion, but false in any world in which we live. If we accepted only those things which we have verified for ourselves, we should never pass out of ourselves, we should be tied hand and foot on the bit of ground on which we happened to find ourselves.

The moment we step outside our own individual consciousness and begin to enter into relations with the world about us we begin to live by faith. We know nothing, in the strict sense of the word, outside the limits of our own consciousness. I do not know that my mother exists; all I know is that I am aware of such a person in certain impressions reported by my consciousness, and, taking for granted that when such impressions are made they are made by a person, I believe that she exists. I do not *know* that I exist as a separate, coherent, selfdirected, and responsible being; I only know that a stream of impressions, ideas, memories, flow through some invisible channel within me, and that something, which I never saw, and no friend of mine ever saw, is glad or sorrowful, alert or sluggish, in action or at rest. My knowledge of my mother and of myself is an act of faith. When she is dead, I shall see all that I ever saw of her, but that which I loved and revered in her and shall hold in immortal remembrance will not be there; and when I am dead, my friends will look upon all that they ever saw of me, but not one of them will think for a moment that he is seeing me.

The moment I put my foot outside my door I am in a world that seems solid and actual to me, but I do not see it as it really is. The direct impressions received by my senses are supplemented and corrected by my judgment, my memory, my faculty of thought. Much that lies before me in a vast and apparently indestructible reality is really within me, and the solid earth as I see it is created moment by moment by the co-operation of its invisible Maker and my own brain. That piece of earth on which I look is part of a round world; I believe this, but I do not know it, I accept it on the evidence of others. I do not doubt that Damascus lies on the edge of the desert, a wonderful oasis green and beautiful because the Abana and the Pharpar, divided into rivulets, make music through its gardens, but I never saw it; I believe that it exists on the testimony of others. I never saw, and no man for centuries has seen, the Oriental city in which the stories that form "The Arabian Nights" were told centuries ago; but I do not doubt that the caravans once came and went in endless procession to and from the gates of Bagdad. I do not know that there ever was a man called Homer who had a wonderful gift of song, or a man called Socrates who had a wonderful gift of wisdom. I do not even know that a man called Napoleon, who is reported to have shaken the thrones of the world less than a century ago, really lived. I never saw him; have no personal knowledge of him. I have read many books about him; I have even seen the books he read: I have seen monuments erected to commemorate his victories; I have looked down on the marble catafalque in which it is said his dust is enshrined; but all these things I accept on the testimony of others. Not one of them lies within the circle of my personal knowledge.

Every day of my life I deal with other men; I work with them; I think with them; I do a thousand things on the strength of what they tell me. My entire active life rests on my faith in them, not in what I know at the moment, but in what I believe. At my desk, behind my counter, directing my machine, when I am handling what I call real things and putting forth all my energy to gain what I call real ends, I am a creature of faith. In the hour when I call myself a materialist, accepting nothing which I cannot prove, I am so much and so incorrigibly a believer that I am every moment putting my whole fortune to the hazard of faith. If I and other men should stop living by faith for a day, we should stop the wheels of society and bankrupt the world.

When I turn homeward and my heart glows in the light of the faces that greet me, and my friends sit beside my fire, and I breathe that air of friendship which is like a breath from heaven, I am not a whit more a believer than when I made my bargains and pushed on my fortunes; for I live, move, and have my being in faith. I laugh at faith as the refuge of those who are not strong enough to bear the weight of reason, who put their hopes in place of their knowledge, and give their souls into the keeping of their visions; and I am myself living moment by moment in a world in which the things I know in comparison with the things I believe are as a rushlight on a night of stars.

Without faith I am in the primeval solitude of my own individuality; there is no past or future for me, and the present is a touch on my consciousness so fleeting that it is gone before I can analyze it. As a matter of actual knowledge there is no round earth for me; no sublime order of nature; there is none whom I love and trust; there is no ordered world of affairs; there is no greatness of work · there is no country to love, no cause to serve, no loyalty to follow; there is nothing beyond a little circle of light in the little hut in which I was housed in the far beginning. The moment I open the door and step into the world I begin to believe.

Mr. Roosevelt in England

(Staff Correspondence of The Outlook)

IF, as some of his critics assert, Mr. Roosevelt deals in platitudes in his public speeches, his platitudes have an extraordinarily electrifying effect upon his listeners. In previous letters I have given some description of the influence, not only upon the immediate audience, but upon public opinion, of the addresses he has made in the Sudan, in Egypt, in Hungary, at Paris, in Norway, and at Berlin. The record may be continued for England, for his speech at the Guildhall on May 31, when he was presented with the honorary Freedom of the City by the Corporation of London—the oldest corporation in the world—has arrested the attention of Englishmen with such an effect as has not been produced by any native or foreign orator for many years.[1]

The occasion was a brilliant and notable one. The ancient and splendid Guildhall—one of the most beautiful Gothic interiors in England, which has historical associations of more than five centuries—was filled with a great and representative gathering of English men and women. On the dais, or stage, at one end of the hall, sat the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, and the special guests of the occasion were conducted by ushers, in robes and carrying maces, down a long aisle flanked with spectators on either side and up the steps of the dais, where they were presented. Their names were called out at the beginning of the aisle, and the audience applauded, little or much, as the ushers and the guest moved along, according to the popularity of the newcomer. Thus John Burns and Mr. Balfour were greeted with enthusiastic hand-clapping and cheers, although they belong, of course, to opposite parties. The Bishop of London, Lord Cromer, the maker of modern Egypt, Sargent, the painter, and Sir Edward Grey, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, were among those greeted in this way. In the front row on one side of the dais were seated the Aldermen of the City in their red robes, and various officials in wigs and gowns lent to the scene a curiously antique aspect to the American eye. Happily, the City of London has carefully preserved the historical traditions connected with it and with the Guilds, or groups of merchants, which in the past had so much to do with the management of its affairs. Among the invited guests, for example, were the Master of the Mercers' Company, the Master of the Grocers' Company, the Master of the Drapers' Company, the Master of the Skinners' Company, the Master of the Haberdashers' Company, the Master of the Salters' Company, the Master of the Ironmongers' Company, the Master of the Vintners' Company, and the Master of the Clothworkers' Company. These various trades are no longer carried on by Guilds, but by private firms or corporations, and yet the Guild Organization is still maintained as a sort of social or semi-social recognition of the days when the Guildhall was not merely a great assembly room, but the place in which the Guilds actually managed the affairs of their city. It was in such a place and amid such surroundings that Mr. Roosevelt was formally nominated and elected a Freeman of the ancient City of London.

Mr. Roosevelt's speech was far from being extemporaneous; it had been carefully thought out beforehand, and was based upon his experiences, last March, in Egypt; for it was really his desire to say something about Egypt that led him to make a speech at all. He had had ample time to think, and he had thought a good deal, but it was plain to be seen that the frankness of his utterance, his characteristic attitude and gestures, and the pungent quality of his oratory at first startled his audience, accustomed to more conventional methods of public speaking. But he soon captured and carried his hearers with him, as is indicated by the marks of approval which were printed in the verbatim report of the speech in the London "Times." It is no exaggeration to say that his speech has been the talk of England—in clubs, at private places, and in the newspapers. Of course there has been some criticism, but, on the whole, it has been received with the greatest approval. The extreme wing of the Liberal party, whom we should call Anti-Imperialists, but who are here colloquially spoken of as "Little Englanders," have taken exception to it, but even their disapproval has been mild. The London "Chronicle," which is perhaps the most influential of the morning newspapers representing this view, is of the opinion that the speech was hardly necessary, because it asserts that the Government and the British nation have long been of Mr. Roosevelt's own opinion. The "Westminster Gazette," the leading evening Liberal paper, also asserts that "none of the broad considerations advanced by Mr. Roosevelt have been absent from the minds of Ministers, and of Sir Edward Grey in particular. We regret that Mr. Roosevelt should have thought it necessary to speak out yesterday, not on the narrow ground of etiquette or precedent, but because we cannot bring ourselves to believe that his words are calculated to make it any easier to deal with an exceedingly difficult problem."

---

[1] In the issues of The Outlook for June 11 and June 18 will be found extracts, summary, and editorial comment relating to Mr. Roosevelt's Guildhall speech.—THE EDITORS.

The views of these two newspapers fairly express the rather mild opposition excited by the speech among those who regard British control in Egypt as a question of partisan politics. On the other hand, the best and most influential public opinion, while recognizing the unconventionality of Mr. Roosevelt's course, heartily approves of both the matter and the manner of the speech. The London "Times" says: "Mr. Roosevelt has reminded us in the most friendly way of what we are at least in danger of forgetting, and no impatience of outside criticism ought to be allowed to divert us from considering the substantial truth of his words. His own conduct of great affairs and the salutary influence of his policy upon American public life . . . at least give him a right, which all international critics do not possess, to utter a useful, even if not wholly palatable, warning." The "Daily Telegraph," after referring to Mr. Roosevelt as "a practical statesman who combines with all his serious force a famous sense of humor," expresses the opinion that his "candor is a tonic, which not only makes plain our immediate duty but helps us to do it. In Egypt, as in India, there is no doubt as to the alternative he has stated so vigorously: we must govern or go; and we have no intention of going." The "Pall Mall Gazette's" view is that Mr. Roosevelt "delivered a great and memorable speech—a speech that will be read and pondered over throughout the world."

The London "Spectator," which is one of the ablest and most thoughtful journals published in the English language, and which reflects the most intelligent, broad-minded, and influential public opinion in the British Empire, devotes a large amount of space to a consideration of the speech. The "Spectator's" position in English journalism is such that I make no apology for a somewhat long quotation from its comment:

> Perhaps the chief event of the week has been Mr. Roosevelt's speech at the Guildhall. Timid, fussy, and pedantic people have charged Mr. Roosevelt with all sorts of crimes because he had the courage to speak out, and have even accused him of unfriendliness to this country because of his criticisms. Happily the British people as a whole are not so foolish. Instinctively they have recognized and thoroughly appreciated the good feeling of Mr. Roosevelt's speech. Only true friends speak as he spoke. . . . The barrel-organs, of course, grind out the old tune about Mr. Roosevelt's tactlessness. In reality he is a very tactful as well as a very shrewd man. It is surely the height of tactfulness to recognize that the British people are sane enough and sincere enough to like being told the truth. His speech is one of the greatest compliments ever paid to a people by a statesman of another country. . . . Mr. Roosevelt has made exactly the kind of speech we expected him to make—a speech strong, clear, fearless. He has told us something useful and practical, and has not lost himself in abstractions and

platitudes. . . . The business of a trustee is not to do what the subject of the trust likes or thinks he likes, but to do, however much he may grumble, what is in his truest and best interests. Unless a trustee is willing to do that, and does not trouble about abuse, ingratitude, and accusations of selfishness, he had better give up his trust altogether. . . . We thank Mr. Roosevelt once again for giving us so useful a reminder of our duty in this respect.

These notes of approval are repeated in a great number of letters which Mr. Roosevelt has received from men and women in all walks of life, men in distinguished official position and "men in the street." There have been some abusive letters, chiefly anonymous, but the general tone of this correspondence is fairly illustrated by the following:

> Allow me, an old colonist in his 84th year, to thank you most heartily for your manly address at the Guildhall and for your life-work in the cause of humanity. If I ever come to the great Republic, I shall do myself the honor of seeking an audience of your Excellency. I may do so on my 100th birthday!
>
> With best wishes and profound respect.

The envelope of this letter was addressed to "His Excellency 'Govern-or-go' Roosevelt." That the "Daily Telegraph" and that the "man in the street" should independently seize upon this salient point of the address—the "govern-or-go" theory—is significant.

Readers of The Outlook are sufficiently familiar with Mr. Roosevelt's principles regarding protectorate or colonial government; any elaborate explanation or exposition of his views is unnecessary. But it may be well to repeat that he has over and over again said that all subject peoples, whether in colonies, protectorates, or insular possessions like the Philippines and Porto Rico, should be governed for their own benefit and development and should never be exploited for the mere profit of the controlling powers. It may be well, too, to add Mr. Roosevelt's own explanation of his criticism of sentimentality. "Weakness, timidity, and sentimentality," said Mr. Roosevelt in the Guildhall address, "may cause even more far-reaching harm than violence and injustice. Of all broken reeds sentimentality is the most broken reed on which righteousness can lean." Referring to these phrases, a correspondent a day or two after the speech asked if the word "sentiment" might not be substituted for the word "sentimentality." Mr. Roosevelt wrote the following letter in reply:

> Dear Sir: I regard sentiment as the exact antithesis of sentimentality, and to substitute "sentiment" for "sentimentality" in my speech would directly invert its meaning. I abhor sentimentality, and, on the other hand, I think no man is worth his salt who is not profoundly influenced by sentiment, and who does not shape his life in accordance with a high ideal.
>
> Faithfully yours,
> THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

No one could have traveled through the Sudan and Egypt with Mr. Roosevelt, as I had the pleasure of doing, without being profoundly impressed with the vital truth and the practical common sense of the Guildhall speech. It is as applicable to American problems in the Philippines and Porto Rico as to English problems in Egypt. Cable despatches here say that the New York "Evening Post," quite consistently with its well-known anti-imperialist views, bitterly assails Mr. Roosevelt and calls for the evacuation of Egypt by the British. All I can say is that, if the British ever do evacuate Egypt and the Sudan, I hope that the editor of the "Evening Post" may have to live at Wady Halfa or Omdurman on the Nile for one year under Turkish-Egyptian rule. I venture the assertion that before six months were over the alarm and agitation with which he would call for the protection of the British army would be as heartfelt as the enthusiasm with which he is now calling for its retirement.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

London, England.

THE SPECTATOR

It was an ancient Coptic doll which lay staring unpleasantly in the Spectator's palm—a miniature monstrosity in time-darkened bone or ivory, a rudely bifurcated body, grotesque face, and flowing tresses of real Egyptian hair. As the curator (this was in the Boston Art Museum) was busy running down a particular scarab, the Spectator was free to indulge in rumination over this darling of some little Egyptian maiden who dated her diary "— B.C." Two thousand years and more this little maid had been non-committal mummy, yet here was her doll-baby still on the stage and good for half a dozen centuries more. When the curator emerged from his scarab hunt, he was ready with the not too original observation, " How amazingly *things* do last !"

⁂

The curator's brow wrinkled. " Not the way it looks to us," he said, and sighed. " At times, when I'm tired, this whole museum looks to me like one vast agglomeration of doom, things cracking and crumbling and disintegrating—why, it's one long fight to keep things from slipping through our fingers !" The Spectator's eyebrows went up into his hair. This was a new view. " You never thought of that side of museum life ? Can you spare a moment ? Come upstairs and I'll show you what I mean." The curator led the way to the Old Empire Egyptian things, and into the so-called *mastabas*, or tomb-chambers, from Sakkara. The Spectator was for admiring the creamy tones of the limestone and the delicately colored reliefs. But his guide was pointing significantly to the floor at his feet. " Plaster ?" queried the Spectator, beholding a fine sprinkling of palpable dust. " Crumbles of Sakkara limestone," was the grim reply. " Now, look at the tragic condition of that stone." He pointed out, set among the sculptured stones, a single slab which looked like a block of damp gray clay. " The salt is coming out," he said briefly. " Look at it now while you can. No, nobody knows why that particular stone is weeping salt, while the rest are apparently sound. You've got *mastabas* like this in your New York Metropolitan. No, I dare say you haven't seen them ; nobody has yet, because the curator is soaking them for a year and a day in the hope of extracting the salt. There are those who think that when the salt is out something else infernal will enter in. I believe at the British Museum they treated one such slab chemically to prevent disintegration, with the result that it turned a nasty mud-color quite unfaithful to the beauty of the fine Sakkara stone. Oh, yes, these have been treated, the back sealed up with paraffin to keep the salt *in*. But you see !" He waved an expressive hand. " Beastly American climate ! Every art museum ought to have a climate-making apparatus of its own, such as I see you've got in the new wing of the Metropolitan. Egyptian dryness for the sculptures, a judicious moistness for canvases and panels and woods."

⁂

The Spectator found himself distinctly depressed. " Then is everything going to rack and ruin ?" he asked dismally. The curator's face cleared. " Oh, no," he said ; " it's really not so black as all that. But you've no idea what it costs a museum to keep things from destruction. Have you any curiosity to see the repair-shops ?" The Spectator always has plenty of curiosity to see anything not on the surface of things. He assented with unction. His guide led the way to the basement. " This is the contagious ward," said he, as he threw open a door. The Spectator obeyed his gesture to enter, and found himself in what looked like a mechanical workshop, with lathe and benches and shelves from which there went up the repetitious ticking of an infinity of clocks. " Contagious ward, clocks !" The Spectator found himself wondering whether he or his guide was mixed in his mind, when that worthy was pleased to explain. " The repairer here—sorry he happens to be out—does piecework for the museum, mending potteries and metals and treating specimens afflicted with bronze disease. In his odd time he tinkers the works of erring clocks. This on his own account. Speaking of dolls "—he approached the shelves—" here's a much more remarkable survival, this delicate terra-cotta." He held up a Greek jointed doll as he spoke, the head as exquisite as the loveliest Tanagra figurine, the body comical in its stiffness, but the arms and legs swinging on wires, for all the world like an American bisque baby ! " Fancy a fragile thing like that having survived till now !"

⁂

But the Spectator's ear had been caught by those words about disease and infection. " I suppose you're joking about 'bronze disease,' " said he. " Is it some sort of corrosion ?" His companion thoughtfully rubbed his nose. " I could find you three distinct opinions on that subject, right here in this building. If I am not mistaken, the Director is convinced that the trouble is purely chemical, and not transmissible from one bronze to another. The curator of bronzes also subscribes to the chemical theory, but is quite certain that healthy bronzes ' sicken ' if brought in contact with an infected specimen. This view the repairer himself supports. For myself, I am not yet convinced that the trouble is not bacteriological, after all. Bacteria of a sort are known to disintegrate rock ; why not bronze ? Anyhow, ancient bronzes are fatally susceptible to this curious malady, and, if not hurried to the care of experts like our friend the repairer, would soon be clean eaten up. Yes, *that's the disease, that* ugly light-green corrosion on this little figurine. Sometimes it's an ugly light blue. Don't go getting it mixed with the beautiful color that comes on modern American bronzes when exposed to the weather. That 'patina' is perfectly harmless chemically and benign æsthetically. But if you or any of your friends have any pieces of ancient Egyptian or Greek bronze which show a vivid poisonous color, you'd better have them examined. Only the other day a man brought in a Greek athlete's scraper, saying, ' See what a *beautiful color this is turning* !' The little implement was sick past cure."

⁂

The Spectator caught him up. "Cure ?" said he. " What *is* the cure ?" " Well," quoth the guide, " the treatment is not unlike that meted out to a sick tooth. The bad patina has to be picked off bit by bit with a needle under a lens. But an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. What the Japanese call ' hand oil ' is the best specific known against bronze disease, or, as they call it abroad, '*maladie de musée.*' Daily handling with moist human palms is sufficient to keep any little interstices in the surface of the bronze closed up so that the disease, be it germ-planted or not, cannot get foothold. But come, you must see the other shops."

⁂

A Japanese gentleman in native dress looked up from his work as the Spectator was ushered into another room. Curious indeed was the contrast between the satisfied, intent expression of this Japanese face and the fixed scowl, the blustering menace, of the wooden countenance he bent over. For he was busy mending cracks in an awful war-god's ancient face. With a little pat of fresh lacquer wet up on a board he went on placidly filling up a gaping rent in the war-god's scowl. The Spectator was disposed to be impressed with the fact that it was necessary to import a Japanese workman to repair the wooden sculptures; but he was assured that the impressiveness went deeper than that. The wonder was that the museum had been able to secure the services as repairer of a Japanese sculptor (a Macmonnies, or a French, translated into Japanese) who cared so much for the ancient art of his country that he thought nothing of giving up a year to put the Boston specimens in good condition.

⁂

It was with a delighted giggle wholly Japanese that the sculptor demonstrated at once the perfection of his art and the depths of the Spectator's unsophistication. A part of the wily Oriental's task at the museum has been the providing of suitable pedestals for sculptures which have—so to speak—lost their original footing. From a corner that sculptor brought out a small lotus-throne, mint-new and no doubt still sticky with the artful colors of age with which he had endowed it. " Very old," he said. His English was rudimentary. The Spectator contemplated the object. It was cracked and stained and faded and worn in spots—obviously very old. He endeavored to look properly respectful. Enter the giggle and sudden enlightenment! All very well in the museum workshops where the game is fully understood. But consider what such transcendent wiles do to American curio collectors in Japan!

⁂

Space fails in which to tell of the lacquer repairer and the delicate-fingered little " Jap " who takes care of the *kakemonos*, or Japanese and Chinese paintings on hanging rolls. But the Spectator saw enough of the tender care being taken of lacquers and paintings alike to feel satisfied that such cosseting may be trusted to make up even for the freaks of the American climate.

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY PICTORIAL NEWS

GLENN HAMMOND CURTISS

How Air Travel Began

By William Johnson

AIR travel in America began May 29, 1910.

So will read the history books the children of to-morrow con, dating, as they undoubtedly will, the beginning of the Age of Air from that memorable day when half a ton of machinery, guided by a daring aviator, rose by its own power high in air at Albany, and, in far less time than the fastest train could make it, descended safely in the metropolis one hundred and fifty miles away.

This wonderful Albany-New York flight of Glenn Hammond Curtiss was no haphazard undertaking, but a carefully planned journey. Before essaying it he had selected the spot near Poughkeepsie where he intended to make the first of the two stops allowed him. He landed in that exact spot one hour and twenty-four minutes after leaving Albany. He had selected as a second landing-place a grassy knoll at Two Hundred and Fourteenth Street, New York City. He landed there exactly one hour and nine minutes after leaving Poughkeepsie. From his second landing, although by reaching the limits of New York City he had won the ten-thousand-dollar prize offered by the New York "World," he flew in eighteen minutes to Governor's Island, where he brought his aeroplane safely to the ground just in front of the aeroplane shed there.

In making this flight of one hundred and fifty miles in two hours and fifty-one minutes, maintaining an average speed of 52.63 miles per hour, he not only broke all records for fast flying, he not only made the longest flight but one ever made anywhere in the world, but he demonstrated successfully for the first time the possibility of aeroplanes being used in travel between cities. The success of his flight aroused intense interest in aviation in all parts of the country, and resulted in hundreds of thousands of dollars being offered within a few days for inter-city flight.

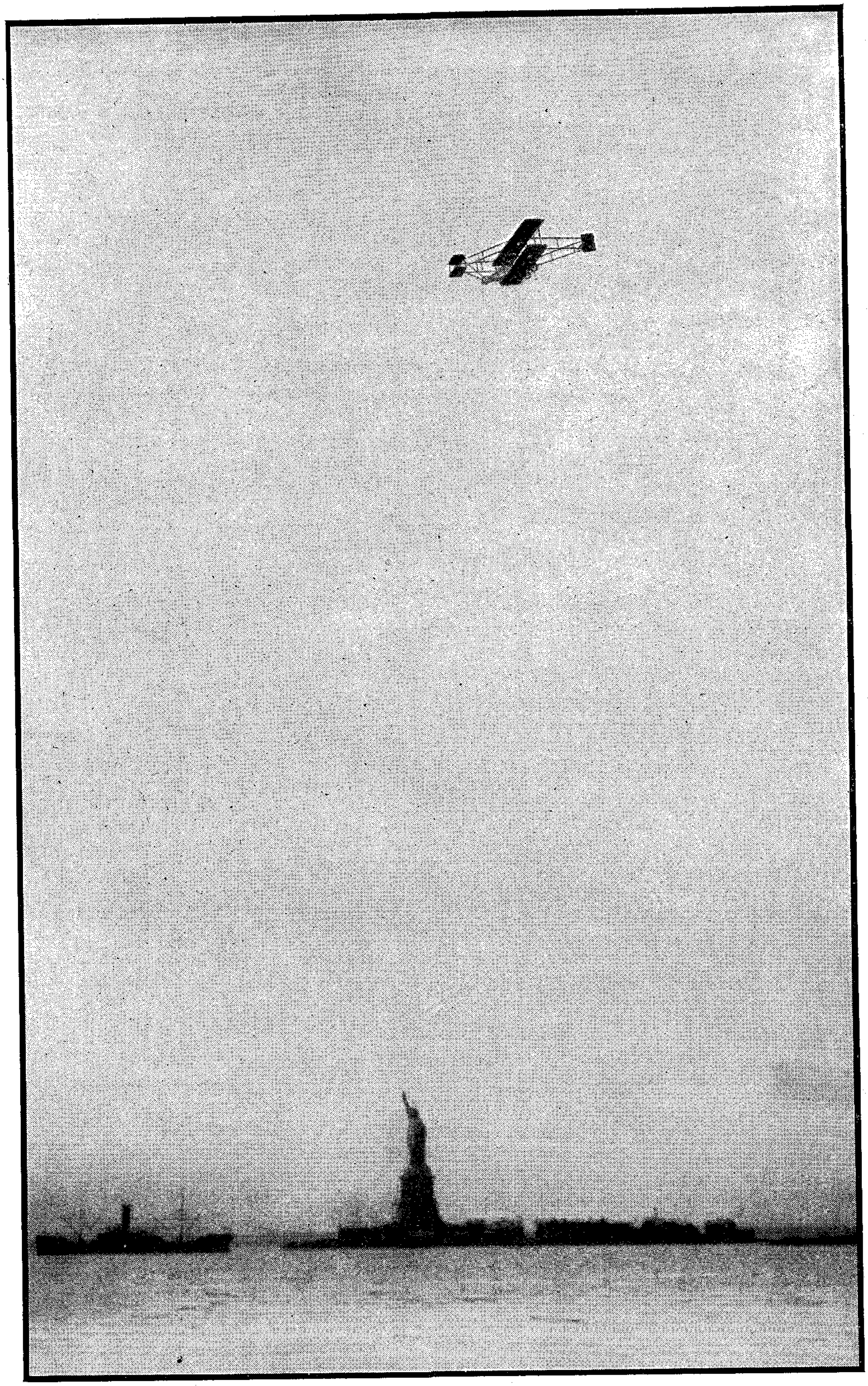
As was said at the banquet given to him at the Hotel Astor the second evening after his achievement, what he did that day rightly entitled him to an honorable place in history along with the intrepid Henry Hudson, who discovered the great river, and with Robert Fulton, who traveled up it from New York to Albany in the first steamboat. As one of the speakers put it, "One hundred years from now we will be having the Hudson-Fulton-Curtiss Centenary Celebration."

Viewed as a spectacle, there never has been witnessed a more thrilling sight. Those who saw the start from Van Rensselaer Island, just below the city of Albany, were profoundly impressed. Said Jacob L. Ten Eyck, the official starter for the Aero Club of America, in describing Curtiss's departure: "One minute we were looking at a pile of machinery on the grass, the next we were gazing blankly into the sky, wondering where it had gone. There was a sudden whir of the engine, a dash across the field, and then like a huge bird Curtiss in his aeroplane rose gracefully in the air, circling about so as to come within the limits of Albany. Then in an incredibly short time he shot up to a height of seven hundred feet, and, while we were straining our eyes in wonder, passed from our sight in the direction of New York."

Curtiss several days before had taken his biplane up the river, and had set it up on Van Rensselaer Island. He was ready to start Thursday morning. He was ready Friday morning. He was ready Saturday morning. Each time the weather seemed unfavorable, and he announced his intention of waiting until conditions were ideal. In the populous valley below, where hourly bulletins told the repeated delays, a feeling of doubt began to spread. There were many who believed that he never would attempt the flight, and that, if he did, he would not succeed. For more than a year ten thousand dollars had been awaiting the first man to fly between the two cities. The New York "World" had offered it to mark the great Hudson-Fulton Celebration in 1909, with the idea of testing the possibility of duplicating in the air the historic trip of Fulton's first steamboat. Two men in dirigible balloons, Captain Thomas Scott Baldwin and George B. Tomlinson, had tried it in September, 1909, and both had quickly come to grief, one in the Hudson off Spuyten Duyvil, and the other at White Plains. Recalling these failures, disbelieving because of the delays, remembering the mountains that wall the Hudson and the treacherous blasts that sweep around Storm King, many a person and many a paper proclaimed, "He'll never do it."

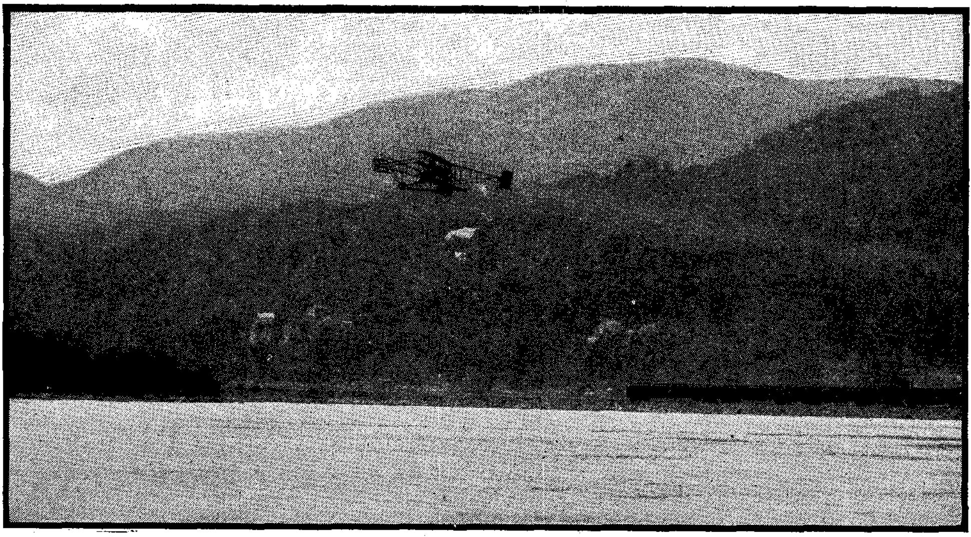
Even though Curtiss as a motorcyclist had proved his skill and daring already as the record-holder of the fastest mile ever made by man, even though at Rheims he had won honors from the world as the fastest of aviators, even though he was just home from Los Angeles with flying prizes won there, many doubted his intention, and one newspaper in the Hudson Valley in its headlines called him "a four-flusher," and advised its readers that no start would be attempted.

Then Sunday morning came. By six o'clock perhaps fifty persons had gathered at Van Rensselaer Island. Hardly a breath of air was stirring. The sun had risen on a cloudless sky. Curtiss kissed his wife good-by, and she hastened off to board a special train that was to attempt to follow the aeroplane. Curtiss donned a sweater, strapped a life-preserver around his waist, and took his seat. A mechanician cranked the engine. Curtiss jerked a lever. The machine glided along the ground for perhaps fifty yards, and then rose steadily, gracefully in the air. He circled about to come within the limits of Albany, and then steered up high in the sky and headed south. He was twenty-one miles away before the special train caught up with him. At Hudson, twenty-nine miles distant, he was still flying high. The aeroplane moved steadily save for a slight pitching as the aviator used a foot pump every five minutes to replenish the oil in the cups. As he approached Kingston he descended to a



COPYRIGHT 1910 BY PICTORIAL NEWS

APPROACHING GOVERNOR'S ISLAND FOR THE FINAL DESCENT



COPYRIGHT 1910 BY PICTORIAL NEWS

PASSING HIGHLAND FALLS

lower level—four hundred feet above the water.

"It was hard to judge the distance," said Mr. Curtiss afterward. "The only standard of measurement I had was the shadow of the aeroplane on the water. I don't know how high or how low I flew."

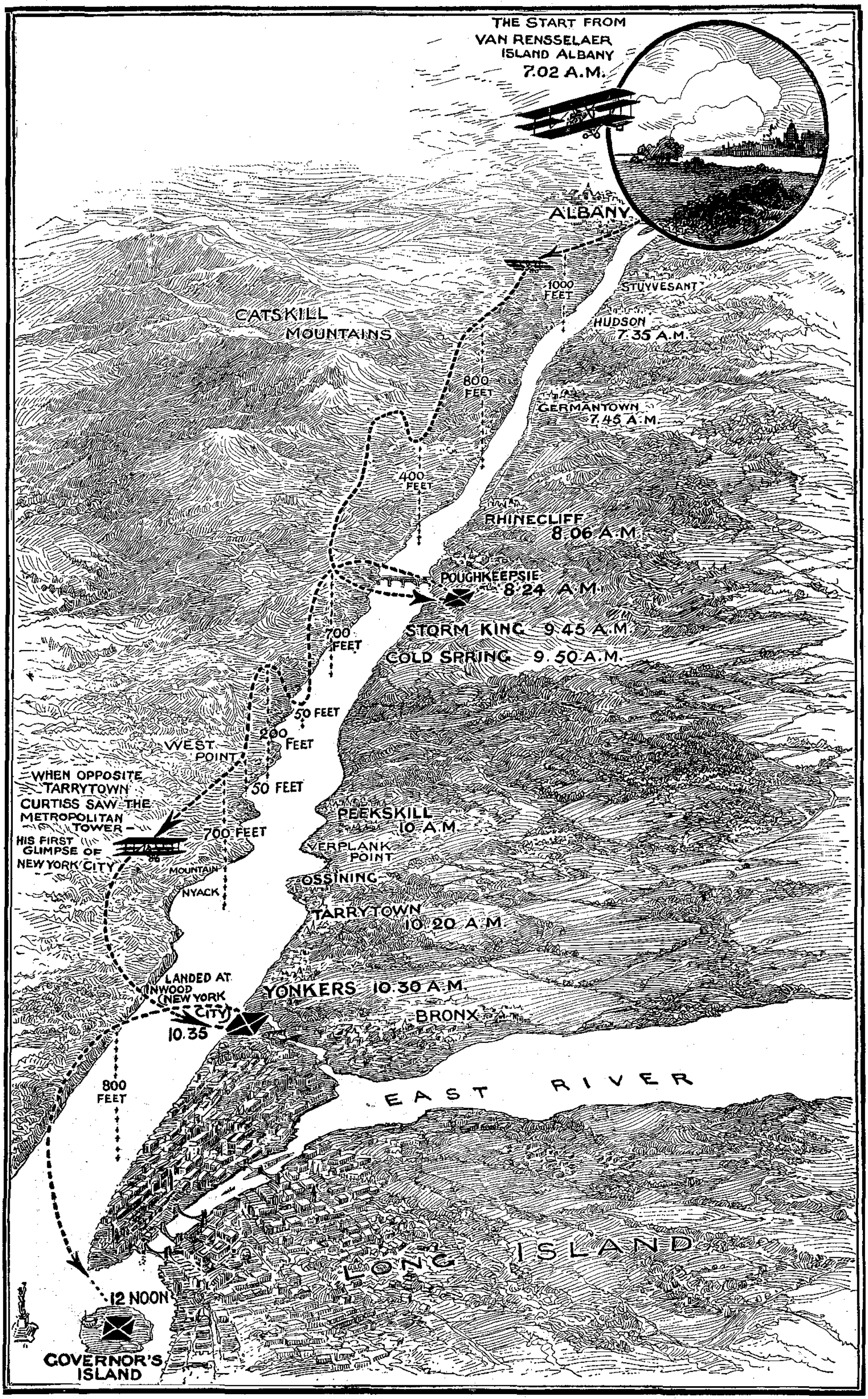
When he reached Poughkeepsie, he crossed the Poughkeepsie Bridge two hundred feet up in the air. The town fire-bell heralded his coming, and early-rising residents already were rushing to the Gill farm, where he was to land. As he brought his aeroplane to earth there were several hundred persons there, among them several automobile parties. Calm and cool, as unruffled as if stepping out of a street car, Curtiss, as he landed, called out, "Where's that oil and gasoline?"

It wasn't there. Somehow, despite all his well-laid plans, there had been a slip-up. But the lack was quickly supplied. Every automobilist present pressed forward to offer his supplies. Curtiss filled his tanks and tightened up a nut that had worked loose. He had landed at 8:26 A.M. At exactly 9:26 he started again for New York.

As he flew past Storm King a gust of wind swept down the mountain-side and nearly tipped the aeroplane over. In the speeding train below, his wife, in anxiety, clutched the hand of a woman friend, hardly daring to breathe, as she saw the tiny craft careen before the blast. It was the worst moment of the trip, but Curtiss managed to right his machine in time to prevent the death-bringing downward swoop that to those below seemed inevitable, and sped onward.

The great Metropolitan Tower loomed up in the distance. He knew he was nearing the city. He noted with alarm that his supply of oil was almost gone. He slowed down his eight-cylinder engine and watched it carefully. It had been his intention to make Governor's Island, in New York Harbor, without another stop, but now he saw that this was impossible. If his oil gave out, it meant the sudden stoppage of his engines and a plunge downward to certain death in the bottom of the Hudson. He headed for the little grassy knoll at Two Hundred and Fourteenth Street, and brought his machine down there in safety, hurriedly leaping from his seat to prevent the machine from running down into a swamp. There was no one there, but some amazed boys came running up from a motor-boat landing near by. One of them had formerly worked for Curtiss. They quickly brought him the oil he needed so badly.

It was 10:45 A.M. when he landed there. As soon as he had his machine safe he hurried to a telephone some distance away, and notified the "World" of his arrival. The prize of ten thousand dollars


THE START FROM
VAN RENSSELAER
ISLAND ALBANY
7.02 A.M.
ALBANY
1000 FEET
STUYVESANT
HUDSON
7.35 A.M.
CATSKILL
MOUNTAINS
800 FEET
GERMANTOWN
7.45 A.M.
400 FEET
RHINECLIFF
8.06 A.M.
POUGHKEEPSIE
8.24 A.M.
STORM KING 9.45 A.M.
COLD SPRING 9.50 A.M.
700 FEET
50 FEET
200 FEET
WEST POINT
50 FEET
WHEN OPPOSITE TARRYTOWN CURTISS SAW THE METROPOLITAN TOWER – HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK CITY
700 FEET
MOUNTAIN
NYACK
PEEKSKILL
10 A.M.
VERPLANK POINT
OSSINING
TARRYTOWN
10.20 A.M.
LANDED AT INWOOD (NEW YORK CITY)
10.35
YONKERS 10.30 A.M.
BRONX
800 FEET
EAST RIVER
LONG ISLAND
12 NOON
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FLIGHT FROM ALBANY TO NEW YORK
Redrawn from the official map in the New York "World"

was won. It was unnecessary for him to fly farther.

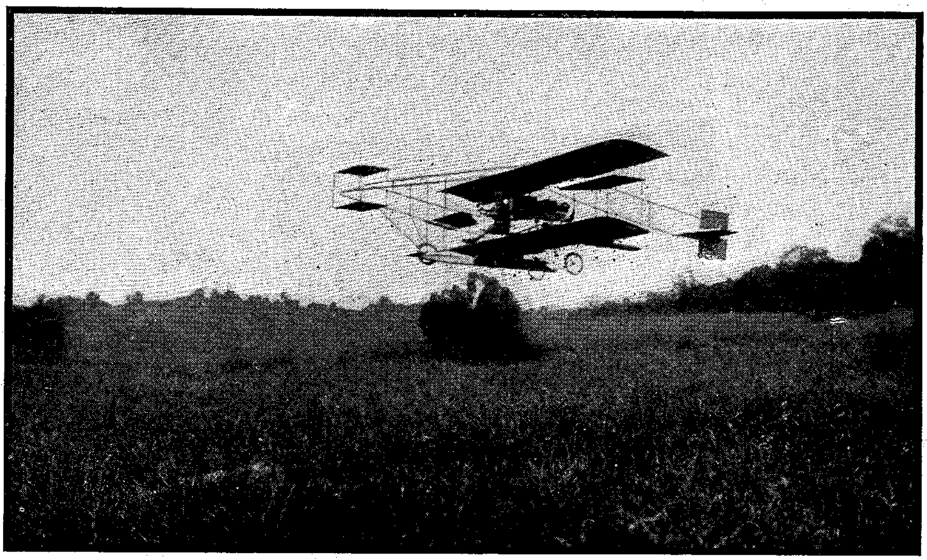
Then Curtiss did a sportsmanlike thing that won him the unbounding admiration of all New York. Even before the news had spread that he had landed in the upper part of the city, he came sailing down the Hudson over the heads of a multitude gathered in Battery Park, and on the parade ground of Governor's Island landed with almost military accuracy just in front of the aeroplane shed. Discipline for the moment was forgotten. Uniformed officers and soldiers in khaki joined with the officers' wives and servants in a mad race to reach the spot.

Still as unruffled as if he had come from Albany in the ordinary way, Curtiss, after a brief reception in the Officers' Club, came to New York. On his way to the ferry he met his wife, just arrived from the special train. With a proud cry of "Oh, Glenn!" she rushed into his arms. An hour later, after the party had had luncheon—for Curtiss until after the flight was over had taken nothing but some toast and coffee—a check for ten thousand dollars was handed to him in the "World" office, a well-earned prize for his wonderful feat.

His Albany-New York flight, while not quite as long as Paulhan's London-to-Manchester flight a few days before, was far more wonderful. It was done in far shorter time and over a much more difficult course. The biplane in which Curtiss traveled was the lightest and smallest that had ever carried man in the air. Equipped with a four-cylinder engine, its weight was barely five hundred pounds. For this journey, however, it carried an eight-cylinder engine, a hundred pounds of gasoline, thirty pounds of oil, and steel pontoons to keep it afloat in case of a descent into the water, bringing its total weight up to nearly a thousand pounds. In spite of the handicap of the added weight, it made the speediest journey an aeroplane ever has made in extended flight.

But, far above and beyond all this, the Curtiss flight convinced the Nation where the aeroplane was born of its commercial practicability; it fanned to fever heat public interest in aviation as a sport, as a business, as a scientific study.

It proved that the Age of the Air really had begun. One man had traveled and all men soon might travel from city to city straight through the air. It brought conviction to the belief that some day not far distant winged ships might fly across the seas. It suggested a new instrument of war against whose attacks Dreadnoughts would be powerless. It was not only a triumph for aviation and a milestone in progress, but a harbinger of universal peace.



CURTISS ALIGHTING AT POUGHKEEPSIE

The Slowcoach

A Story of Roadside Adventure

By Edward Verrall Lucas

Author of "Anne's Terrible Good Nature"

With Pictures by L. Raven-Hill

CHAPTER I

THE AVORIES

ONCE upon a time there was a nice family. Its name was Avory, and it lived in an old house in Chiswick, where the Thames is so sad on gray days and so gay on sunny ones.

Mr.—or rather Captain—Avory was dead; he had been wounded at Spion Kop, and died a few years after. Mrs. Avory was thirty-five, and she had four children. The eldest was Janet, aged fourteen, and the youngest was Gregory Bruce, aged seven. Between these came Robert Oliver, who was thirteen, and Hester, who was nine. They were all very fond of each other and they rarely quarreled. (If they had done so, I should not be telling this story. You don't catch me writing books about people who quarrel.) They adored their mother.

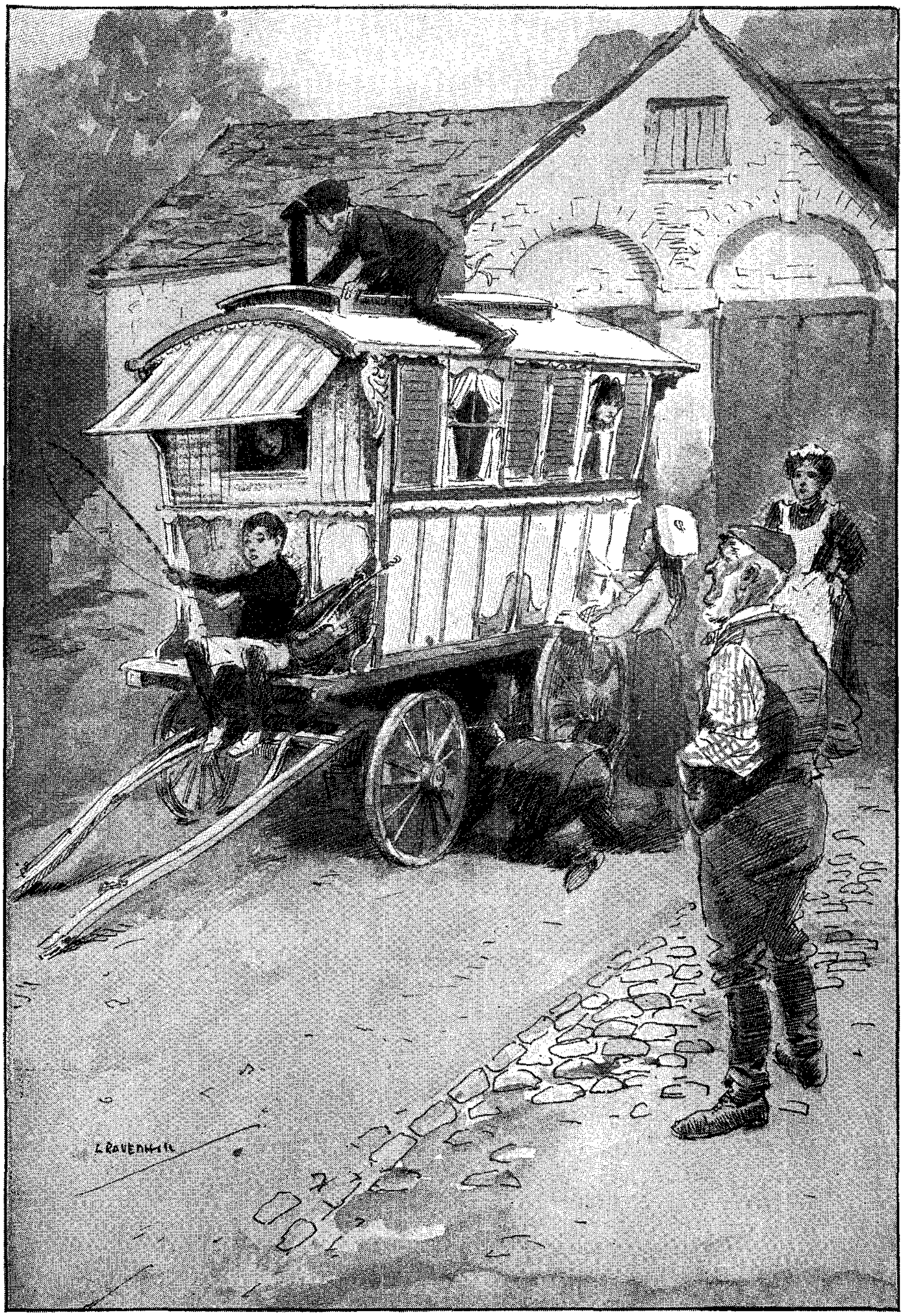
The name of the Avories' house was "The Gables," which was a better name than many houses have, because there actually were gables in its roof. Hester, who had funny ideas, wanted to see all the people who lived in all the houses that are called "The Gables" everywhere drawn up in a row so that she might examine them. She used to lie awake at night and wonder how many there would be. "I'm sure mother would be the most beautiful, anyway," she used to say.

History was Hester's passion. She could read history all day. Here she differed from Robert Oliver, who was all for geography. Their friends knew of these tastes, of course, and so Hester's presents were nearly always history books or portraits of great men, such as Napoleon and Shakespeare, both of whom she almost worshiped, while Robert's were compasses and maps. He also had a map-measurer (from Mr. Lenox), and at the moment at which this story opens, his birthday being just over, he was the possessor of a pedometer, which he carried fastened to his leg, under his knickerbockers, so that it was certain to register every time he took a step. He kept a careful record of the distance he had walked since his birthday, and could tell you at any time what it was, if you gave him a minute or two to crawl under the table and undo his clothes. He could be heard grunting in dark places all day long, having been forbidden by Janet to undress in public.

Robert's birthday was on June 20, Hester's on November 8, and Janet's on February 28. She had the narrowest escape, you see, of getting birthdays only once in every four years; which is one of the worst things that can happen to a human being. Gregory Bruce was a little less lucky, for his birthday was on December 20, which is so near to Christmas day that mean persons have been known to make one gift do for both events. None the less, Gregory's possessions were very numerous; for he had many friends, and most of them were careful to keep these two great anniversaries apart.

Gregory's particular passion just now was the names of engines, of which he had one of the finest collections in Europe;

Copyright, 1910, by E. V. Lucas.


L. RAVENHILL

"IT WAS A REAL CARAVAN"

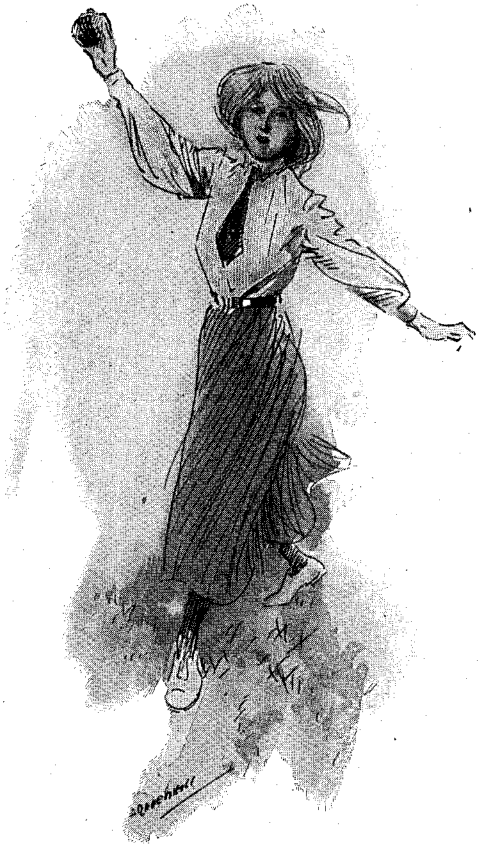
but a model aeroplane which Mr. Scott had given him was beginning to turn his thoughts towards the conquest of the air, and whereas he used to tell people that he meant to be an engine-driver when he grew up, he was now adding, " or a man like Wilbur Wright."

Most children have wanted to fly ever since " Peter Pan " began, and, as I dare say you have heard, some have tried from the nursery window, with perfectly awful results, having neglected to have their shoulders touched magically first; but Gregory Bruce Avory wanted to fly in a more regular and scientific manner. He wanted to fly like an engineer. To his mind, indeed, the flying part of " Peter Pan " was the least fascinating; he preferred the underground home and the fight with the Indians and the mechanism of the crocodile. For a short time, in fact, his only ambition had been to be the crocodile's front half.

Janet, on the other hand, liked Nana and the pathetic motherly parts the best; Robert's favorite was Smee, and often at meal-times he used to say, "Woe is me, I have no knife;" while Hester was happiest in the lagoon scene. This difference of taste in one small family shows how important it is for any one who writes a play to put a lot of variety into it.

Janet, the eldest, was also the most practical. She was, in fact, towards the others almost more of a younger mother than an elder sister. Not that Mrs. Avory neglected them at all; but Janet relieved her of many little duties. She always knew when their feet were likely to be wet, and Robert had once said that she had "stocking-changing on the brain." She could cook too, especially cakes, and the tradesmen had a great respect for her judgment when she went shopping. She knew when a joint would be too fat, and you should see her pointing out the bone!

Janet was a tall girl, and very active, and, in spite of her responsibilities, very jolly. She played hockey as well almost as a boy, which is, of course, saying everything, and her cricket was good, too. Her bowling was fast and straight, and usually too much for Robert, who knew, however, the initials of all the gentlemen and the Christian names and birthplaces of most of the professionals. Gregory could not bear cricket, except when it was his own innings, which he seemed to enjoy during its brief duration. Hester thought it dull throughout, so that Janet had to depend upon Robert and the Rotherams for the best games.



"HER BOWLING WAS FAST AND STRAIGHT AND USUALLY TOO MUCH FOR ROBERT"

Janet had very straight fair hair and just enough freckles to be pretty. She looked nicest in blue. Hester, on the contrary, was a dark little thing whose best frock was always red.

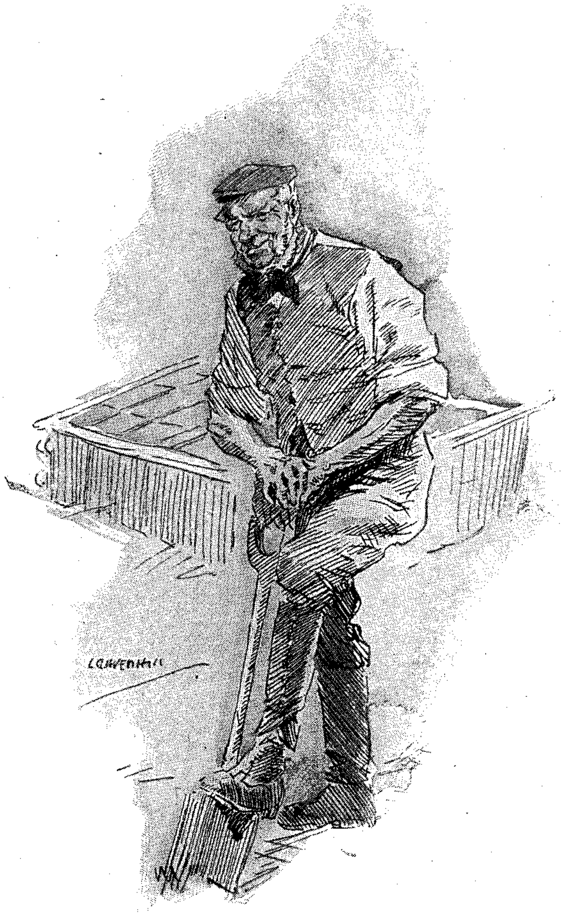
As for the boys—it doesn't matter what boys are like; but Gregory, I might say, usually had black hands, not because he was naturally a grubby little beast, but because engineers do. Robert, on the contrary, was disposed to be dressy, and he declined to allow his mother or Janet to buy his socks or neckties for him without first consulting him as to colors.

Among the friends of the family must be put first Uncle Chris, who was Captain Avory's brother and a lawyer in Golden

Square. Uncle Chris looked after Mrs. Avory's money and gave advice. He was very nice and came to dinner every Sunday (hot roast beef and horseradish sauce). There was an Aunt Chris too, but she was an invalid and could not leave her room, where she lay all the time and remembered birthdays.

Next to Uncle Chris came Mr. Scott, who was a famous author and a very good cricketer on the lawn, and Mr. Lenox, who was private secretary to a real lord, and therefore had lots of time and money. Both Mr. Scott and Mr. Lenox were bachelors, as the best friends of families always are; unless, of course, their wives are invalids.

Gregory, who was more social than Robert, also knew one policeman, one coachman, three chauffeurs, and several Chiswick boatmen extremely intimately.



"KINK"

Robert's principal friend outside the family was a bird-stuffer in Hammersmith; but he does not come into this story.

The Avories did not go to boarding-school, or indeed to any school in the ordinary way at all; Mrs. Avory said she could not spare them. Instead they were visited every day except Saturday by Mr. Crawley and Miss Bingham, who taught them the things that one is supposed to know—Mr. Crawley taking the boys in the old billiard-room and Miss Bingham the girls in the morning-room. At some of the lessons—such as history—they all joined. The classes were attended also by the Rotherams, the doctor's children, who lived at "Fir Grove," and Horace Campbell, the only son of the vicar. So it was a kind of school, after all.

Horace Campbell had always intended when he grew up to be a cowboy, but a visit to a play called "Raffles" was now rather inclining him to gentlemanly burglary. William Rotheram, like Gregory, leaned towards flying; but Jack Rotheram voted steadily for the sea, and talked of little but Osborne.

Mary Rotheram played with a bat almost as straight as "Plum" Warner's, and she knew most of the old Somersetshire songs—"Mowing the Barley" and "Lord Rendal" and "Seventeen come Sunday"—by heart, and sang them beautifully. Gregory, who used to revel in Sankey's hymns as sung by Eliza Pollard, the parlormaid, now thought that the Somerset music was the only real kind. Mary Rotheram had a snub nose and quantities of freckles and a very nice nature.

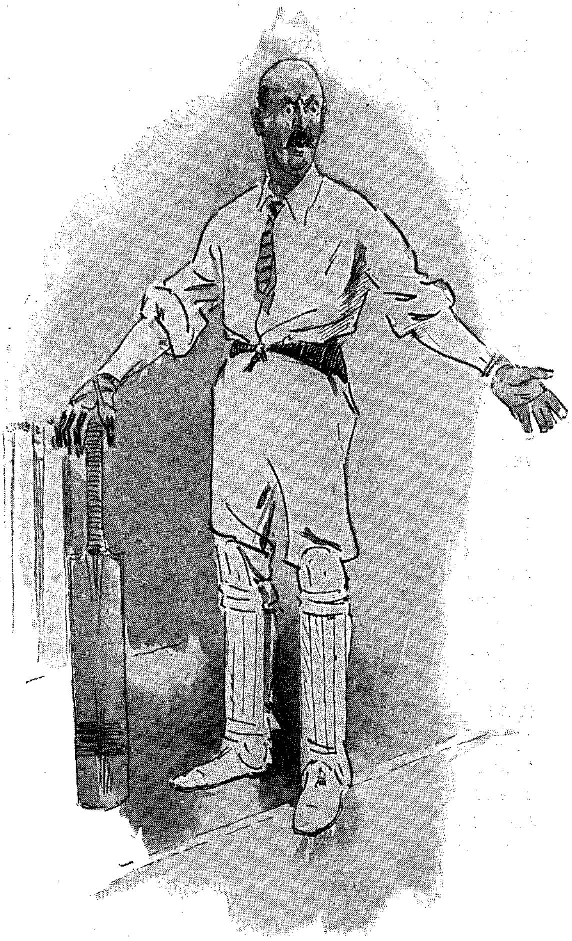
"The Gables" had a large garden with a shrubbery of evergreens in it and a cedar. It was not at all a garden-party garden, because there was a well-worn cricket-pitch right in the middle of the lawn, and Gregory had a railway system where the best flowers ought to be; but it was a garden full of fun, and old Kink, the gardener, managed to get a great many vegetables out of it too; although not so many as Collins thought he ought to. Collins was the cook, a fat, smiling, hot lady of about fifty, who had been with Mrs. Avory ever since she married. Collins understood children thoroughly, and made cakes that were rather wet underneath. Her Yorkshire pudding (for Sunday's dinner) was famous, and her horseradish sauce was so perfect that it brought tears to the eyes.

Collins collected picture postcards and adored the family. She had never been cross to any of them, but her way with the butcher's boy and the grocer's boy and the fishmonger's boy was terrible. She snapped their heads off (so to speak) every morning, and old Kink spent quite a lot of his time in rubbing off the back door the awful things they wrote about her in chalk.

The parlormaid was Eliza Pollard, who had red hair and a kind heart, but was continually falling out with her last young man and getting another; and she told Hester all about it. Hester had a special knack of being told about the servants' young men, for she knew also all about those of all Eliza Pollard's predecessors.

The housemaid was Jane Masters, who helped Eliza Pollard to make the beds. Jane Masters did not hold with fickleness in love—in fact, she couldn't abide it—and therefore she was steadily true to a young man called 'Erb, who looked after the lift at the Stores, and was a particular friend of Gregory's in consequence. No man who had charge of a lift could fail to be admired by Gregory.

Finally—and very likely she ought to have come first—was Runcie, or Mrs. Runciman, who had not only been the nurse of all the Avories, but of Mrs. Avory before them when Mrs. Avory was a slip of a girl named Janet Easton. Runcie was then quite young herself, and why she was suddenly called Mrs. no one ever quite knew, for she had never married. And now she was getting on for sixty, and had not much to do except sympathize with the Avories and reprove the servants. She had a nice sitting-room of her own, where she sat comfortably every afternoon when such work as she did was done, and received visits from her pets, as she called the children (none of whom, however, was quite so dear to her as their mother), and listened to their adventures.



"I HAD TO GIVE HIM OUT LEG-BEFORE AT THE ANNUAL ESTATE MATCH"

On those evenings on which he came to "The Gables" Mr. Lenox always looked in on her for a little gossip; and this was called his "runcible spoon"—the joke being that Mr. Lenox and Runcie were engaged to be married.

And now you know the Avory family root and branch.

CHAPTER II

THE SOUND OF MYSTERIOUS WHEELS

One day in late June the Avories and the Rotherams and Horace Campbell were sitting at tea under the cedar talking about a great tragedy that had befallen. For Mrs. Avory had just heard that Mrs. Dudeney—their regular landlady at Sea View, in the Isle of Wight, where they had had lodgings every summer for years and years, and where they were all ready to go next month as usual—Mrs. Avory had just heard that Mrs. Dudeney had been taken very ill, and no other rooms were to be had.

Here was a blow! For the Rotherams always went to Sea View too, and had a tent on the little strip of beach under the wood adjoining the Avories', and they did everything together. And now it was very likely that the Avories would not get lodgings at all, and certainly would not get any half so good as Mrs. Dudeney's, where their ways were known, and their bathing-dresses were always dried at once in case they wanted to go in again, and so on.

They were all discussing this together and saying what a shame it was, when suddenly the unfamiliar sound of the opening of the old stable-yard gates was heard, and then heavy wheels scrunched in and men's voices called out directions, such as "Steady, Joe!" "A little bit to the near side, Bill!" and so forth.

Now since the stable-yard had not been used for years, it was no wonder that the whole party was, so to speak, on tiptoe, longing to run and investigate. But Mrs. Avory had always objected very strongly to inquisitiveness, and so they stayed where they were and waited expectantly. And then, after a minute or so, Kink came up to the table with a twinkle in his old eye and a letter in his old hand.

"Didn't we hear the sound of a carriage?" Mrs Avory asked.

"Did you, mum?" said old Kink, who was a great tease.

"I'm sure there were wheels," said Mrs. Avory.

Kink, who was a great tease, said nothing.

"Of course there were wheels," said Robert. "Don't be such an old humbug."

But Kink only twinkled.

"It's only coals," said Gregory; "isn't it?"

"The first I've heard of coals," said Kink, who loved teasing.

"Kinky, dear," said Janet, "is it something awfully exciting?"

"Nothing very exciting about a house, that I know of, Miss Janet," said Kink.

"A house!" cried Janet. "It couldn't have been a house!"

"There's all sorts of houses," said Kink; "there's houses on the ground and there's houses on—"

"O Kinky," cried Hester, "I know!" And she clapped her hands and absolutely screamed. "I know. It's a caravan!"

"A caravan!" the children shouted together, and with one movement they dashed off to see.

Old Kink laughed and Mrs. Avory laughed.

"It's a caravan right enough," he said. "And a very pretty one, too, and none of they nasty gypsies in it neither."

"But where does it come from?" Mrs. Avory asked, and in reply Kink handed her the letter; but she had done no more than open it when Janet ran back to drag her to see the wonderful sight.

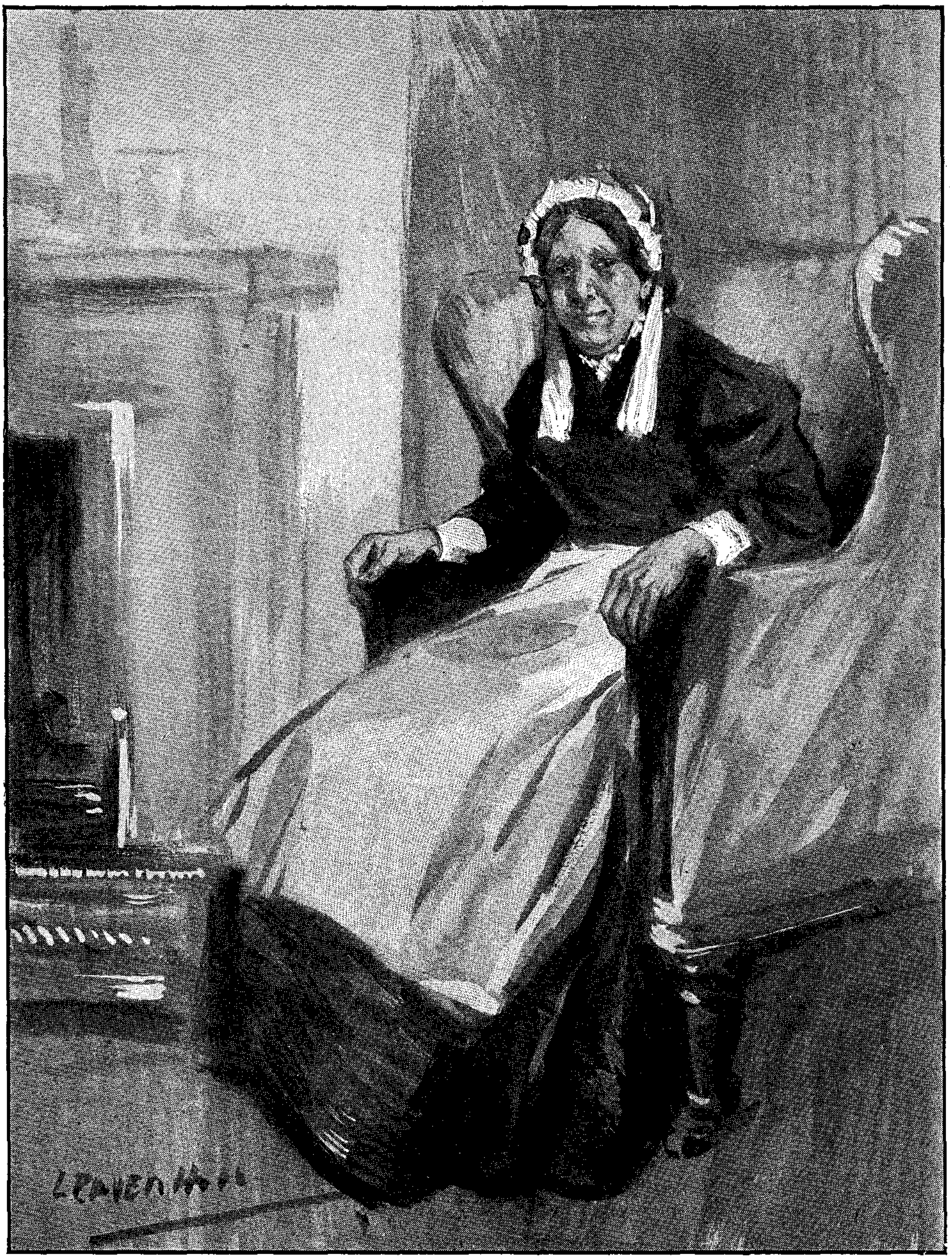
Gregory, I need hardly say, was already on the box with the whip in his hand, while all the others were inside, except Horace Campbell, who had climbed on the roof and was telephoning down the chimney. The men and horse that had brought it were gone.

"O mother," cried Hester, "whose is it? Is it ours?"

"I expect the letter tells us everything," said Mrs. Avory, and, sitting on the top of the steps, she unfolded the letter, and, after looking it through, read it aloud.

This is what it said:

Dear Children—It has long been my wish to give you a new kind of present; but I have hitherto had no luck. I thought once of an elephant, and even wrote to Jamrach about the idea—a small elephant, not a mountain; but I gave that up. Chiswick is too crowded and your garden is too small. But now I think I have found the very thing. A caravan. It belonged to a lady artist who, having to live abroad, wished to sell it; and it is now yours. I tell you this so that mother need not be afraid that it is dirty. It should reach you this week, and can stand in the old coach-house until you are ready to set forth on the discovery of your native land. I should have liked also to have added a horse and a man; but you must do that and keep an account of what everything costs and let me know when I come back from abroad. I shall expect some day a long



“RUNCIE”

account of your adventures, and if you keep a log-book, so much the better.

I am,
Your true, if unsettling, friend,
X.

P. S. You will find a use for the inclosed key sooner or later, and if you want to write to me, address the letter to X, care of Smithurst & Wynn, Lincoln’s Inn Fields, W. C.

For a while after the letter was finished the Avories were too excited and thoughtful to speak, while as for the Rotherams and Horace Campbell, however they may have tried, they could not disguise an expression, if not exactly of envy, certainly of disappointment. There was no X in their family.

“May we really go away in it and discover England?” Robert asked.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Avory.

"Then that makes Sea View all right," said Gregory. "Because this will do instead."

The poor Rotherams! Sea View had suddenly become tame and almost tiresome.

Mrs. Avory saw their regrets in their faces, and cheered them up by the remark that the caravan must sometimes be lent to others.

"Oh, yes," said Janet. "Do you think Dr. Rotheram would let you go?" she asked Mary.

"Of course he would," said Jack. "But I wish it was a houseboat."

The suggestion was so idiotic that every one fell on him in scorn.

"But who is X?" Mrs. Avory asked.

The letter was written in a round office-hand that told nothing. Mr. Scott was the most likely person, but why should Mr. Scott hide? He never had done such a thing. Or Mr. Lenox? But neither was it his way to be secret and mysterious. Nor was it Uncle Christopher's.

When, however, you have a caravan given you and it is standing there waiting to be explored, the question who gave it or did not give it becomes unimportant.

Gregory put the case in a nutshell. "Never mind about old X now," he said. "Let's make a thorough examination!"

CHAPTER III

THE THOROUGH EXAMINATION

It was a real caravan. That is to say, either gypsies might have lived in it or any one that did live in it would soon be properly gypsified. It was painted in gay colors and had little white blinds with very neat waists and red sashes round them. That is the right kind of caravan. The brown caravans highly varnished are wrong: they may be more luxurious, but no gypsy would look at them.

The body of it was green—a good apple green—and the panels were lined with blue. Some people say that blue and green won't go together; but don't let us take any notice of them. Just look at a bed of forget-me-nots, or a copse of bluebells; or, for that matter, try and see the Avories' caravan. The window frames and bars were white. The spokes and hubs of the wheels were red. It was most awfully gay.

Inside—but the inside of a caravan is so exciting that I hardly know how to hold my pen. The inside of a caravan! Can you imagine a better phrase than that? I can't. If Coleridge's statement is true that poetry is the best words in the best order, then that is the best poem: the inside of a caravan!

The caravan was sixteen feet six inches long and six feet two inches high inside. From the ground it stood ten feet. It was six feet four inches wide. If you measure these distances in the dining-room, you will see how big it was and you will be able to imagine yourselves in it.

The woodwork was all highly varnished and very new and clean. More than half-way down the caravan were heavy curtains hanging across it, and behind these was the bedroom, containing four beds, two on each wall, on hinged shelves, that could be let down against the wall by day, when the folding-chairs could be unfolded, and this became a little boudoir.

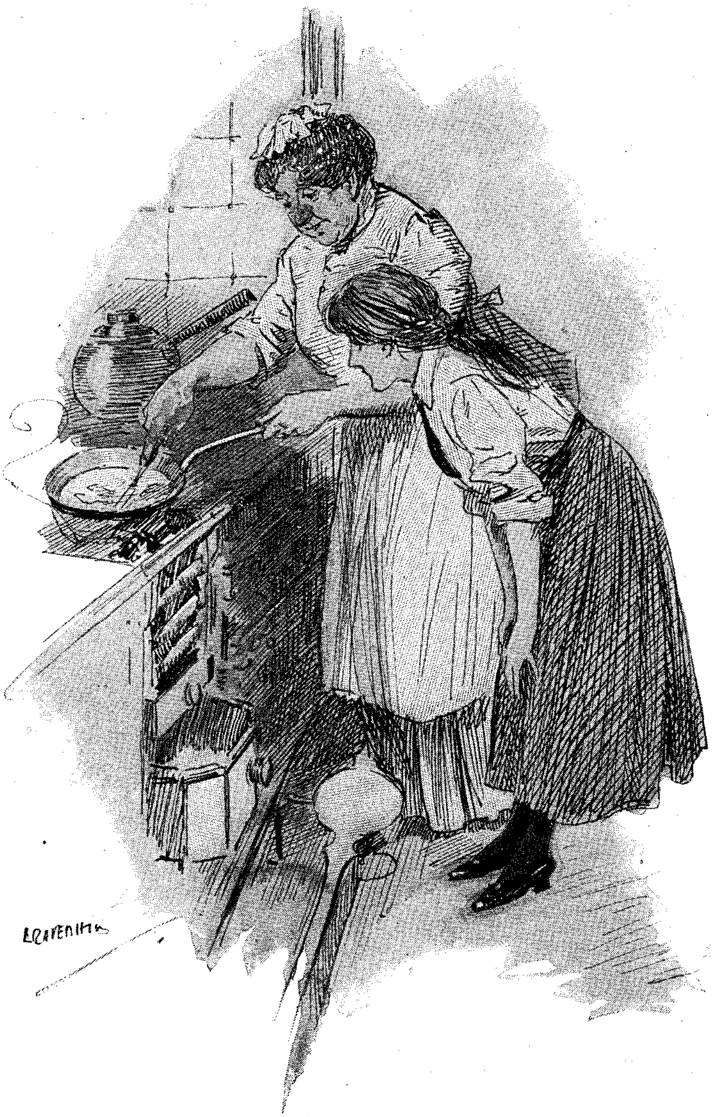
The floor space was, however, filled this afternoon with great bundles which turned out to be gypsy tents and sleeping-sacks. "For the boys and Kink to sleep in," said Janet; "but we must be very careful about waterproof sheeting on the ground first."

The rest of the caravan, between the door and the bedroom—about ten feet—was the kitchen and living-room. Here every inch of the wall was used, either by chairs that folded back like those in the corridors of railway carriages, or by shelves, racks, cupboards, or pegs. There were two tables, which also folded to the wall.

The stove was close to the door, but of course no one who lives in a caravan ever uses the stove except when it is raining. You make the fire out of doors at all other times and swing the pot from three sticks. (Hedgehog stew!—can't you smell it!) There were kitchen utensils on hooks and racks on each side of the stove, which was covered in with shining brass; and rows of enameled cups and saucers and plates and knives and forks. The living-room floor was covered with linoleum; the bedroom floor had a carpet.

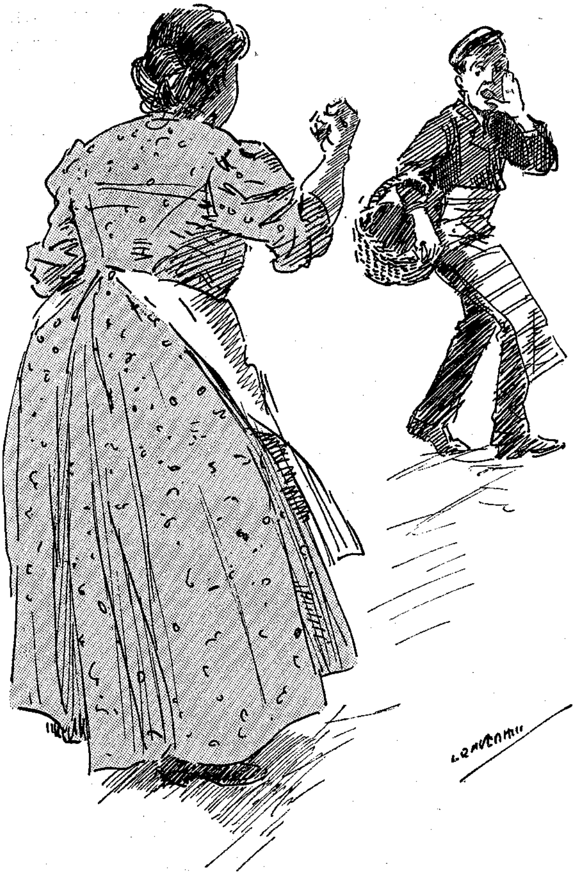
Swinging candlesticks were screwed into the wall here and there. It was more like the cabin of a ship than anything on land could ever be, and Jack Rotheram began to weaken towards it.

In course of time other things were discovered, showing what a thorough person X was. A large india-rubber bath, for instance, and a bath sheet to go under it. A Beatrice oil-stove and oil. An electric torch for sudden requirement at night. A tea-basket for picnics. Quantities of cart oil. A piece of pumice stone (very thoughtful). There was also a box of little india-rubber pads with tin tacks, the use for which (not discovered till later) was to prevent the rattling of the furniture by making it fit a little better. And in one of the cupboards was a bottle of camphor pills, and a tin of tobacco labeled "Tramps and Gypsies."



"SHE ALSO GAVE JANET SOME LESSONS IN FRYING-PAN COOKING"

There was even a bookshelf with books on it: "Hans Andersen," "The Arabian Nights," "Lavengro," "Inquire Within," "Mrs. Beeton," "Bradshaw" (rather cowardly, Robert thought), and "The Blue Poetry Book." There was also "The Whole Art of Caravaning," with



"HER WAY WITH THE BUTCHER'S BOY WAS TERRIBLE"

certain passages marked in pencil, such as this:

> We pull up to measure the breadth of the gate, and if it be broad enough, send forward an ambassador to the farm, who shall explain that we would fain camp here, that we are not gypsies, vagabonds, or suspicious characters, that we will leave all as we find it, and will not rob or wantonly destroy. And in case of need, he shall delicately hint that we may incidentally provide good custom in butter, eggs, milk, and half a dozen other things. Our ambassador must also, if it be possible, secure a stall for the horse.

And this useful reminder:

> We must have water near at hand and a farm within reasonable distance, and we should look for shelter from prevailing winds. We must avoid soft ground, and it is a mistake to camp in long grass unless the weather be particularly dry. We should be as far as possible from the road if there is much traffic upon it. It is a great advantage if there is a stream or lake at hand for bathing. An old pasture field sloping away from the road will often satisfy our requirements in low-lying districts. And up among the moors we shall be content to take a piece of level ground where we can find it. There will be nothing to disturb us there.

And this excellent caravan poem:

I love the gentle office of the cook,
The cheerful stove, the placid twilight hour,
When, with the tender fragrance of a flower,
And all the bubbling voices of the brook,

The coy potato or the onion browns,
The tender steak takes on a nobler hue.
I ponder 'mid the falling of the dew,
And watch the lapwings circling o'er the downs.

Like portals at the pathway of the moon
Two trees stand forth in penciled silhouette
Against the steel-gray sky, as black as jet—
The steak is ready. Ah! too soon! too soon!

So much (with one exception) for the inside of the caravan. Underneath it were still other things, for a box with perforated sides swung between the wheels, and this was the larder, always cool and shady (except, as Janet remarked, on dusty days), and near it on hooks were a hanging saucepan, a great kettle, two pails and two market-baskets, a nose-bag, and a skid. Close by was a place for oats and chaff.

A new set of harness was packed on the box, and it was so complete that on each of the little brass ornaments that hang on the horse's chest was the letter A. On the back of the caravan was a shelf that might be let down, making a kind of sideboard for outdoor meals.

For two or three days the caravan did nothing but hold receptions. Every one who knew the Avories came to see it, even Robert's bird-stuffer, who said he would like to borrow it for a week's holiday in Epping Forest and observe nature through its windows. Several of Gregory's intimates also examined it and approved. Miss Bingham pronounced it elegant and commodious, and Mr. Crawley (who, like all schoolmasters and tutors, made too many puns) said that its probable rate of speed reminded him of his name. Collins wished she might never have to cook in it, but otherwise was very tolerant. Eliza Pollard said that her choice would be a motor car, and Jane Masters brought 'Erb back on Sunday afternoon, and they examined it together and decided that with such a home as that they might be married at once.

I have left till the last the most exciting thing of all. In an inclosure, you remember, was a key concerning the purpose of which nothing was said in the letter. Well, in the course of the exploration of the caravan, which went on for some days, always yielding a fresh discovery, Robert came upon a box securely fastened to the floor in a dark corner.

"Mother! mother!" he cried; "where's that key? I've found a mysterious keyhole!"

They all hurried to the stable-yard to see, and Robert swiftly inserted the key, and turned it. He fell back, too much overcome to speak. The box contained twenty-five new sovereigns.

CHAPTER IV

THE ITEMS

Mr. Lenox either knew everything or knew some one who knew everything, so that he was always certain to be able to help in any difficulty. Mrs. Avory wrote to him to come round and consult with her about it, and he was there at tea-time.

"A caravan!" he said, after she had finished. "Ripping. Nothing better." "Yes," said Mrs. Avory, "but—"

"Oh, well," said Mr. Lenox, "that's all right. A few little bothers, but soon over." He checked them off on his finger. "Item—as your old Swan of Avon, Hester, would say—item, a driver."

"I was thinking of Kink," said Mrs. Avory; "but there's the garden."

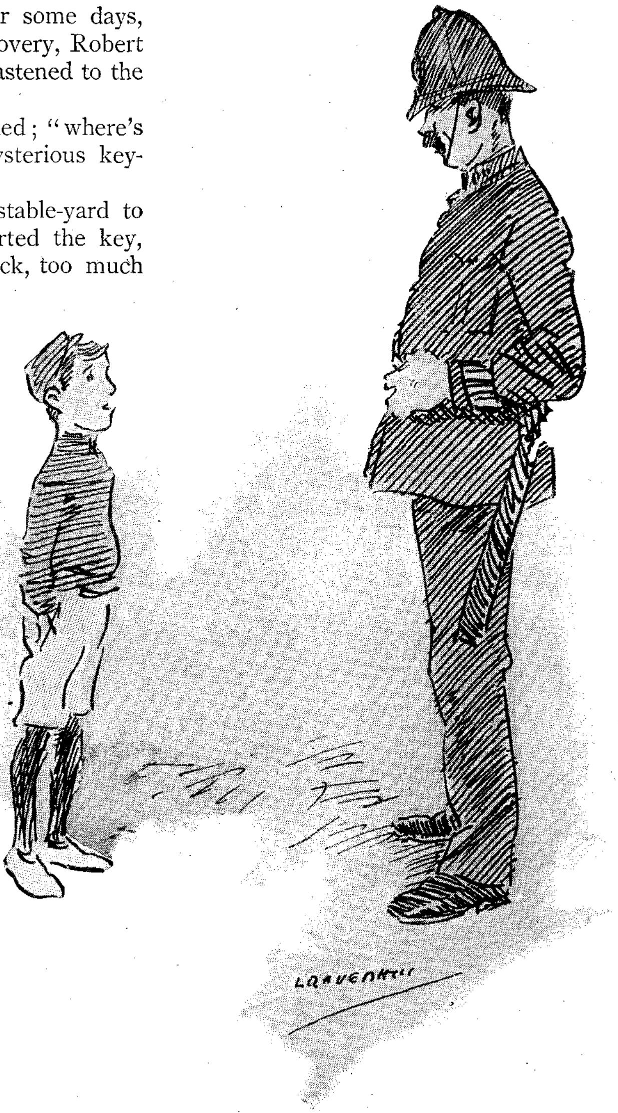
"Yes," said Mr. Lenox, "and there's also Kink. Do you think he'd go?"

"The best thing to do is to ask him," said Mrs. Avory. "Gregory, just run and bring Kink in."

Kink soon appeared, fresh from the soil.

"Would you be willing to drive the caravan if we decided to use it?" Mrs. Avory asked.

"'If'!" cried the children. "Steady on, mother. 'If'!"



"GREGORY ALSO KNEW ONE POLICEMAN"

Kink, who was a great tease, pretended to think for quite a long time, until his silence had driven the children nearly desperate. "Yes," he then said, "I should, mum, provided you let me find a trustworthy man to go on with the garden. Otherwise I shouldn't dare to face Mrs. Collins when I came back."

"That's very kind of you, Kink," said Mrs. Avory.

"Good old Kinky!" said Gregory.

"Yes," said Mr. Lenox. "And now for item two. The horse. How would you go to work to get a horse, Kink?"

"Well," said Kink, "that's a little out of my way. A horseradish, yes; but not a horse."

Every one laughed: the old man expected it.

"Then," said Mr. Lenox, with a mock sigh, "I suppose the horse will have to be found by me. We don't want to buy one—only to hire it."

"Don't let's have a horse," said Gregory; "let's have a motor? I think a motor caravan would be splendid."

"There you're quite wrong," said Mr. Lenox. "The life-blood of a caravan is sloth; the life-blood of a motor is speed. You can't mix them. And how could Robert here survey England creditably if he rushed through it in a motor? You're going to survey England, aren't you, Bobbie? No, it must be a horse, and I will get it. I will make friends with cabmen and coachmen and grooms and stable-boys. I will carry a straw in my mouth. I will get a horse to do you credit. What color would you like?"

"White," said Janet.

"It shall be a white horse," said Mr. Lenox. "And now," he added, "the way is cleared for item three. Can you guess what that is?"

They all tried to guess, but could not. They were too excited.

"A dog," said Mr. Lenox.

"Oh, yes," they cried.

"To guard the caravan at night and when we are away," said Janet.

"Exactly," said Mr. Lenox. "And what kind of a dog?"

"A dachshund," said Hester.

"Too small," said Mr. Lenox.

"A St. Bernard," said Robert.

"Too mild," said Mr. Lenox.

"A spaniel," said Janet.

"Too gentle," said Mr. Lenox.

"A fox-terrier," said Gregory.

"Not strong enough," said Mr. Lenox.

"I leave it to Mr. Lenox," said Mrs. Avory.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Lenox, "a retriever. A retriever, because it is big and formidable, and also because, when tied up, it will always be on the watch. We'll buy the 'Exchange and Mart' and look up retrievers. We can't hire a dog; we must buy outright there. Now then, Bobbie, item four?"

"Maps," said Bobbie.

"Right," said Mr. Lenox. "I wish I was coming with you."

"Do," they all cried.

"I can't," said Mr. Lenox. "If I were to go away before September, I should get the sack, and then I should starve. His Lordship is sufficiently cross with me now, because I had to give him out leg-before at the annual estate match last Saturday when I was umpiring. He couldn't stand anything else."

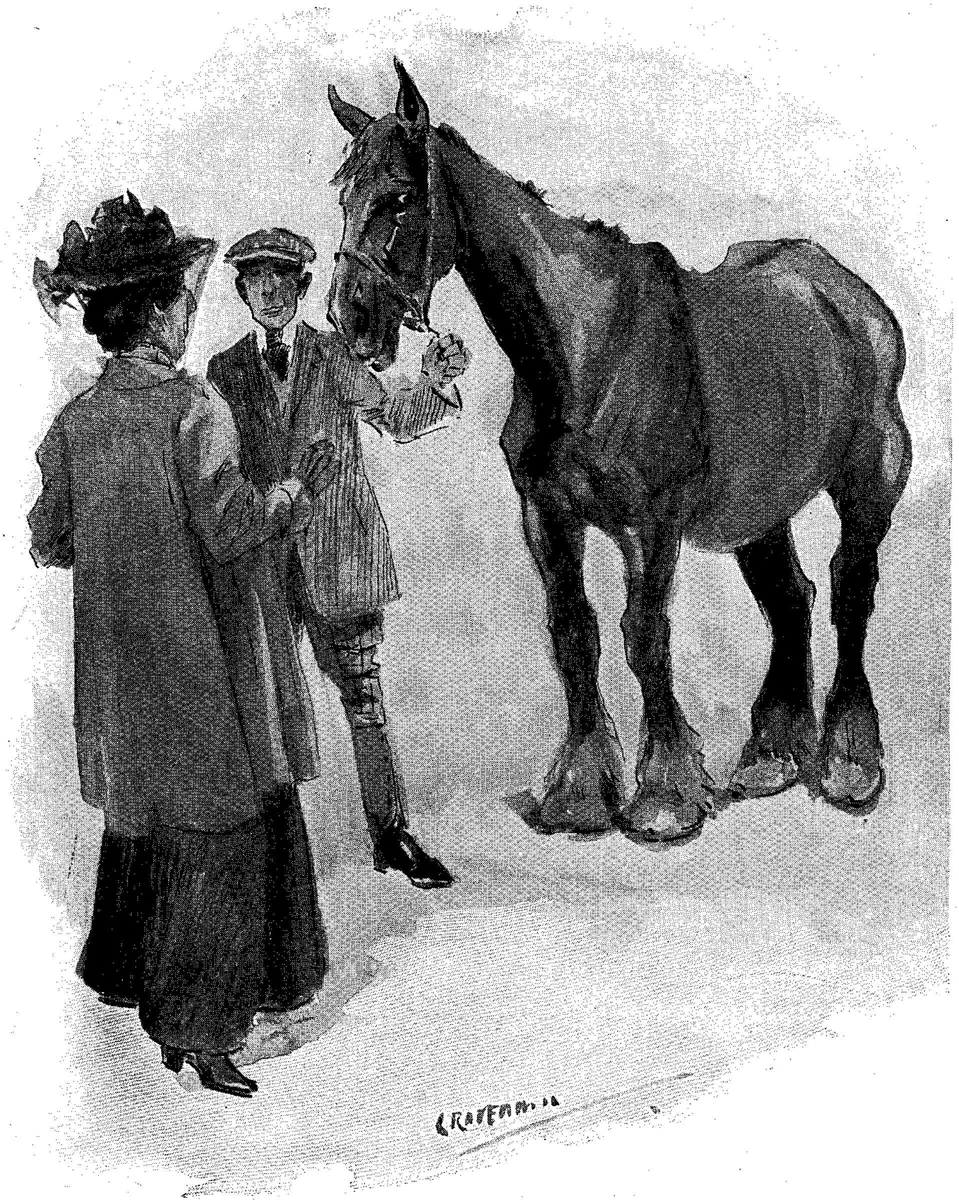
That night Mrs. Avory, Uncle Christopher, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Lenox were talking after dinner.

"It's a very wonderful present," said Mrs. Avory, "but there are two things about it that are not quite satisfactory. One is that one likes to know where such gifts come from, and the other is that for a party of children to go away alone, with only Kink, is a great responsibility." (That's a word which mothers are very fond of.) "Suppose they're ill?"

"It's a risk you must take," said Uncle Chris. "Don't anticipate trouble."

"Because," Mrs. Avory went on, "I should not go with them, although I might arrange to meet them here and there on their journey. They would like me to be with them, I know, and they would like to be without me, I know."

"I shouldn't worry about the giver of the present," said Mr. Scott. "You have many friends from whom you would have no objection to accept a caravan, and there's no harm in one of those friends wishing to be anonymous. As for the other matter, I don't see much risk so long as Kink goes too. He's a careful and very capable old sport, and Janet's as good a mother as you any day."



"STRONG AS AN ELEPHANT AND DOCILE AS A TORTOISE"

Mrs. Avory laughed. "Yes, I know that," she said. "But what about gypsies and tramps?"

"One has always got to take a few chances," said Uncle Christopher. "They may get things stolen now and then from the outside of the caravan, but I should doubt if anything else happened. Kink and a good dog would see to that. And Janet would see to the children keeping dry, or getting dry quickly after rain, and so forth. Such an experience as a fortnight in a caravan of their own should be a splendid thing for all of them. Gregory, for example—it's quite time that he studied the A B C of engineering and began where James Watt began instead of merely profiting by the efforts of all the investigators since then. I mean, it's quite time he watched a kettle boil; and Hester would get no harm by mixing a little washing-up with her 'Romeo and Juliet' wool-gathering."

"I think you're right," said Mrs.

Avory; "and I'm sure they are very unlikely to get any such experience here. But I shall be very nervous."

"No, you won't," said Mr. Lenox, "because we'll arrange that you shall have news. I have thought of that. A telegram every morning at breakfast and a telegram every evening after tea. That will be perfectly simple. And letters, of course."

In this way it was settled that the Great Experiment might be tried, especially as so wise a woman as Collins and so old an ally as Runcie were not against it. Both, indeed, were of Uncle Christopher's opinion that the self-help and self-reliance which the caravan would lead to would be of the greatest use.

Collins, when she heard later some hint of the possible route the caravan would follow, became not only a supporter of the scheme but an enthusiast, because her own home was not distant, and she made the children promise to spend a day there with her brother, the farmer. She also gave Janet some lessons in frying-pan cooking.

Runcie never became an enthusiast, but she allowed herself to be interested, if cautionary.

"To think of the nice comfortable beds you'll be leaving," she would say.

"A horse is a vain thing for safety," she would say.

"The blisters you'll get on your poor feet!" she would say.

"The indigestion!" she would say.

"Living like gypsies," she would say.

"No proper washing or anything," she would say.

"Cheer up, Runcie," Gregory would reply, "you're not going."

"And glad I am I'm not," she would answer.

"I wish you were, Runcie, and then we'd show you in the villages as 'The Old Woman Who Can't See Any Fun in Caravaning.' 'Walk up! Walk up! A penny a peep!'"

CHAPTER V

DIOGENES AND MOSES

The Sea View disappointment being so keenly felt, Mrs. Avory decided to give the children an extra holiday of a fortnight at once in which to taste the delights of the caravan, and meanwhile she would herself go down to the Isle of Wight to try and find other rooms; and it was arranged that Mary Rotheram and one of her brothers and Horace Campbell should be squeezed into the party too. Jack and William Rotheram therefore tossed up for it, and Jack won.

This suddenness, as we shall see, was very fortunate, but it threw Mr. Lenox into a state of perspiration quite strange to him.

"My dear Jenny," he said to Mrs. Avory, "how am I to get a horse to do you credit, if you hurry me so? A horse is an animal requiring the most careful study. Each one of its four legs needs separate consideration. I should have liked some weeks of thought. The dog, too. Just as there is only one satisfactory horse in the world for each family, so is there only one satisfactory dog; and you ask me to get both in a few minutes."

He lay back and fanned himself.

Then he pulled two pennies from his pocket and gave them to Gregory and told him to go the station book-stall and bring back the "Exchange and Mart."

The "Exchange and Mart," as perhaps you may not know, is without any exaggeration the most delightful paper in the world. It contains nothing that one dislikes to read about, such as accidents, murders, suicides, politics, and criticisms of concerts; it contains nothing whatever of such things, while, on the other hand, it is packed with matters of real interest. It tells you who has dogs for sale, and rabbits for sale, and magic-lanterns for sale, and cameras for sale, and bicycles for sale, and guinea-pigs for sale—all at a bargain—and it tells you also who wants to buy rabbits and cameras and guinea-pigs; and it also tells you who wants to exchange rabbits for a gun, or a dog for a fishing-rod, or a gramophone for a parrot.

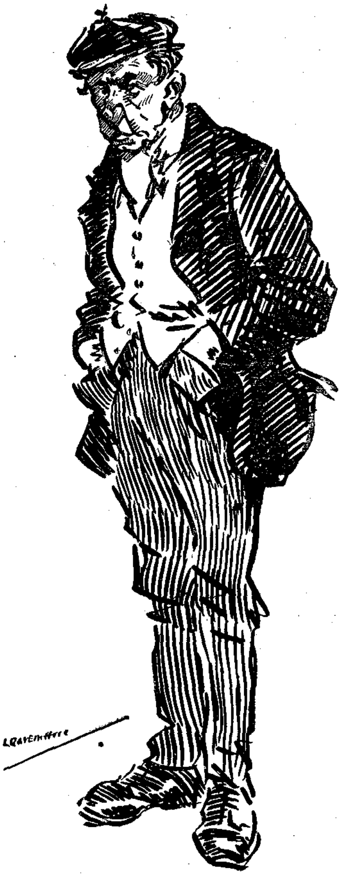
Gregory brought the paper back, and Mr. Lenox at once turned to the section entitled "The Kennel," and then to the sub-section "Retrievers," and he found the names of three persons who wished to sell wonderful specimens of that breed.

Two were in London and one was at Harrow.

Gregory therefore went off to find a

taxicab (no easy thing at Chiswick), and, coming back with one at last, Mr. Lenox and he drove to the nearest of the London addresses.

The first was no good at all. The retrievers were all puppies, so gentle and playful that they would not have frightened even a mouse from the caravan door. But the next, which was at Bermondsey, was better. Here, in a small back yard, they found Mr. Amos, the advertiser, surrounded by kennels. He was a little man with a squint, and he declared that he had nothing but the best-bred dogs with the longest pedigrees.



"HE WAS A LITTLE MAN WITH A SQUINT"

"But we don't want anything so swagger as that," said Mr. Lenox. "We want a watchdog to be kept on a chain, but friendly enough with his own people. If you keep only pedigree dogs, we may as well get on to our next address."

Mr. Amos stepped between Mr. Lenox and the door. "It's most extraordinary odd," he said, "for, although I make it almost a religion never to have any but pedigree dogs, it happens that just at this very moment I have got, for the first time in my whole career, an inferior animal. It's not mine. Oh, no, I'm only taking care of it for a friend. But it's a retriever all right, and a good one, mark you, though not a pedigree dog. My friend wants a good home for it. He's very particular about that. Kind, nice people, you know. Bones. I dare say you know him," Mr. Amos added; "Mr. Bateman, who keeps the Bricklayers' Arms."

How funny, Gregory thought, to keep bricklayers' arms! And he wondered why the bricklayers didn't keep their own arms, and who kept their legs, and he might have asked if Mr. Amos had not called to a boy named Jim to "Bring Tartar over here, and look slippy."

While Jim was bringing Tartar—who lived in a tub, and must therefore, Mr. Lenox said, be called in future Diogenes—Mr. Amos reminded them of how much more likely you were to get good watch work from a dog who was not of the highest breeding than from a prize-winner. "As I often say," he added, "you can have too much blood; that you can. Too much blood. It's the only fault of many of my dogs."

Diogenes now stood before them, looking by no means overburdened with blood and extremely ready for a new home.

Mr. Lenox asked why Mr. Amos thought he was a good watchdog.

"Think!" said Mr. Amos. "I don't think; I know. If Mr. Bateman was here and you were to hit him, that dog would kill you. No thinking twice, mark you. He'd just kill you."

"I hope," said Mr. Lenox, "I shall never meet Mr. Bateman in his presence. Suppose I were to fall against him accidentally—how perfectly ghastly!"

"No fear of that," said Mr. Amos. "He's a clever dog. He knows the difference between an attack and a feeling of faintness. But just come down to the Bricklayers' Arms and I'll show you."

"No, thank you," said Mr. Lenox, hastily. "How much is he?"

"Three pounds," said Mr. Amos.

"Oh, come!" said Mr. Lenox. "Not for a public-house dog."

"Not a penny less," said Mr. Amos.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Lenox,

"we must get on, Gregory. We have still that other address."

"Two pounds ten," said Mr. Amos.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Lenox; "much too dear. Come along, Gregory."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Amos, "though it will be the end of my friendship with Mr. Bateman. I'll say nothing about the collar and chain and take two pounds."

"Too dear," said Mr. Lenox, stepping to the taxi.

"Well, how much will you give?" Mr. Amos asked.

"I'll give you twenty-five shillings as he stands," said Mr. Lenox.

"He's yours," said Mr. Amos. Mr. Lenox immediately paid the money, and then he went to a small grocer's near by and bought a bag of biscuits, and with them he and Gregory fed the famished Diogenes all the way back to Chiswick, and by the time they reached home he seemed so affectionate with them as never to have had another master.

Diogenes had of course come to stay; but the horse was merely to be hired. To hire a carriage-horse or a riding-horse is easy enough, but a cart-horse as strong as a steam-engine is more difficult to find.

Mr. Lenox decided to advertise, and he therefore sent the following advertisement to the "Daily Telegraph:"

> Wanted—To hire for a month at least, an exceedingly powerful, gentle white horse to draw a caravan. Reply by letter. L., "The Gables," Chiswick.

"There," said Mr. Lenox, as he read it out, "that's as clear as crystal. No one can misunderstand that."

But as a matter of fact people will misunderstand anything; for on the day the advertisement appeared quite a number of men called at "The Gables," all leading horses of every size and color. Kink was kept busy in getting rid of them, but one man succeeded in finding Robert unattended and did all he could to persuade him that a pair of small skew-bald ponies such as he had brought with him would be far more useful in a caravan than one large cart-horse.

"Run in and tell your father that, old sport," said he. "Tell him I've got a pair of skews here as will do him credit and he shall have the two for twenty pounds."

"No, no," said Robert; "they're no use at all. We advertised for one large, strong white horse."

Mr. Crawley was coming away from the house at this moment, and the man tackled him.

"Have the pair, mister," said the man. "They're wonderful together—draw a pantechnicon. There's lots of white on them, too. Your little boy here has taken such a fancy to them," he added. "Eighteen pound for the two."

Another man, who brought a black horse and said that white horses always had a defect somewhere, fastened on Miss Bingham.

"This is what you want, mum," he said. "Honest black. Never trust a white horse," he said. "Black's the color. Look at this mare here—she's a beauty. Strong as a nelephant and docile as a tortoise. Fifteen quid, mum, and a bargain."

"My good man," said Miss Bingham, "you are laboring under a misapprehension. I require no horse."

Fortunately, among the letters were several that told of exactly the kind of horse that was needed, and one afternoon a stable-boy led into the yard a perfectly enormous creature which Mr. Lenox had hired for a pound a week from a man at Finchley.

"Warranted sound in wind and limb," said Mr. Lenox, "and his name is Moses."

Gregory, having given Moses a lump of sugar, declined ever again to wish for a motor caravan, especially as Mr. Scott slipped into his hand that evening a large knife containing eight useful articles, including a hook for extracting stones from horses' feet.

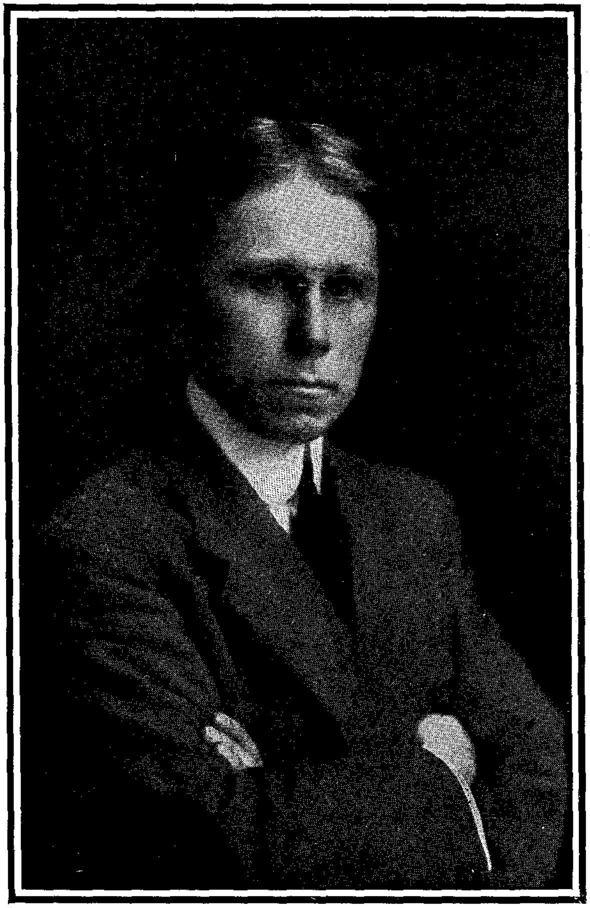
(To be continued)

Psychology and Daily Life

By H. Addington Bruce

IN a previous article, published in The Outlook for September 4, 1909, I endeavored to give some idea of the remarkable contributions made by modern psychology to the practice of medicine—contributions of such profound significance that to-day many specialists in nervous and mental diseases are successfully treating their patients by psychological rather than medical methods, while the general practitioner also is in many cases using psychological knowledge to reinforce the curative value of ordinary therapy. But the helpfulness of modern psychology is by no means confined to the physician. It equally proffers aid to the parent, the educator, the sociologist, the criminologist, the lawyer, the judge, the manufacturer, merchant, and artisan, the writer, public speaker, artist, and musician. In fact, it is not too much to say that there is no field of human endeavor in which benefit may not be had through wise application of the discoveries of psychological research.

Only a comparatively short time ago, it is true, this could not be said. As late as the seventies of the last century, psychology was regarded, and not without reason, as one of the most impractical of sciences, of philosophical and theoretical importance, no doubt, but incomparably inferior to physics, chemistry, geometry, and other branches of science with reference to the possibility of its finding practical application. All this was changed with the establishment by Professor Wundt at Leipzig University of the first laboratory for experimental psychology. Wundt and his pupils, and other experimenters in various countries, invented and perfected apparatus and methods for investigating the processes of the human mind with a precision impossible to earlier psychologists. Such instruments as the chronoscope for measuring, even to thousandths of a second, the rapidity of thought, the sphygmograph for studying the emotions, and the ergograph for ascertaining the exact characteristics and consequences of fatigue, together with the discovery of the tremendous value of hypnotism and hypnoidism as means of getting at subconscious mental states, have enabled psychologists to make more progress during the past thirty years than throughout the previous



COPYRIGHT 1910 BY ELIAS GOLDENSKY

PROFESSOR LIGHTNER WITMER
Of the University of Pennsylvania

two thousand years of the history of psychology.

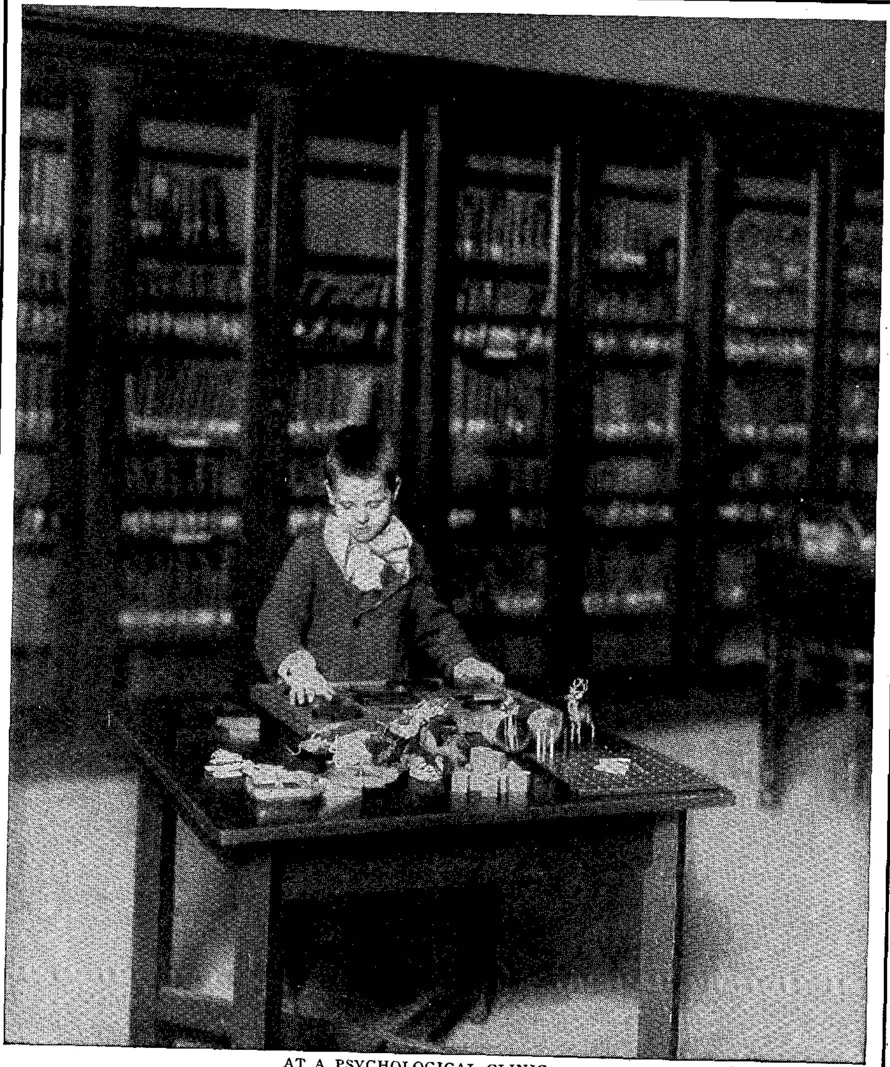
Of course, as an applied science psychology is still in its infancy, and holds more of promise to mankind than of actual achievement. Yet it would be difficult to name another branch of science which has accomplished so much in an equally short time after it was first put on an experimental basis. Outside of the field of medicine, in which thus far psychology has proved itself most conspicuously useful, it is now being applied with striking results in such diverse fields as education, social reform, law, commerce, and industry. Of its utilization as an aid in education a most impressive example is found in the work carried on at the psychological clinic of the University of Pennsylvania in behalf of the mentally retarded children of Philadelphia. The clinic was first established in 1896, and its origin and development are interestingly described in the following statement by its director, Professor Lightner Witmer:

"The occasion was given for the inception of this work by a public school teacher, who brought to the psychological laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania a boy fourteen years of age for advice concerning the best methods of teaching him, in view of his chronic bad spelling. Her assumption was that psychology should be able to discover the cause of his deficiency and advise the means of removing it. Up to that time I could not find that the science of psychology had ever addressed itself to the ascertainment of the causes and treatment of a deficiency in spelling; yet this is a simple developmental defect of memory, and memory is a mental process concerning which the science of psychology is supposed to furnish authoritative information. It appeared to me that if psychology was worth anything to me or to others, it should be able to assist the efforts of the teacher in a retarded case of this kind.

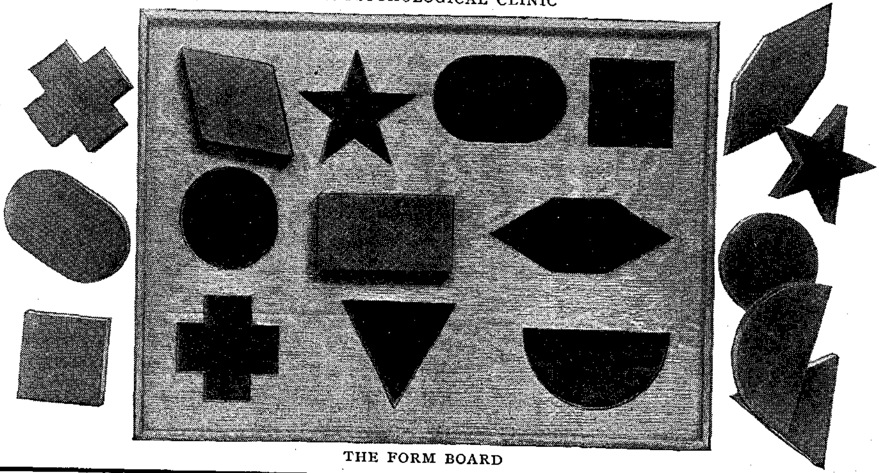
"The absence of any principles to guide me made it necessary to apply myself directly to the study of the mental and physical condition of this child, working out my methods as I went along. I discovered that the important factor in producing bad spelling in this case was an eye defect. After this defect had been corrected, his teacher and I worked together to instruct him as one would a mere beginner in the art of spelling and reading. In the spring of 1896, when this case was brought to me, I saw several other cases of children suffering from the retardation of some special function, like that of spelling, or from general retardation, and I undertook the training of these children for a certain number of hours each week. Since that time the laboratory of psychology has been open for the examination of children who have come chiefly from the public schools of Philadelphia and adjacent cities. The University of Pennsylvania thus opened an educational dispensary. It is in effect a laboratory of applied psychology, maintained since 1896 by the University of Pennsylvania for the scientific study and remedial treatment of defects of development.

"During the early years of its existence the psychological clinic was open for a few hours on one day of each week. As the knowledge of its work grew the demand increased, and soon the clinic was open for three days of each week. Although the experiment of holding a daily clinic was first tried in the summer of 1897, during the six weeks of the Summer School, it was not until last fall that regular daily clinics were established. About three new cases a day are seen. The number which can receive attention is necessarily limited, owing to the fact that the study of a case requires much time, and if the case is to be properly treated, the home conditions must be looked into, and one or more social workers employed to follow up the case. The progress of some children has been followed for a term of years."

Besides the clinic, the University of Pennsylvania also maintains a hospital school for retarded children, accepting patients as in any hospital, and giving them the psychological and physical treatment necessary to overcome their intellectual defects. Similar work has been undertaken elsewhere, particularly at Clark University, where President G. Stanley Hall has organized a "children's institute" for the scientific investigation of the development of school-children; at the University of Washington, where a



AT A PSYCHOLOGICAL CLINIC



THE FORM BOARD

TESTING A BOY'S QUICKNESS AND INTELLIGENCE

On the table are a dynamometer for testing the strength of the hands, a pegging board for testing co-ordination, colored worsteds for testing color sense, blocks and dominoes for testing number, toys to test common knowledge and instinctive reactions, and the form board, one of the best tests for distinguishing the feeble-minded child from the child of normal intelligence psychological clinic was started last winter under the direction of Professors H. C. Stevens and E. O. Sisson; and in the city of Los Angeles, which has established a department of health and development, with a director in charge of a psychological clinic. It is an educational innovation that is destined to be widely adopted. The investigations of Professor Witmer and his assistants, as well as of other psychologists and educators, have shown that there is an amazing degree of mental retardation among the school-going population of the United States. Thus, one investigator, Dr. Oliver P. Cornman, Associate Superintendent of the Public Schools of Philadelphia, has found that in five representative American cities from 21.6 per cent to 49.6 per cent of the elementary school population are one year and more behind the grade in which their age should have placed them, that from 7.3 per cent to 26.3 per cent are two years and more behind grade, that from 2.1 per cent to 12.7 per cent are three years and more behind grade, and that in one city as high as 5.1 per cent are four years and more behind the grade in which they ought to be.

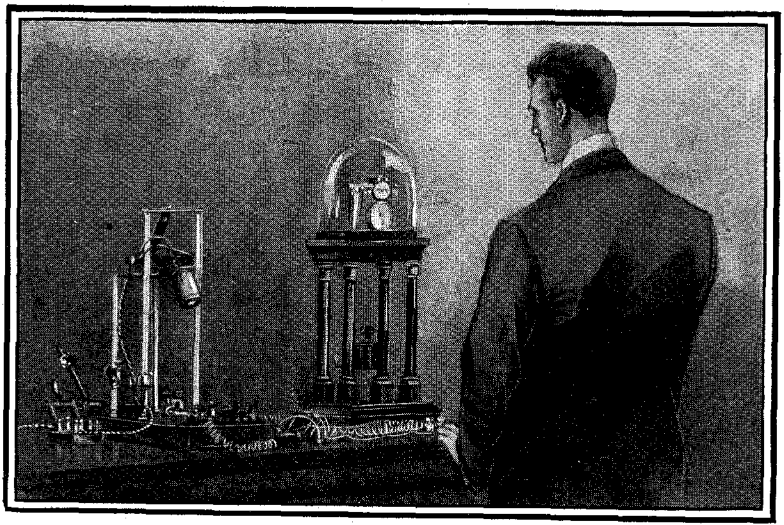
Not all of these backward children are susceptible of improvement, for sometimes their deficiencies represent a congenital feeble-mindedness which not even the most skillful educational methods can remedy. But in the great majority of cases, as the results obtained in Professor Witmer's psychological clinic and hospital school indicate unmistakably, the trouble is due to remedial causes. The teacher may be at fault, or, as often happens, the child may be suffering from some physical trouble, in itself slight, but sufficient to affect his mental development adversely. Eye, throat, nose, ear, and dental trouble, it has been conclusively demonstrated, are frequently productive of marked intellectual deficiency.

A typical case in point is that of a small boy who was brought to Professor Witmer's clinic last year with a lamentable history of intellectual backwardness and moral obliquity. Psychological examination satisfied Professor Witmer that the boy was neither a mental nor a moral imbecile, as had been suspected, and at first nothing abnormal was found in his physical condition. But it was later discovered that he was suffering from dental impaction, and it was deemed well to remove a few of his teeth. Remarkable improvement, both mental and moral, at once followed. The boy was closely observed, given some preliminary training, and then placed in a private school for education along lines laid down by the psychological clinic.

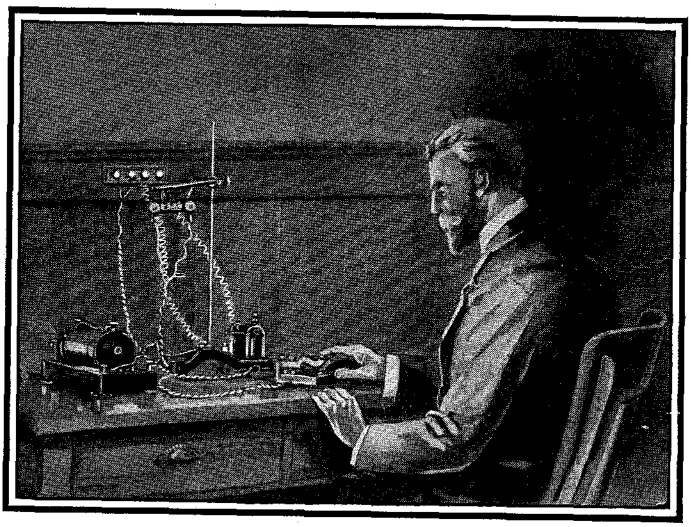
"His whole demeanor under the private instruction," says Dr. Arthur Holmes, an assistant of Professor Witmer's, who has been following the case closely, "has been that of a normal boy. He has been put upon his honor, and in every case he has justified the expectations of his teacher. He is now a healthy boy, with a boy's natural curiosity, with good manners, good temper, with no more than the average nervousness, and with every prospect of taking his proper place in society and developing into an efficient and moral citizen."

In another case two boys, twins, eight years of age, were taken to the clinic for observation. One was a bright-looking lad, sturdy, and with an excellent record at school. The other was

DR. JUNG, OF ZURICH
Inventor of the association reaction method of mental diagnosis



THE CONDUCTOR'S ROOM



THE SUBJECT'S ROOM

THE REACTION EXPERIMENT

To show the time required to become conscious of a flash of light. The subject's hand on the key records in the director's room the muscular impulse after the flash

ill-nourished, had never been to school, and looked and was supposed to be feeble-minded. But he responded to Professor Witmer's tests with an alertness and intelligence that proved that his mental faculties were unimpaired and only required development. He was given special training, and was also, as is always done at the clinic, subjected to a rigid physical examination. It was then discovered that he was slightly deaf and was suffering from adenoids, the removal of which was followed by a rapid improvement in his mental condition, thus indicating that his retardation had been largely due to the adenoids.

When the fault lies with the teaching methods employed, Professor Witmer takes in hand the instructors of the children brought to him, and explains to them what is required. In this way the psychological clinic serves another useful purpose by disseminating sound information regarding the principles of scientific pedagogy. How helpful in this respect the psychologist can be to the educator may best be appreciated by reading, for example, Professor Hugo Münsterberg's recently published and most inspiring book, "Psychology and the Teacher." As Professor Münsterberg frankly admits, psychology cannot aid in determining the purpose, the ends, of education. That is a problem for ethics. But it can and does throw a flood of light on the correct methods to be adopted in attaining whatever ends the educator has in view. Already hundreds of teachers in this country and abroad have profited from the studies of the mind of the child worked out during recent years by such eminent psychologists as Professors J. Mark Baldwin, G. Stanley Hall, J. Sully, and W. Preyer, and from the experiments on memory, will, attention, etc., undertaken in every psychological laboratory. Professor Münsterberg does not overestimate the importance of psychology to the educator when he says:

"The teacher must know what he is to teach, and must know how to teach it, and that involves his understanding the child and all the factors which come in question when the child is dealt with. Hence the true teacher needs not only an understanding of the purposes and aims of education and an enthusiastic devotion to those ideal aims, but he needs a thorough understanding of the ways in which the mind of the child can be influenced and developed. Ethics could teach him only those purposes and ideals. If the teacher seeks insight into the means by which the aim can be reached, into the facts by which the child can be molded, his way must lead from ethics to psychology."

For the parent as for the teacher, psychology has a message of the utmost importance. If only for the discovery of the far-reaching influence of "suggestion" in the affairs of daily life, and of methods whereby this influence may be utilized to promote the mental and moral development of the child, every parent is heavily in the debt of modern psychology. Psychological experiment and observation have demonstrated that every detail in one's environment—one's friends, the books one reads, the pictures one looks at, even the paper on the walls of one's house—is of suggestive value, leaving impressions upon the mind, and especially upon the plastic mind of the child, that may persist throughout, and affect the entire course of one's after life. An interesting and eloquent fragment of testimony as to this power of childhood impressions to influence later life occurs in the writings of that famous English psychical researcher Frederic Myers.

"The first grief that I remember," says Myers, "came from the sight of a dead mole which had been crushed by a cart-wheel. Deeply moved, I hurried back to my mother and asked her whether the little mole had gone to heaven. Gently and lovingly, but without doubt, she told me that the little mole had no soul and would not live again.

"To this day I remember my rush of tears at the thought of that furry, innocent creature, crushed by a danger which I fancied it too blind to see, and losing all joy forever by that unmerited stroke. The pity of it, the pity of it, and the first horror of a death without resurrection rose in my bursting heart."

Here the impression left was so profound as to exercise at least a contributory influence in giving rise, in after years, to an earnest desire on Myers's part to prove that there is indeed life beyond the grave, and from this desire resulted scientific discoveries of great importance, as I related in my article on "The Ghost Society and What Came of It," which appeared in The Outlook's Magazine Number of last March.

As to the effect of environmental impressions, even when not consciously apprehended, much evidence might similarly be quoted. Thus Dr. Louis Waldstein, an authority on the "subconscious," says:

"The refined tastes and joyous dispositions of the children in a family with whom I often came into contact was a matter of some surprise to me, as I could not account for the common trait among them by the position or special characteristics of the parents. They were in the humblest position socially, and all but poor. My first visit to their modest home furnished me with the natural solution, and gave me much food for reflection.

"The children—there were six—occupied two rooms into which the sunlight was pouring as I entered; the remaining rooms of the apartment were sunless for the greater part of the day; the color and design of the cheap wall-paper were cheerful and unobtrusive, bits of carpet, the table-cover, and the coverlets on the beds were all in harmony, and of quiet design in nearly the elementary colors. Everything in these poor rooms of poor people had been chosen with the truest judgment for æsthetic effect."

In other words, poor though they were, the parents had contrived, through neatness, good taste, and the judicious distribution and arrangement of their belongings, to give their children a material environment rich in cultural suggestions. Of course in their case this had been done instinctively, and without any aid from psychology. On the other hand, many parents are unwittingly doing grievous injury to their children through ignorantly subjecting them to harmful environmental suggestions; while others, again, though as yet all too few, are directly profiting from the discoveries of psychology by becoming acquainted with them and giving them practical application.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROOT

PROFESSOR WALTER DILL SCOTT

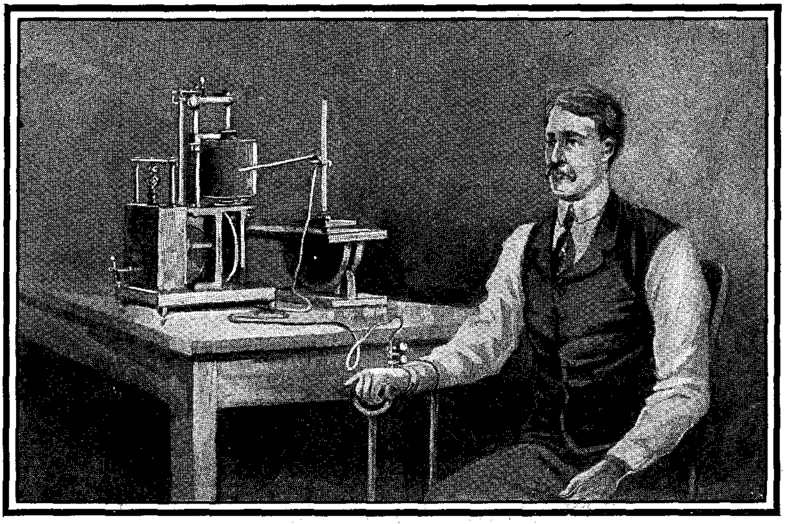
Of Northwestern University

Manifestly, this is a field in which the social worker, equally with the educator and parent, can make use of the results of psychological research. It is therefore pleasant to be able to record that the social workers of the United States are awakening to their opportunity. In the psychological clinic of the University of Pennsylvania, as we have seen, the social worker labors hand in hand with the psychologist, and pays especial attention to the environmental influences surrounding the retarded children in their home life. Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody, head of the Department of Social Ethics in Harvard University, tells me that in the courses of instruction in the Harvard School for Social Workers emphasis is laid on the importance of psychology to the social worker, and the effort is made to equip the students of the school for making use of psychological facts in dealing with the difficult questions that will confront them when they enter upon their life's work. The same may be said of other institutions of this kind, and already such appreciable results have been obtained that it is safe to hazard the assertion that psychology will eventually go far towards solving the ever-present problem of the slums.

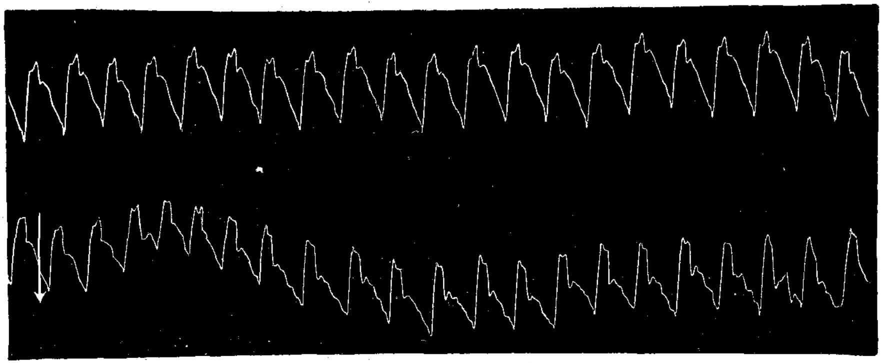
In other directions psychology is assisting in the noble work of social amelioration. The discovery of the therapeutic value of hypnotism, hypnoidism, and of suggestion skillfully applied in the waking state has provided society with a wonderful agency not only for combating the spread of mental and nervous disease but for rescuing the victims of drug and alcoholic excesses, and of overcoming temperamental defects leading to immorality, vice, and crime. Besides which, psychological experiments have provided social reformers with new and most persuasive arguments in their campaigns against existing evils. Thus, in his noteworthy address to the Massachusetts No-License League, explaining his reasons for abandoning his former attitude in favor of the moderate use of intoxicants, President Charles W. Eliot took his stand squarely on the findings of psychological investigation.

"It is well known," said he, "that alcohol, even if moderately used, does not quicken the action of the mind or enable one to support mental labor. We have had a great deal of German investigation and some American investigation in psychological laboratories in that direction, and the results are perfectly plain, and they are all one. The effect of alcohol on the time reaction of the human being has been studied carefully, tested in hundreds of thousands of cases, and there is no question about the ill effect of alcohol even in very moderate doses on the time reaction. That means that alcohol in moderate doses diminishes the efficiency of the workingman in most instances and makes him incapable of doing his best in the work of the day. So I say . . . that even the moderate use of alcohol is objectionable."

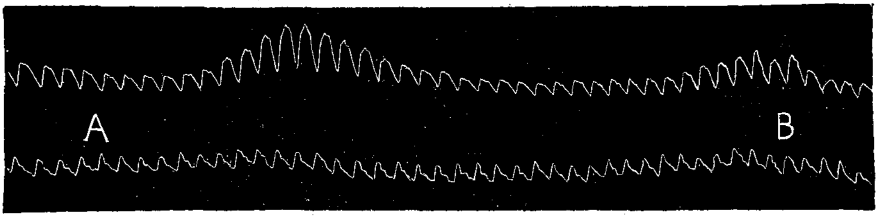
In the experiments to which President Eliot referred the subjects were first tested for their mental and physical alertness before drinking any intoxicating liquors, the time of their reaction to different stimuli being carefully measured by the



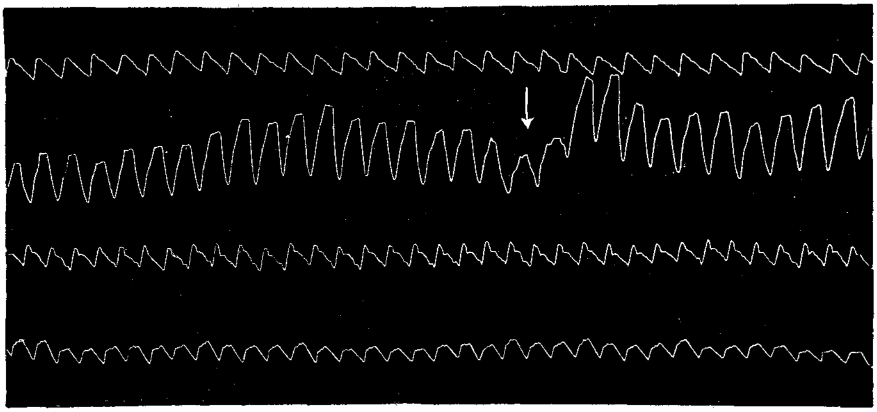
THE SPHYGMOGRAPH
For recording changes in the pulse of the forearm produced by mental effort



THE UPPER CURVE SHOWS THE NORMAL PULSE OF THE FOREARM. THE LOWER CURVE RECORDS THE EFFECT ON THE PULSE OF MENTAL ARITHMETIC. AT THE POINT MARKED BY THE ARROW THE SUBJECT WAS ASKED TO MULTIPLY 22 BY 14



SIMULTANEOUS RECORD FROM THE BRAIN (UPPER CURVE) AND THE FOREARM (LOWER CURVE). AT **A,** SUBJECT WAS ASKED TO MULTIPLY 8 BY 12. AT **B,** HE GAVE THE ANSWER



THE BOTTOM CURVE SHOWS THE BRAIN PULSE WHILE THE SUBJECT, AN ITALIAN PEASANT, WAS IN REPOSE. THE NEXT CURVE ABOVE IS THE FOREARM RECORD. THE TWO UPPER CURVES SHOW THE PULSE AFTER THE SUBJECT WAS SPOKEN TO SHARPLY. AT THE POINT MARKED BY THE ARROW A NEAR-BY CHURCH BELL STRUCK TWELVE. EXCITEMENT AS SHOWN BY THE CURVE WAS DUE TO THE FACT THAT THE SUBJECT WAS ACCUSTOMED TO CROSS HIMSELF AT NOON AND SAY HIS AVE MARIA. HIS DISCOMFITURE AT NOT BEING ABLE TO PERFORM THIS RITE WAS EVIDENTLY THE CAUSE OF THE VIOLENT CHANGE IN HIS PULSE RECORD

“PHOTOGRAPHING” THE EMOTIONS

Three experiments with the sphygmograph performed by Mosso, the eminent Italian psychologist chronoscope. They were then given varying amounts of intoxicants and again tested, with the result that the chronoscope revealed a distinct diminution in the rapidity of their reaction time. The principle involved in these experiments has been otherwise applied by psychologists, and promises to be of much usefulness, particularly, perhaps, through utilization of the so-called "association reaction method of mental diagnosis," which, although given practical trial for the first time less than five years ago, has been strongly indorsed as valuable for several purposes.

The association reaction method is based on the theory that disquieting ideas in a person's mind will reveal themselves by variations in his reaction time and in the nature of his responses, if, for instance, he is given a list of carefully selected words and is asked to utter, after hearing each, the first word that happens to come into his head. To test the validity of this theory many experiments have been tried in European and American psychological laboratories, and the experimenters have been greatly impressed with the detective value of the method. Some of them, in fact, have made use of it in other than a merely experimental way, and with equal success. On at least one occasion the scientist who first employed it for general purposes of psychological investigation, Dr. Jung, the distinguished neurologist of Zurich, used it to good effect to trap a thief.

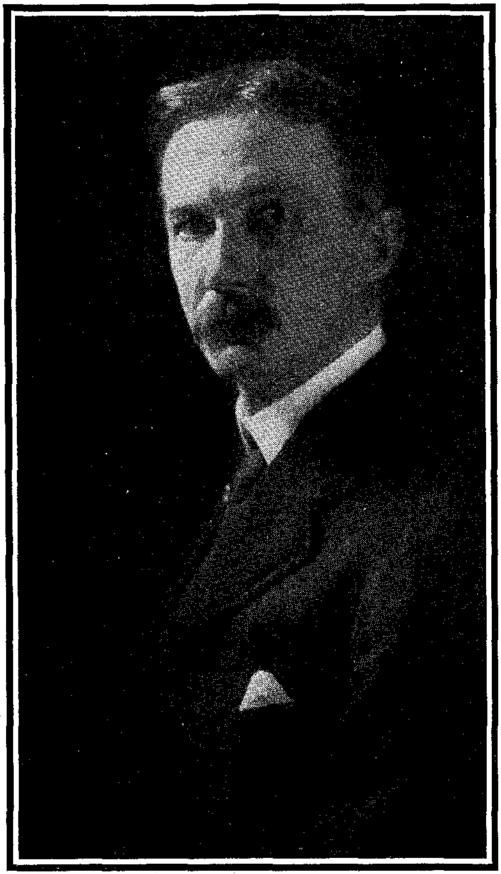
One of Dr. Jung's patients had confided to him his fear that he was being systematically robbed of small sums of money by his nephew, a young fellow of eighteen. It was arranged that the young man should be sent to Dr. Jung, ostensibly to undergo a medical examination. On his arrival he was told that in order to test his mental state he was to respond, as quickly as possible, to a list of one hundred words, which Dr. Jung read to him one by one. Most of these words were quite trivial, but scattered among them were thirty-seven which had to do with the thefts, the room from which the money had been taken, or possible motives for robbery. As measured by the chronoscope, the differences in his reaction time to the harmless and to the significant words was startling.

Dr. Jung said "head," he responded—or, to put it technically, associated—"nose;" Dr. Jung said "green," he associated "blue;" Dr. Jung said "water," he associated "air;" and so on, the average reaction time being 1.6 seconds. But it took him 4.6 seconds to find a word to associate with "thief," 4.2 seconds for an association with "jail," and 3.6 seconds for one with "police." In other cases there was an abnormally quick reaction to significant words, followed immediately by a tell-tale slowing up in the reaction to the next two or three trivial ones. When he had gone through the list, Dr. Jung sternly told the young man that he found his health excellent but his morals bad, accused him of stealing from his uncle, and, basing his assertion on the character of the reaction words, taxed him with having dissipated the proceeds of his thefts in extravagant purchases, such as a gold watch. The young man, dismayed at the seemingly supernatural knowledge of his doings displayed by Dr. Jung, broke down and made a complete confession.

On the strength of this and similar achievements it has been proposed that the association reaction method should be adopted by the courts as an aid in ascertaining the guilt or innocence of an accused person, but as yet this proposal has not been favorably received. Nor do the courts seem otherwise inclined to employ the services of psychological experts in legal proceedings, though a few conspicuous exceptions are to be noted. Everybody is aware of the rôle played by Professor Münsterberg in subjecting the self-confessed multi-murderer Harry Orchard to psychological examination; and more recently Professor H. C. Stevens was permitted to take the witness-stand and testify as a psychological expert in a murder trial at Tacoma. But there is plenty of evidence to show that our judges and lawyers, even if disinclined to recognize the psychological expert's claims to court-room practice, are perfectly ready to avail themselves, in an unofficial way, of whatever help psychology can give them. In the campaign now in progress for the reform of American criminal law and criminal procedure, a campaign set on foot last year with the founding of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, some of the leading psychologists of the United States are aiding in the work of mapping out the reforms that should be brought about; while in actual legal practice individual lawyers all over the country are frequently resorting to psychologists for advice that will assist them in best serving the interests of their clients.

So far as the association reaction method of mental diagnosis is concerned, there are many uses to which it may be put other than the detection of crime. Every physician has had the experience of being consulted by patients suffering from ailments that have their origin in secret vices which the patient is ashamed to reveal. In such a case the physician can—and some physicians do—utilize the association reaction method to get at the truth without arousing in the patient's mind the least suspicion that he is making an unconscious "confession." So, likewise, the educator and parent, armed not with a complicated chronoscope but merely with an ordinary stop-watch, can apply the method to study the mind of the child, perchance making thereby discoveries of vital importance to the little one's welfare. In this connection a story told by Professor Münsterberg in his book "On the Witness-Stand" may well be quoted. A young girl, anæmic and neurasthenic, and unable to concentrate her attention on her studies, had been sent to him for psychological advice.

"I asked her," says Professor Münsterberg, "many questions as to her habits of life. Among other things she assured me that she took wholesome and plentiful meals and was not allowed to buy sweets. Then I began some psychological experiments, and among other tests I started, at first rather aimlessly, with trivial associations. Her average association time was slow, nearly two seconds. Very soon the word 'money' brought the answer 'candy,' and it came with the quickness of 1.4 seconds. There was nothing remarkable in this. But the next word, 'apron,' harmless in itself, was six seconds in finding its association, and furthermore, the association which resulted was 'apron'—'chocolate.' Both the retardation and the inappropriateness of this indicated that the foregoing pair had left an emotional shock, and the choice of the word 'chocolate' showed that the disturbance resulted from the intrusion of the word 'candy.' The word 'apron' had evidently no power at all compared with those associations which were produced by the counter-emotion.


PROFESSOR J. MARK BALDWIN
Of Johns Hopkins University

"I took this as a clue, and after twenty indifferent words which slowly restored her calmness of mind, I returned to the problem of sweets. Of course she was now warned, and was evidently on the lookout. The result was that when I threw in the word 'candy' again she needed 4.5 seconds, and the outcome was the naïve association 'never.' This 'never' was the first association that was neither substantive nor adjective. All the words before had evidently meant for her simply objects; but 'candy' seemed to appeal to her as a hint, a question, a reproach which she wanted to repudiate. She was clearly not aware that this mental change from a descriptive to a replying attitude was very suspicious; she must even have felt quite satisfied with her reply, for the next associations were short and to the point.

"After a while I began on the same line again. The unsuspicious word 'box' brought quickly the equally unsuspicious 'white;' and yet I knew at once that it was a candy box, for the next word, 'pound,' brought the association 'two,' and the following, 'book,' after several seconds the unfit association 'sweet.' She was again not aware that she had betrayed the path of her imagination. In the course of three hundred associations I varied the subject repeatedly, and she remained to the end unconscious that she had given me all the information needed. Her surprise seemed still greater than her feeling of shame when I told her that she skipped her luncheons daily, and had hardly any regular meals, but consumed every day several pounds of candy. With tears she made finally a full 'confession.' She had kept her injudicious diet a secret, as she had promised her parents not to spend any money for chocolate. The right diagnosis led me to make the right suggestions, and after a few weeks her health and strength were restored."

Just as psychology, within the short span of its existence as an experimental science, has proved itself eminently serviceable to the parent, the educator, the social reformer, the judge, and the lawyer, so has it also demonstrated its helpfulness to the business man. Take, for instance, the case of the merchant, the man who has goods to sell. In order to sell them he must bring them to the notice of the public, and in order to do that he advertises. Now an immense amount of money is annually wasted by advertisers who might have made a successful campaign had they utilized the results of the systematic investigations into the psychology of advertising conducted during the past few years in several American psychological laboratories, notably the Northwestern University laboratory, the director of which, Professor W. D. Scott, has written two books on advertising—"The Theory of Advertising" and "The Psychology of Advertising"—that ought to be carefully studied by all advertisers.

An advertisement obviously is an appeal to the minds of its readers. Many advertisers seem to think that the appeal is bound to be successful if only they advertise often enough. There is a sound psychological law underlying this idea, for repetition undoubtedly tends to establish an unconscious thought habit. On the other hand, psychological investigation has shown that unless great care is exercised in the wording or illustrating of an advertisement its repetition may induce a thought habit wholly unfavorable to the article advertised. Not only the wording, the illustrating, the position, but even the kind of type used and the general typographical appearance may be decisive of success or failure. Advertisers of course have always recognized this to a greater or less extent, but usually the process of ascertaining just what kind of advertisements they ought to adopt has been a costly one to them. They can save—and many of them to-day are saving—a great deal of needless expenditure by drawing on the expert knowledge of the psychologist, who is able, by a few experiments, to determine with a high degree of exactitude the probable effectiveness of any given advertisement. He can help the merchant, further, with respect to that special form of advertising known as window-dressing, and also with respect to salesmanship. To such an extent is this true that the day seems bound to come when every great commercial establishment will maintain a psychological laboratory of its own.

The manufacturer, the miner, the operator of transportation facilities, can likewise learn from the psychologist how to conduct their enterprises to better advantage to themselves, to their employees, and to the public. And they have begun to learn. To-day, for instance, no railway or steamship company would employ an engineer or pilot without first testing him for color-blindness, thus making practical application of the important psychological discovery of the variations of the color sense in men. But even here, the modern psychologist insists, the transportation companies do not go far enough. It is no less important, he says, that the man on the engine or at the wheel should be tested as to the rapidity of his reactions, the accuracy of his perceptions, the quickness of his decisions; and the psychological laboratory of to-day provides the instruments for making just such tests.

Only recently a Harvard psychologist, Mr. Charles Sherwood Ricker, invented a delicate apparatus for testing with the greatest precision the qualifications of the would-be automobile chauffeur. It is Mr. Ricker's contention, amply justified by facts of every-day occurrence, that hundreds of men are driving automobiles who should never be permitted to occupy the driver's seat. As he points out:

"Wherever activity on the part of one or more individuals involves questions of public safety, not only self-examination, which is ordinarily termed introspection, should be brought into play, but a psychophysical examination is also of great importance. Wherever quick thinking and quick acting may become a matter of life and death the discriminating hand of science should eliminate incompetent and irresponsible individuals."

Mr. Ricker designs, therefore, to aid in bringing about this desirable result by establishing a standard reaction time, which must be reached by all candidates for a chauffeur's license. His apparatus involves the flashing of certain signal lights before the candidate's eyes, the rapidity with which he responds to each signal being registered on a revolving cylinder covered with smoked paper. It is too soon to pass judgment on the availability of his invention for the purpose Mr. Ricker has in view, but the mere fact that he has invented it testifies eloquently to the earnestness with which the modern psychologist is laboring for the public good.

The same is to be said of a curious series of experiments which have been in progress in the Harvard psychological laboratory ever since the opening of the college year last September. Three and four times a week members of the Psychological Department have been coming to this room, two at a time, to engage for an hour or more in what would seem to the uninitiated to be merely a childish guessing game. On the table at which each couple seat themselves is a simple piece of apparatus consisting of a broad base with two uprights midway at both ends, supporting a thick cardboard top so adjusted that at a light touch it will fall to either side, preventing any view of what is taking place on the other side of the table.

While it is thus in position one of the experimenters arranges on the base six picture post-cards of different designs, and then draws the top towards him, exposing the cards to his companion, who glances at them for a period of from three to five seconds. His view is once more cut off, the six cards are shifted about and one is withdrawn, another quite similar except for a few minor details being substituted in its place. He is now allowed to look at the cards once more, and is asked to tell which is the new card in the set. This process is repeated fifteen or twenty times, the other experimenter meanwhile making a written record of the correctness or error of his judgments, the time he took in reaching them, etc. Occasionally sets of words, printed on separate cards, are used instead of picture post-cards.

On the surface all this appears to be a waste of time, and utterly futile. In reality it is another illustration of the way psychology is being adapted to serve the needs and solve the problems of every-day life. As is well known, whenever a commodity of any sort—a food product, a beverage, whatever it may be—finds favor with the public, the market is soon flooded with imitations so put up and labeled as to deceive many purchasers into thinking that they are getting the article they really want. Sometimes the attempt to counterfeit is so obvious that legal redress may readily be had, but more often the unscrupulous imitators so word or print their labels as to raise a doubt whether they can be successfully prosecuted, the presumption being that people ought to be able, by using their eyes, to detect at a glance the difference between the article offered to them and the one that they set out to purchase.

It is chiefly to determine this point that the Harvard experiments have been undertaken, and, although they are still unfinished, they have clearly demonstrated that far more rigid laws than now exist against commercial imitation are necessary for the proper protection of the public.

"The men I have been experimenting with," says Mr. F. W. Foote, who has throughout had charge of this investigation, "have had much practice in observational work Every one of them, when he sat down at the table with me, knew that I was going to fool him if possible, and he was on the alert to notice the least difference in the word-cards and post-cards presented to him.

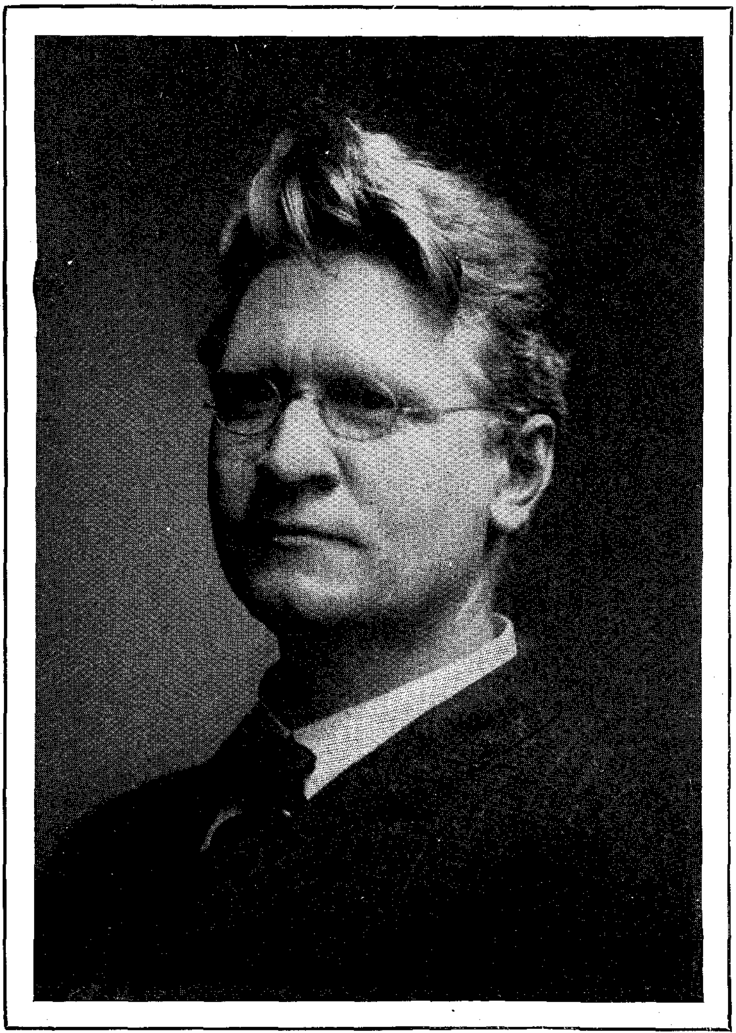
"Yet I have had to record an astonishingly high percentage of failures to detect substitution, amounting in some instances to more than sixty-five per cent. And this sometimes when I have substituted not simply a card differing in detail, but a card of entirely different design. If trained observers can be thus deceived, it manifestly is unreasonable to expect the great untrained majority to show higher powers of discernment."

Such are some of the achievements and possibilities of the new science of applied psychology. Surely it does not need a prophet to foresee that it has a wonderful future before it.

JOY

BY HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS

To-day did Fortune turn and smite,
And her lash was the lash of man's despite;
Yet when she deemed I would wince and cry,
I thought of song and knew not why.
Why does the bird in the darkening wood
Sing of his faith that life is good,
His little life of a summer's day,
Dreaming that joy will live alway?
Why does the sun return again,
After the night of wind and rain?
Why do I sing?
Come, my harp, for my heart is glad.
Full too oft have our songs been sad,
Full too oft when the good sun shone
I swept your strings to a faithless moan.
Wake, my harp, to a nobler beat:
This man suffered and found life sweet.
Poor he was and of small renown,
Greeted often by Fortune's frown,
But he met his Love and she loved him still,
Till their brief sun vanished behind the hill.
Just one song to the world repeat—
This man loved and found life sweet.



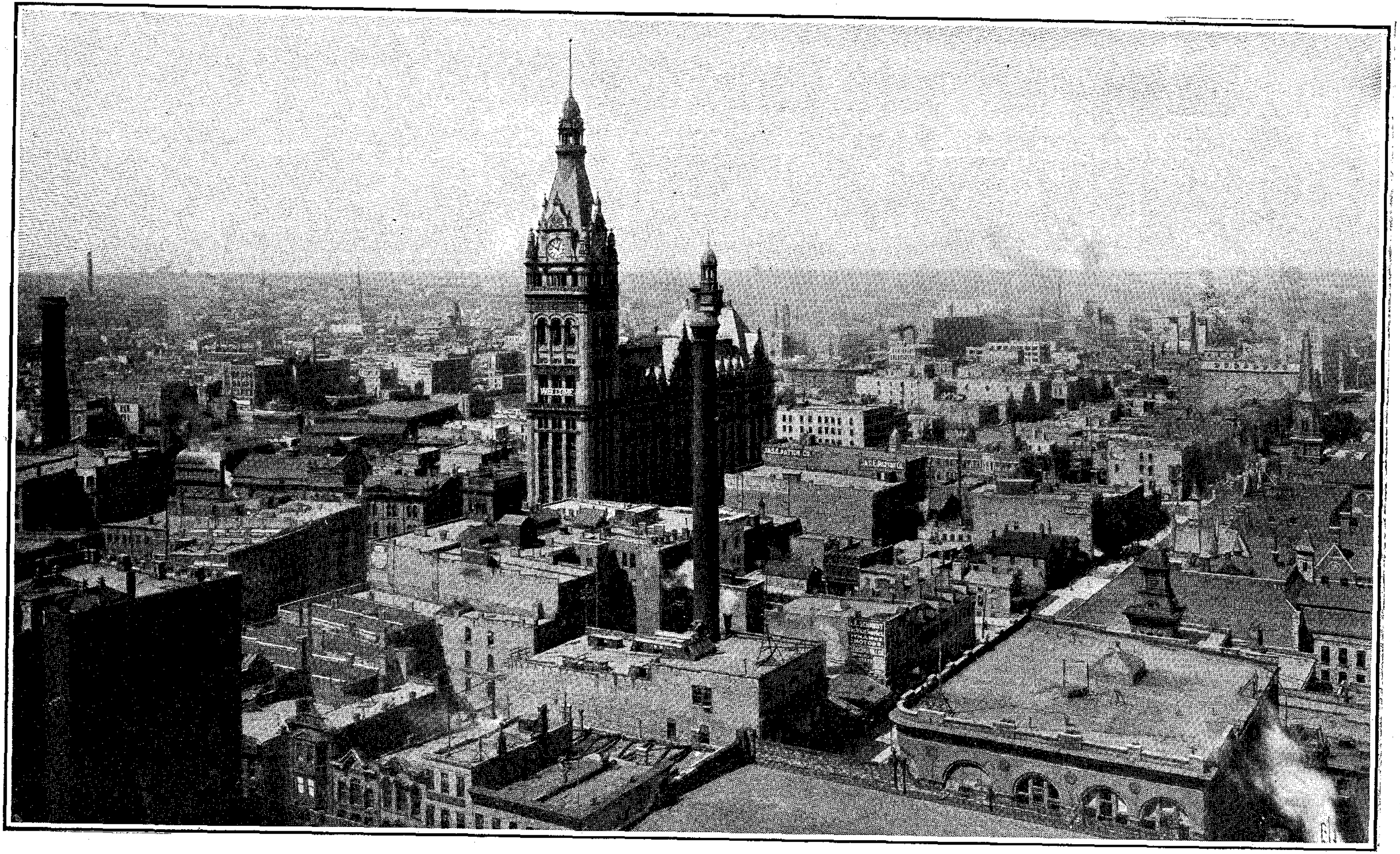
EMIL SEIDEL
The Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee

Milwaukee, a Socialist City

By Frederic C. Howe

I FELT sorry for Emil Seidel when I read in the telegraphic reports on April 6 that he had been elected as a Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee; sorry for the burdens he had assumed and the crucifixion he may be called upon to endure from friend and foe alike. For I have seen what privileged business can do when it is disturbed in its lair, as it was in Cleveland, Detroit, San Francisco, Chicago, and Toledo. And I was sorrier still when I read the exultant promises which the Socialist press drew from the election and the messages of congratulation which poured in on the new administration from all over the country. I was sorry for the dreamers the election had set dreaming and the hopes that had been enkindled in the breasts of half a million Socialists in America.

But I have since met Emil Seidel and Victor L. Berger. I have seen the new



THE CITY OF MILWAUKEE

The tall building in the center of this picture is the City Hall. Milwaukee is in population the thirteenth city in America administration inaugurated. I have mingled with the members of the party and listened to the story of the years of patient struggle by which the city which stands in population thirteenth in the United States was converted to a belief in Socialism, or at least to a belief in the members of that party.

I now think my sympathy was superfluous.

Emil Seidel will give Milwaukee clean government. Of that I am sure. Milwaukee needs it. He will stamp out graft, waste, and the spoils system. His eight years' record in the Council and the appointments already made give assurance of that. He will do many good things that all agree should be done. He will humanize the city, and relieve of some of their burdens the lives of those who toil. But he will not inaugurate the Co-operative Commonwealth. He will not usher in the City for the Workers. At least not during the next two years.

The old order changeth, but it changeth slowly. And the system which has ruled Milwaukee to its sorrow will rule it still. It will not sit in the Mayor's chair by proxy. It will not control the Council. It will not dictate franchise ordinances, award contracts, regulate vice in the interest of the bi-partisan Republican-Democrat machine. That much is sure. But the system will rule. At least it will be able to apply the brakes to anything which disturbs the things it owns. The charter of the city is old. It was drawn when Milwaukee was a village. It does not permit Home Rule. The franchise of the Street Railway Company has twenty-five years to run. That of the Gas Company is perpetual. It is also exclusive. The tax rate is fixed by State law, as is the amount of the bonded indebtedness. And the city is taxed and is in debt nearly up to its limit. At the same time the assessing machinery, which controls the tax rate and the bonded indebtedness, is in the hands of a hold-over appointee, whose term does not expire for nearly two years. The Republican, the Democratic, and the Social Democratic parties all declared against these conditions in their platforms. They declared for Home Rule, for Municipal Ownership, for the Initiative and Referendum, and for the Recall. The Social Democratic party meant it. That is the main difference between the platform pledges of the parties in the last election.

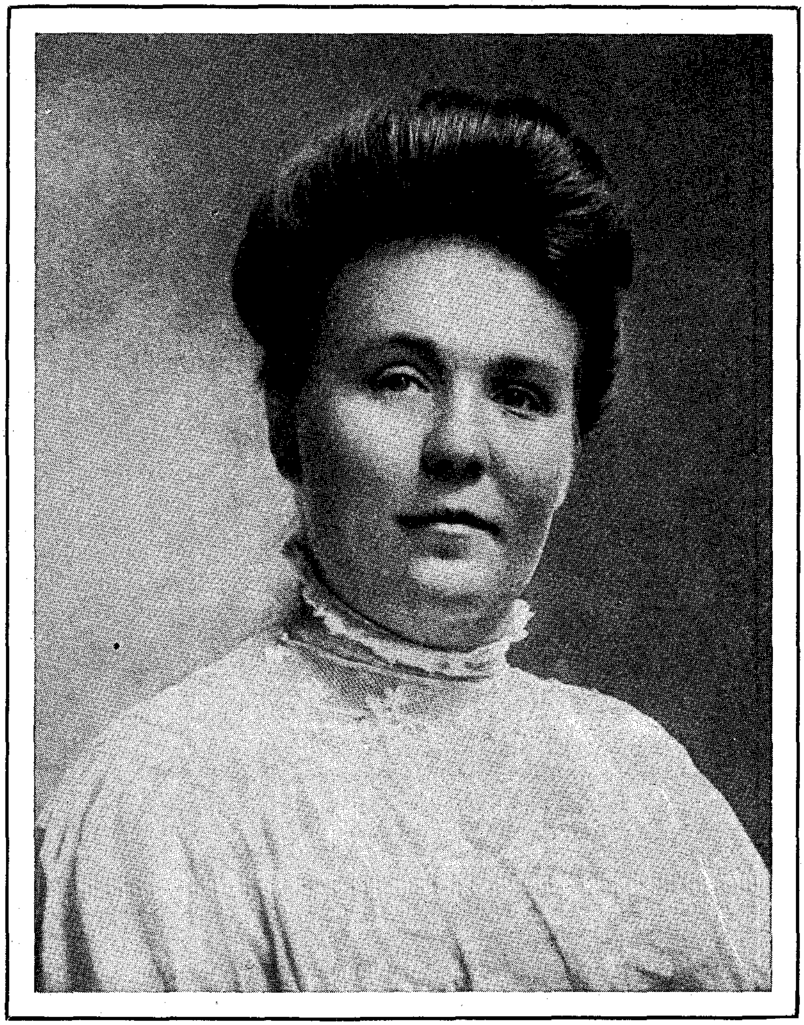
The business men tell me that the officials of Milwaukee are in chains. So are the people, for that matter. Only the Legislature can set them free. And the business men are satisfied with the present charter. They killed the Home Rule Bill in the Assembly two years ago, and they seem to think they can do so again. Home Rule is dangerous to the interests.

That is one reason why the business men are more or less indifferent over the election of April 5. Quite a number of those with whom I talked seemed really pleased. They spoke of it much as might an indulgent father who had permitted his son to smoke. It would satisfy his curiosity. It would surely make him sick. It might cure him of the desire for tobacco. So the business men of Milwaukee, whom I expected to find in a state of panic and protest, seem to view the recent election which swept the old parties off the stage and carried into office a straight Socialist administration in the city as well as in the county. Not only was a Socialist Mayor elected, but twenty-one Aldermen out of thirty-five, as well as the City Solicitor, the Comptroller, the Treasurer, two Civil Judges, and the majority of the County Supervisors. Socialist candidates had a plurality of 7,000 over the Democratic nominees, and of 16,000 over the Republican. The vote for the candidates for Mayor was as follows:

Emil Seidel	Social Democrat	27,622
V. J. Schoenecker, Jr.	Democrat	20,515
Dr. J. M. Beffel	Republican	11,262

There was little split voting. The election was a clean sweep. And the result seems to have been pretty generally expected. The people were tired, if not disgusted, with the incompetence, the lack of ideals, and the allegiance of the two old parties to the public service corporations. The Mayor had been neglecting his office and the city was drifting.

There had been no graft exposures during the past two years. The election was not a sudden revulsion against disclosures of rottenness, but the people wanted a new deal. The nominees of the old parties did not command respect, while the campaign of vituperation and



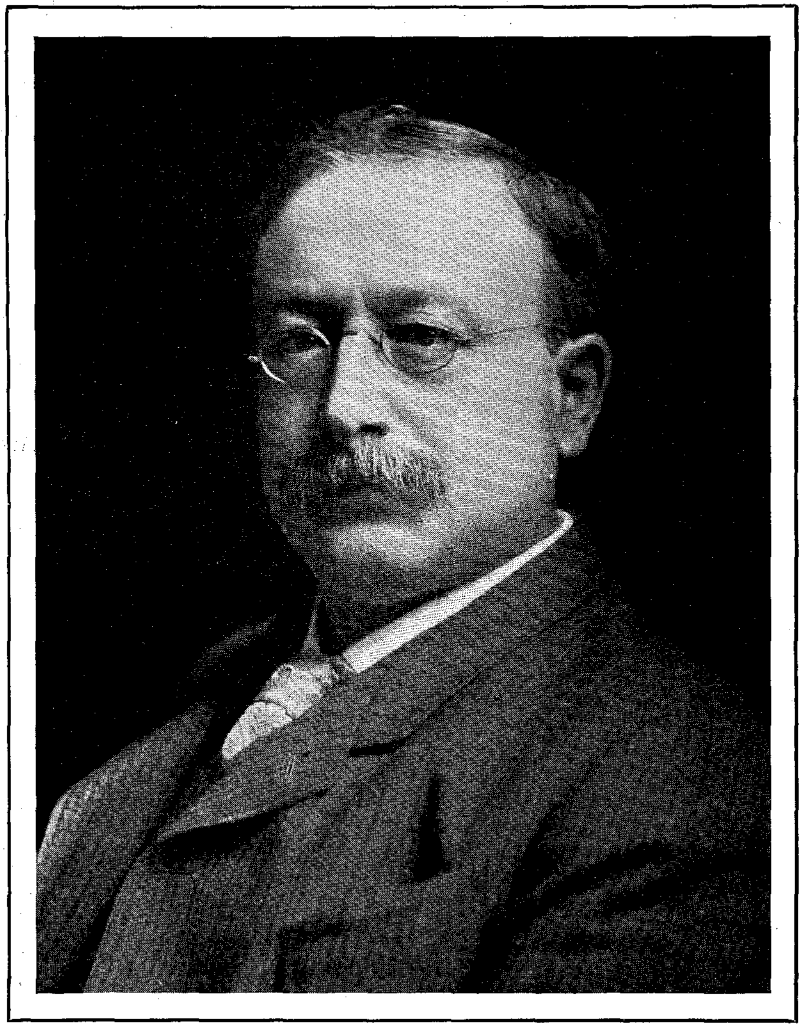
PHOTOGRAPH BY KLEIN

MRS. VICTOR L. BERGER

Mrs. Berger was elected to the Milwaukee School Board as a director by the Socialist party. She is an enthusiastic supporter of progressive measures, and the first woman Socialist in America to hold a public office

abuse against the Socialists alienated many voters. The Socialists have been represented in the Council for eight years. Since 1908 they have had a vigorous group of ten Aldermen who have given a suggestion of the honesty of the party. For these Aldermen have made good. So have the Socialist representatives in the State Assembly. The public had grown accustomed to the name and the spectacle of Socialists in office. The city was no longer frightened at the red specter.

I said I would feel sorry for Mayor Seidel had I not met him and his associates. Years of marching in the wilderness has made them patient. They do not expect an immediate revolution. But neither do they abate their ultimate ideals. I met Mayor Seidel by accident some days after the election. I was standing among a group of men who were talking politics. Some one at my elbow said: "Explain that again. I have always been interested in that subject." I turned to widen the circle, and met a pair of blue eyes, set in the midst of a clean, fresh face, surmounted with a head of bushy flaxen hair. I should have been impressed with the face anywhere. It was so calm, and quiet and resolute. I did not need an introduction, for I had seen photographs of the Mayor about the city. And



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEIN

VICTOR L. BERGER

He labored many years to bring about the success of the Socialist party in Milwaukee. One of the most prominent political Socialists that America has produced

as I watched him I understood one reason at least for his hold upon the people of Milwaukee. It was a face of quiet, simple earnestness. And it was so kind. Possibly just a little shy.

I saw him later at his home, in the midst of his family and among his friends. He lives in a neat little story-and-a-half frame house on the outskirts of the city. It may have cost $1,800. His desk was a collapsible white pine drafting-board. Mayor Seidel is a pattern-maker. He worked undisturbed at his trade on the day of the election. To the side of his desk was a carefully selected library of books. Not in disorder, but as things to be treated with care and reverence. The library contained the works of Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson, Dickens, Dante, Goethe, and Schiller. On another shelf were Karl Marx, Haeckel, Engels, Eugene V. Debs, and Lester F. Ward. This is rather typical of the Socialist library in Milwaukee. For Milwaukee Socialism is serious, scientific, booky. The Mayor left school to go to work when he was thirteen. "The greatest disappointment of my life," he said, "is that I was never able to get the higher education that I craved. But I was the eldest of eleven, and had to go to work." Still he knows his books, knows them in a quiet, unobtrusive way that characterizes the man. Under his hand was a dictionary. He smiled in a deprecatory way and said: "I always keep that handy so that I can investigate any word that looks 'suspicious.'"

He smiles with his eyes through the big spectacles that surround them, and unconsciously talks with his hands. Apparently he is one of those men who are never content that they know a thing until they can make it clear to a child. His explanation of Socialism was couched in everyday terms. It could be easily understood by a crowd. He was talking about the law when I entered. "If science, business, or industry never adopted a new idea until the opinions of our great-grandfathers had been ascertained, we would still be in the dark ages," he said. "The lawyers are always looking over their shoulders. They are part of the waste which is so universal. The Government does not maintain a half-dozen postal stations on the same street, as do our retail stores. It does not send ten men along the street to distribute the mail, as the milk dealers do. Did you ever hear of the Post-Office Department having a lawsuit with the Interior Department? the Water Department with the Electric Lighting Department? See how easily we get along when the idea of profit is absent. See the waste, everywhere waste."

Mayor Seidel has been in the Council for eight years. He got his reputation there. For he worked. Socialism in Milwaukee owes a great deal to the laboring men it has sent to the City Council and to the State Legislature at Madison. A City Hall reporter told me how Mayor Seidel had battled with the managers of the electric lighting monopoly over their contract with the city. They came before the Council Committee and blandly asserted that the company could not afford to furnish current below the price that was asked. Then Alderman Seidel began to present statistics obtained from this city and that. He had been working upon the subject night after night, after he had left the shop. He had mastered the question of rates, costs, and charges, and he challenged every statement of the manager. Finally the latter, exasperated by the opposition, lost his temper, and said that he had not come there to discuss Anarchy and Socialism. Seidel quietly said: "But I do not want you to talk Anarchy and Socialism. We are trying to discuss rates. We are trying to settle a business proposition." Ultimately the city got a substantial reduction in its lighting schedule.

THE MEANING OF THE ELECTION

Did the people of Milwaukee vote for the principles of Karl Marx, or did they merely elect a body of men whom they had come to trust, whom they felt to be honest, industrious, and inspired with different ideals than the members of the old parties? Opinions differ. Men believe what they want to believe. "Are there twenty-seven thousand Socialists in Milwaukee?" I asked of one business man after another. "No," the business men said; "it is merely a protest of disgust against the old machines, their methods and incompetency. We have had twelve years of misrule, during ten of which the city has been in the hands of the Democratic party, under the control of Mayor David S. Rose. Then there is the general unrest of the country, the protest against the high cost of living, the trusts, and the monopolies. This is but another form of the Wisconsin idea which was started by La Follette, and which has been growing more and more radical ever since."

This is the attitude of the men in the street, the editors of the newspapers, and those who assert that the election is but temporary and local.

Victor L. Berger scouts the idea that the election was won by Republican or Democratic votes. It was a revolt, it is true, but it was a permanent revolt. "Milwaukee is a convinced Socialist city," he claims. "It will never go back into the Republican or Democratic ranks. The city is fairly saturated with Socialist doctrine. It has reached all classes. The ministers in two of the leading churches openly preached Socialist sermons the Sunday before election. We have been at this twenty-six years, this education of Milwaukee. That is what did it. And in the last election we ignored the abuse and the vituperation of the press and the opposition speakers. We did not depart from our line of attack. Year after year we distributed literature from house to house. The work is done by party volunteers. Sunday after Sunday, rain or shine, they come to headquarters, and carry our bulletins all over the city. If a man is sick, he furnishes a substitute. During the last campaign we covered the city five times in this way. We placed in every house a copy of our election broadside, which was as large as the average newspaper. Printer's ink is far more convincing than meetings or public speaking. In this way we reach thousands of persons who never attend a political gathering.

" Every daily paper was against us. There were six English dailies, two German dailies, two Polish dailies, and three or four weeklies—all vilifying us with charges of revolution, of preaching bullets not ballots, of planning to plant the red flag of blood-lust on the City Hall. But this did not frighten the people. They had been thinking too long. They had been reading our literature. The results show in the returns.

" Here is the proof of the permanency of the Socialist movement in this city," he said. " Note the growth of votes from year to year. It is as follows:

1898	2,414
1900	2,473
1902	8,453
1904	15,056
1906	16,873
1908	20,887
1910	27,622

" Is it not reasonable to suppose that every man who voted for ' Gene ' Debs for President as against Bryan and Taft was a Socialist? Well, we gave Debs 17,496 votes. Is not our gain from 1908 to 1910 only a normal one, especially in view of the recent experience of the rapacity of the monopolists, of the way they control the two old parties? Moreover, our growth was not among the wards where independent voting is prevalent. Our great gains were among the Poles. Heretofore they supported the Democratic ticket. Six months before the election we started a Polish paper. Our great gains were among them. And once they have voted

VICTOR L. BERGER, EMIL SEIDEL, AND MRS. SEIDEL

This picture was taken at the recent Socialist Convention held in Milwaukee the Socialist ticket, the workingmen never desert us."

Milwaukee is not a city of tenements and slums. A very large percentage of the people own their own homes. There is not much poverty, and the standard of living is relatively high. Milwaukee is the center of the tool and machine industry. Then come the lumber and furniture interests, then the breweries. The population is predominantly German, but German of the second generation. Its pleasures, its point of view, and its ideas reflect the German stock. Of late there has come a large Polish emigration as well as substantial accessions from the Irish and Italian.

The permanent Socialist vote comes from these classes. It is predominantly German. It is not, however, a proletariat vote. Poverty did not make Milwaukee a Socialist city. The working classes are not propertyless. They own their own homes. The possession of a little property has not made the population of Milwaukee conservative. It has not precluded the growth of Socialism.

THE BIRTH OF A PARTY

Men differ as to the meaning of the election. There is no difference as to who is responsible for it. Victor L. Berger made the Social Democratic party. He has been the soul of the movement for a quarter of a century. He is a bundle of physical and nervous force. He seems to know no weariness, no discouragements, no failure. His only thoughts are grouped about the working-class movement. Yet he has been as roughly bruised by his fellow-workers as by the capitalist press. He has even been "fired" from the party that he created, the party to which he gave all his worldly savings to promote. He has seen Socialism rise and sink to nothingness on a number of occasions. Time and again he gathered the fragments together for a new start. For twenty-five years this has been his only interest. And he is still poor. He has never made a dollar out of politics.

Berger is a student. He gained his knowledge of Socialism through books. And he has a library of four thousand volumes which he uses and knows. As a boy he began to protest, to advocate the doctrines of Socialism. His parents were comfortable Germans, familiar by observation with the penalties of revolution at home, for the family had come from Austria. They expected to see the boy Victor hanged, and half believed that he deserved it. For years he lived on a pittance in order that he might give his whole life to the cause. He knew something of the loneliness and misery that Marx endured. He obtained a position as teacher of German in the public schools of Milwaukee. "Now he will be content," his friends thought. But that was not possible. He worked only that he might save, and he saved only in order that he might start a Socialist paper. It failed, of course. He lost all of his own money, as well as that of his friends who had joined the venture with him. But he kept on proselyting, talking, writing, urging Socialism. For years he was merely a Voice in the Wilderness. Then a party began to form. For twelve years he has seen it grow, until it has become a majority party in Milwaukee. He is a member of the Executive Committee of his ward, of his city, of his State, and of the Nation. He is a member of the International Socialist Committee as well. Up to the last election he has never held public office. Then he was elected as an Alderman at Large. He edits the "Social Democratic Herald," a weekly publication which appears in English and German. For this he receives thirty dollars a week. It has a combined circulation of nearly forty thousand. During the last campaign a Polish edition of the paper was started. This won many of the younger Poles, just as previously it had won the Germans.

Berger is called a "Boss." He certainly is a leader, a tireless agitator, and a wonderful organizer. He has an opinion on every subject, and expresses it with force and conviction. Most of the campaign literature was directed against him. The Democratic candidate, Schonecker, said: "No man or party tolerating a man in leadership that advises members to have 'a good rifle and the necessary rounds of ammunition in his home and be prepared to back up his *ballot with his bullet* if necessary' should be trusted with the government of our city."

The Republican candidate, John F. Beffel, said: "Victor Berger promises, if his International party gains control, a bloody revolution. Victory for the Socialists means a conflict with the red flag of blood-lust, born of such men as Berger, leading a deceived class on the one side, and on the other the Stars and Stripes, the flag of organized government and free people. The time to kill the serpent of Socialism is now. To-morrow may be too late."

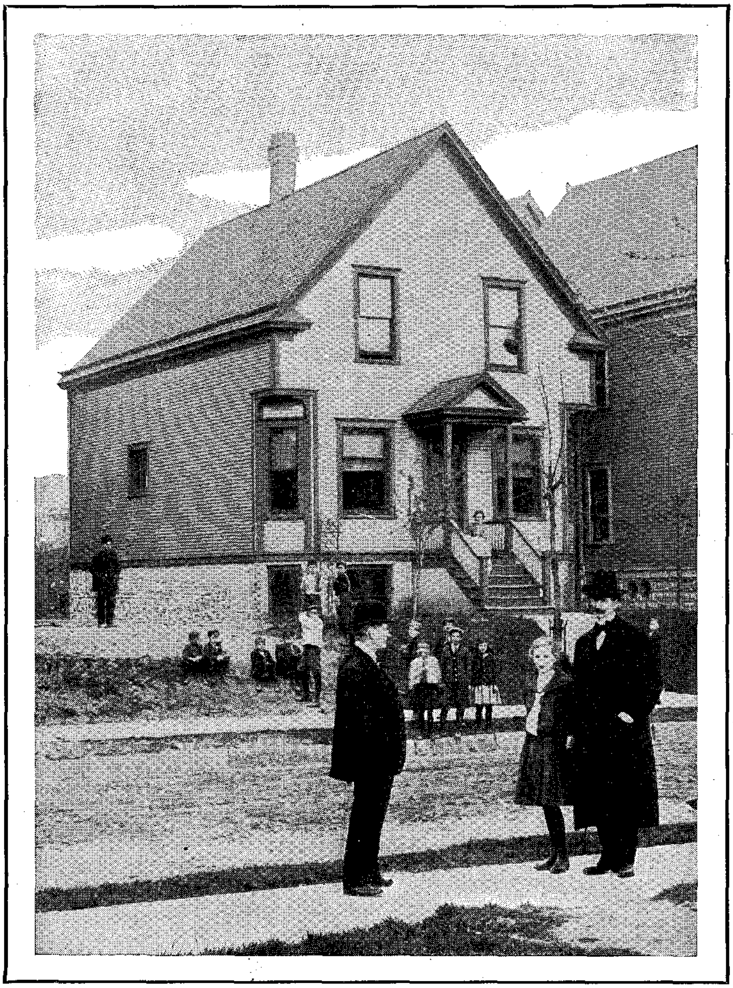
On the day following the election the "Sentinel," the conservative Republican paper, paid the following tribute to Berger's power:

"To the public mind, Social Democracy in this city, and the Committee which will hold Mayor Seidel and his fellow-officials in the hollow of its hands, means—Victor Berger.

"We are not saying that to belittle Mr. Seidel, who has our respect as a citizen and our good wishes as a public official, but simply to state an essential and important fact about our local Social Democracy.

"Substantially it means—Victor L. Berger.

"Social Democracy in Milwaukee is what it is, either for good or ill, chiefly because of Mr. Berger. He is its pioneer, its propagandist, its sponsor. Its history is mainly his biography as a citizen of



THE HOME OF MAYOR SEIDEL

This neat little frame house is located on the outskirts of Milwaukee

Milwaukee. He rocked it in its cradle, reared it, and now exults to see it battling in control of this great city."

THE PROGRAMME OF THE PARTY

The Socialism of Victor Berger is colored by American conditions. It is moderate, evolutionary, and political. Yet he speaks the same language and preaches the same doctrine as Marx and Engels and Lassalle, and believes it. The party itself is a class-conscious workingmen's party. Yet it is unconsciously influenced by the traditions of American life, and the distinguishing thing about America to-day is that progressive Republicans, Democrats, and Socialists unite in advocating many of the same things. This, more than anything else, checks the growth of Socialism. And in Milwaukee all three of the parties advocated Home Rule, Municipal Ownership, the Initiative and Referendum, and the Recall. This will make it difficult for the Legislature to be elected next fall to refuse to grant these demands. But only the Social Democratic party really wanted what it advocated. And until the city is endowed with Home Rule it must be content with its present powers. And these will not permit of very much Socialism.

But the new administration will do many notable things. I am convinced that it will make good. Its emphasis will be placed on humanizing life, on the widest possible consideration for the working classes. The inaugural message of Mayor Seidel emphasized these things. He said: "The workers of our city are its most valuable asset. Your attention should be directed to the passage of such measures as will promote the well-being of this class of citizens.

"The administration should constantly watch over the conditions prevailing in places of employment with regard to sanitation. In contracts to be let by the city the specifications should provide for hours of labor that are not exhausting. They should prohibit child labor and properly protect woman labor. Proper action looking toward the establishment of the Bureau of Municipal Research should be immediately taken. The first object of this Bureau should be to make a municipal survey leading to specific and practical plans for city betterment. A complete cost-keeping system for every municipal department should be established. Such a system would enable any one to discover leakages and losses whenever they existed." The Mayor also recommended that the City Attorney give an opinion as to when and how the city should proceed to establish a municipal electric lighting plant.

There was nothing revolutionary in the message. Even the platform of the party, which went into much greater detail than the message of the Mayor, advocated palliatives rather than cures for the industrial problems of the day. It was purely local, and had but short reference to the revolutionary programme which occupies so large a space in the party's National declarations. Here is what it pledged its candidate to:

1. Complete Home Rule in municipal matters, with the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall under proper limitations.

2. The ownership and control of the public service corporations. In order to make this possible, the modification of the debt limit of the city so that they may be acquired.

3. The establishment of a terminal station with docks and wharves along the lake, and a belt line surrounding the city in connection with it.

4. The erection of municipal abattoirs, markets, and a series of cold storage plants by means of which the price of the necessities of life can be controlled by municipal competition.

5. The maintenance of a public garbage disposal plant.

6. The taxation of all property-owners, and especially the privileged corporations on the same basis as other property.

7. The abolition of the contract system and the establishment of a public works department for the doing of city work by direct labor.

8. An eight-hour day in all city work.

9. The making of provision for public work for the unemployed. The establishment of a municipal ice plant, and the opening up of coal and wood yards and stone quarries by means of which work can be supplied, and these necessities supplied the people at cost.

10. The annexation of suburban territory and its planning by an expert for

suburban development as a means of relieving the housing question.

11. The supply of free medical service, the opening of free dispensaries for the poor, as well as the erection of four hospitals, including a maternity and tuberculosis hospital.

12. The erection of public comfort stations and the doing of all private plumbing by the city at cost.

13. The development of a system of small parks, and the erection of natatoriums, and the care of the trees of the city by municipal employees.

14. The supply of free text-books in the schools, and of one free meal a day to those who need it.

15. The opening of the schools for use as social centers, as clubs, places of meeting and recreation.

This is the immediate programme of the party. In large measure it is the programme of advanced reformers in other cities. These things are already being done in Germany and Great Britain as a necessary part of municipal administration.

I witnessed the inauguration of the new administration at the City Hall and a reception to the Mayor afterwards. One could easily distinguish the new from the old. It was obvious in the crowd which packed the Council Chamber and listened with breathless interest to the proceedings. The job hunter was there, but he was of the outgoing rather than the incoming administration. The friends of the latter had the seriousness of men gathering for a crusade. They were content to be there; to see their comrade become the chief Executive of the city; to witness the beginning of the new dispensation.

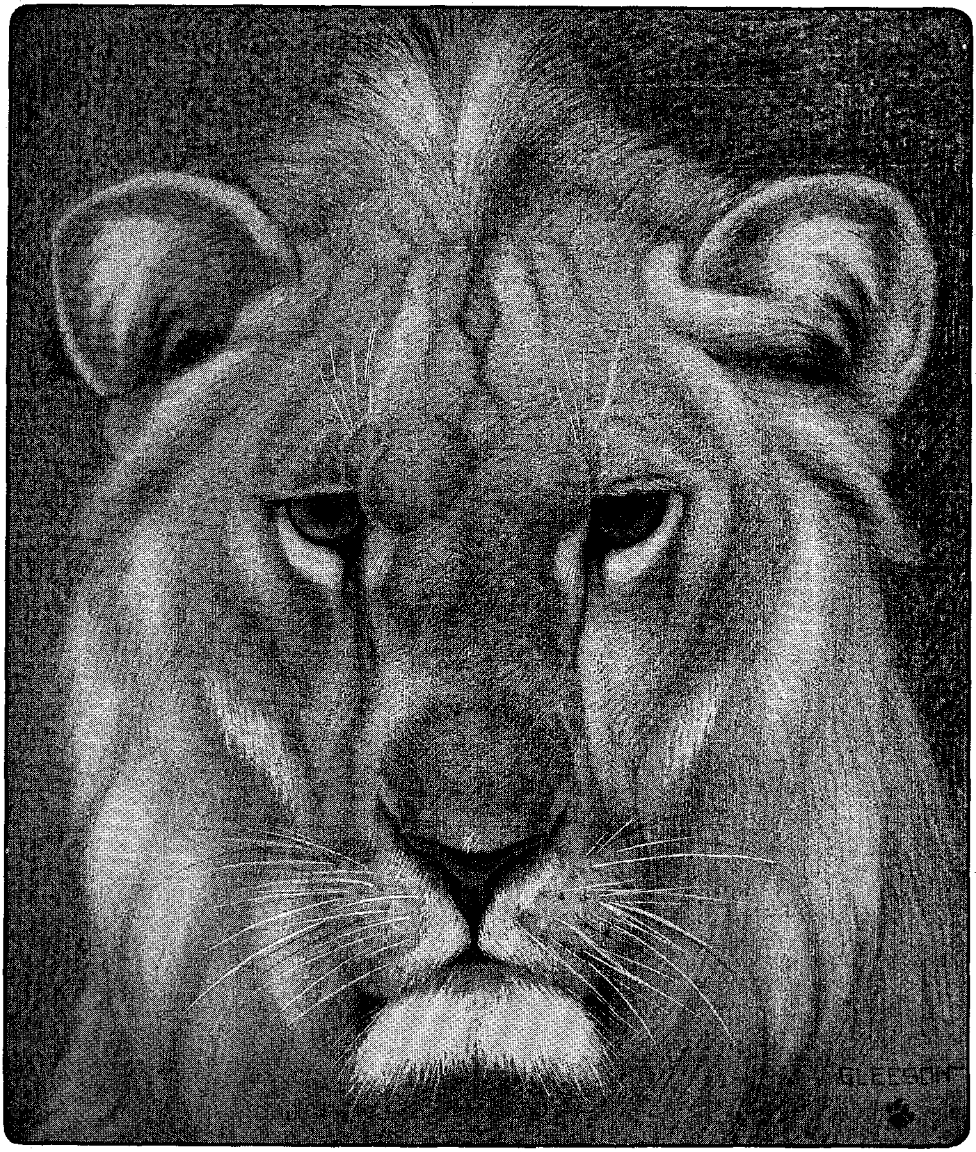
Singly and in groups they came to the Mayor's office. They pressed his hand. They uttered a few inarticulate words. They looked upon him with pride and then passed out again. There were no mysterious conferences; no talk of the work they had done or the rewards they expected for themselves or their friends. It was all quiet, friendly, fraternal. The Mayor was still a "comrade," charged by his fellow-workers to carry forward the cause. He could never be anything else to them; for by the constitution of the party, which binds all who accept membership therein, the Mayor and every other elective official is bound to resign if a referendum vote of the party expresses lack of confidence in him. He can never be more than the chief servant. And if he disobeys, the punishment is real enough. It is social and political outlawry.

It is this that insures honesty in the Socialist party. By means of the Recall it can purge itself of any person who betrays its principles.

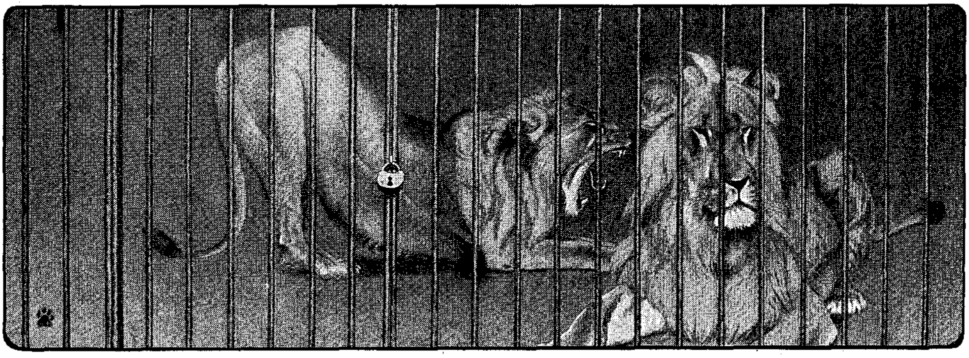
An earnest of the motives of the new party was given in the appointments. Wherever efficiency was found old employees were retained. There was no house-cleaning, no wholesale removals. The city attorney had six new appointments to make. Not one of them was taken from the Socialist party. In the Treasurer's office the three highest-paid officials were retained and three removals were made. The Board of Public Service, composed of four men, was abolished, and a single commissioner was appointed in its stead.

"I do not envy you," I said to the Mayor's secretary, as I was leaving. "You will have the burden of looking after the job hunters." He smiled. "You do not understand the Socialist party, my friend," he said. "The election took place two weeks ago, and the first Socialist has yet to make application for a city job."

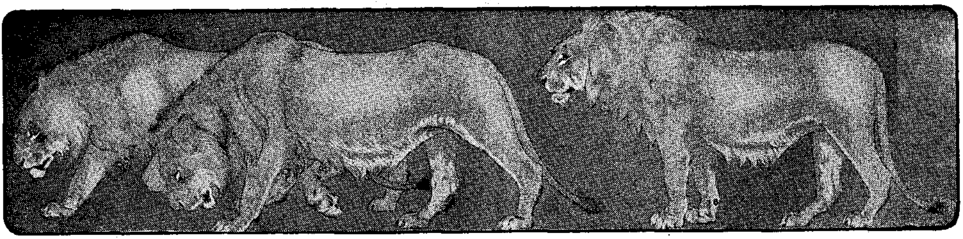
I later verified the statement. A party composed of such members can wait as well as work. My sorrow for Mayor Seidel, with such associates, *was* wasted.



"CALM, BOLD, AND CURIOUSLY BENEVOLENT"



"HIS WANDERINGS WERE OVER—PROBABLY FOREVER"



"THEY SEEMED TO BE IN PERFECT CONDITION, CLEAN AND FAT"

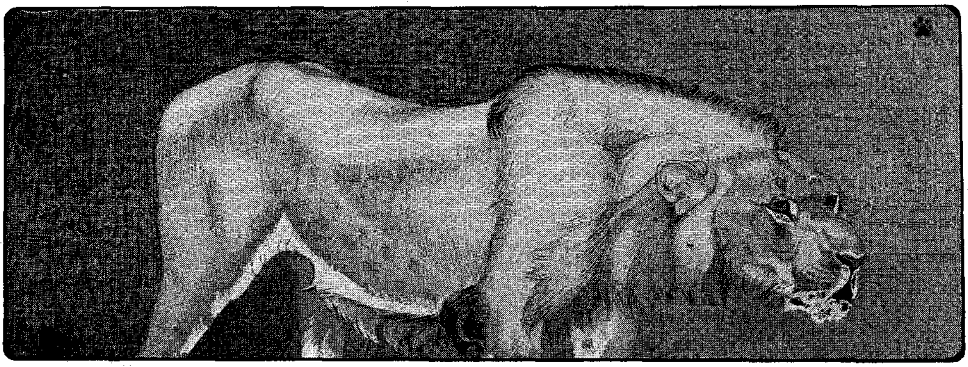
Royal Exiles

Drawings from Life by Joseph M. Gleeson

THE Smithsonian Expedition under the leadership of Mr. Roosevelt has resulted in a tremendous number of additions to the collections of the Institution. These specimens will be of the greatest scientific value. But perhaps of more interest to the ordinary observer is a little group of a score of live animals in the Washington Zoo which is a by-product of the expedition. The most important members of this group are five African lions, two males and three females. The lions are a gift to the National Zoo from Mr. MacMillan, an American who lives at Juja Farm, in East Africa, whom Mr. Roosevelt and his party visited in the course of their journey.

Mr. Gleeson has made a series of drawings from life of these wonderfully fine specimens of the wild life of Africa; he sends us also a description of the arrival of the lions at their new home. Four adjoining cages had been prepared for them at the Zoo, and one by one the five heavy boxes in which they had traveled were slid up to the iron gate in the end cage. As the iron grate that formed one end of the box containing the first lion was raised, " the huge beast slouched silently out and to the back of the cage, where he found the door to the next cage open. He may have thought it was the way to freedom, and on absolutely noiseless feet he hurried along through that and the next one, and then into the last, where the door slipped back into place and his wanderings were over, probably forever. He stepped quietly to the front bars and looked out on his new surroundings, then threw himself down and began most seriously to lick his paws. And that was all there was to it. Another lion quickly followed, then the three females, and the transferal was safely and skillfully accomplished.

" On inspection they were found to be a splendid addition to the Zoo. In the first place, they seemed to be in perfect condition, clean and fat. In fact, they seemed too fat and heavy, but photographs from the same region by Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore show exactly the same type of animal. They were quite unlike any lions I had previously seen



"JOINED WITH RIGHT GOOD WILL . . . IN THE SPLENDID CHORUS"

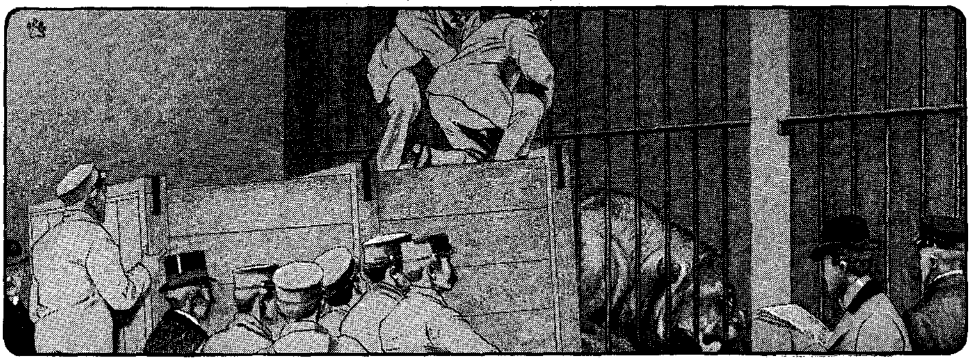
THE ARRIVAL OF THE LIONS AT THEIR NEW HOME

either in this country or at the zoölogical gardens in Europe, particularly as to their color, or rather the lack of color. There was absolutely none of the rich tawny shades we had always seen in captive lions; head, mane, and body were a pale silvery gray, shading to white on the under surfaces. The color was about that of dead grass, the only contrasting bits being the brush, which was black, a heavy bunch of brown hair on the elbow, and the white around the mouth and chin.

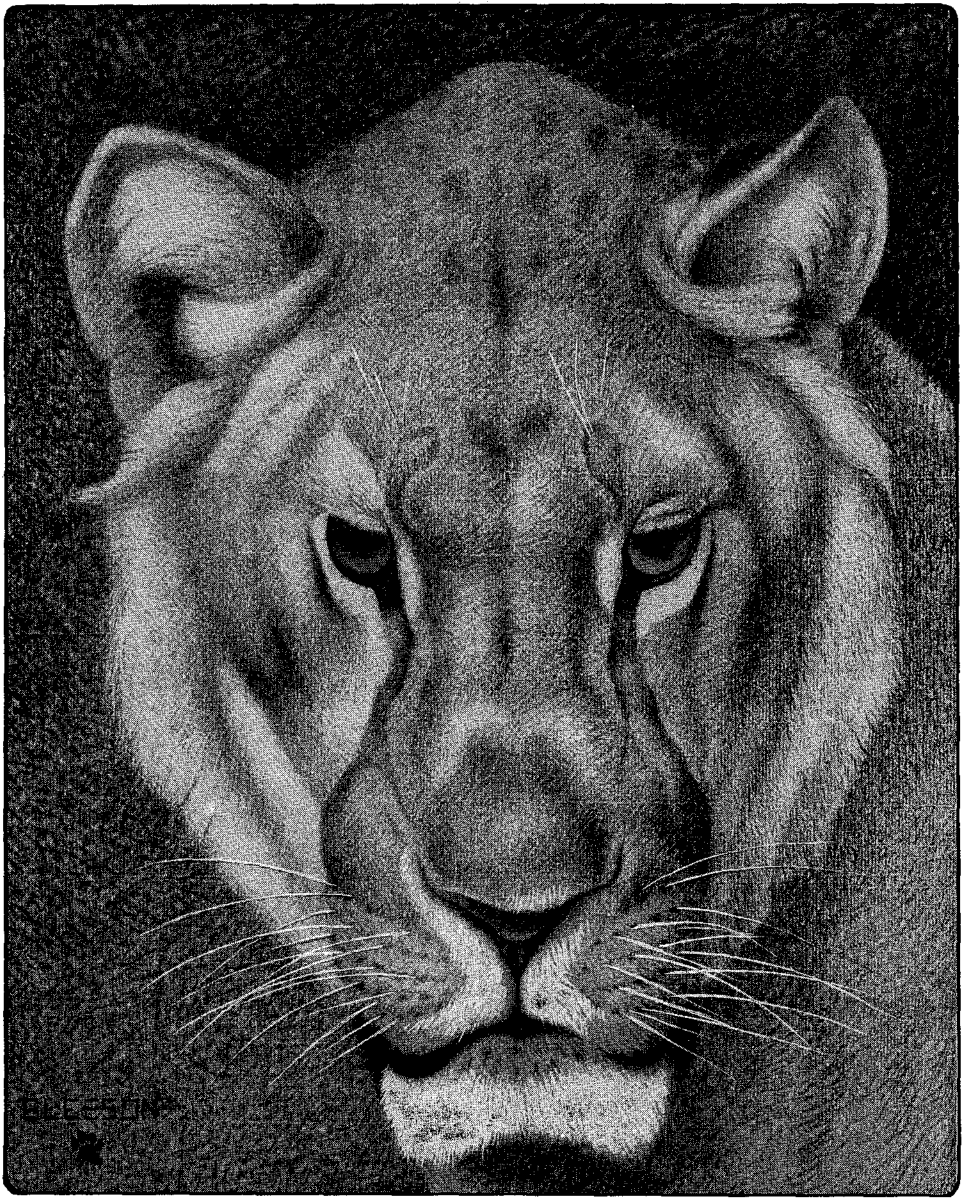
"Though only twenty-two months old, they were astonishingly large and well developed, and their expression was most leonine—calm, bold, and curiously benevolent. After they were settled in their new home the only time they exhibited signs of excitement was when they first heard the lions in another part of the building roaring. Of all the strange sounds they had heard in the last four months there were probably none that meant anything to them, but this was their language, and the response was instantaneous. They sprang to their feet and pressed their faces to the bars, trying to catch a glimpse of their relatives. Failing in that, they joined with right good will and with powerful voices in the splendid chorus.

"Yet it must be remembered that these are not wild lions, as they were all captured when very small kittens and kept together in a stone house at Juja Farm. Their splendid growth and development can be attributed to their having been born wild, of free parents, and having always been fed on the best of perfectly fresh meat.

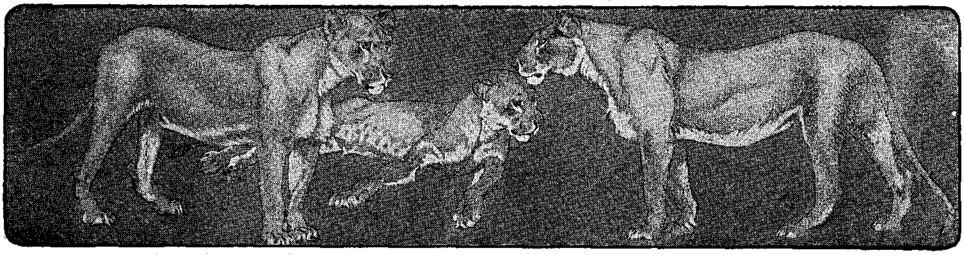
"On learning of the generous gift of Mr. MacMillan it was decided to send Mr. A. B. Baker, Assistant Secretary of the Zoo, out to Nairobi to bring the animals home. It was a trying task, requiring the utmost skill and patience. The journey consisted of a twenty-four-mile wagon trip from Juja ranch to Nairobi, six hundred miles on the railway to Mombasa, and then the long ocean voyage via Naples to Philadelphia. None of the animals (there were twenty-four in all) showed any signs of seasickness. They suffered greatly from the heat during the first part of the voyage, but the cold they did not mind at all."



"THE HUGE BEAST SLOUCHED SILENTLY OUT"



"BORN WILD OF FREE PARENTS"



"A NEVER-FAILING SOURCE OF PLEASURE TO THE VISITORS"

A Violin Village

By Louise E. Dew

CAREFULLY guarded in a glass case in the Paris Conservatoire collection of stringed instruments, a small bow lying beside it, is a miniature violin. It is a pocket fiddle—an *édition de luxe*, a perfect model in every detail, inlaid with silver and with a finely carved head of a faun on the scroll. You cannot see the maker's name in the small hollow chamber, but your guide-book or cicerone informs you that the inscription is that of "Jacobus Stainer, Absam, 1669"—a fact that does not impress you significantly until it is perhaps too late to take another peep at the treasure.

You wander on to another section, continuing your search for violins bearing the talisman names of Amati, Stradivarius, Guarnerius, but before you are successful you perhaps pause to gaze at a viola d'amore with seven strings and fifteen sympathetic strings inscribed "Matthias Klotz, Mittenwalde, 1732." And straightway you forget it until another day.

Your quest for violins from old Cremonese workshops is rewarded, for you find a few that have survived the long years and which have at last reached their haven in various national museums and collections—some of them storm and weather beaten, though now in glass cases, others reposing in velvet caskets, their voices mute forever. You stand reverently before them, conjuring up stories of their triumphs—the thrills and raptures of pride they have evoked, and, too, possibly tremors of wounded feelings because of the terrible knowledge of failures. You sigh as you think of their once sweet-toned, soft, mellow voices, and the secrets hidden away in their delicate illuminated and inlaid frames. What tales they might tell! They would if they could, but they can't, and, oh, the pity of it!

"ELUSIVE MITTENWALDE"

Another day finds you far from their haunts, on the Tyrolese frontier. You pick up an old paper, and on the first page read, "*Ein Blick auf Mittenwalde und seine Geigenindustrie.*" The names of Stainer and Klotz are conspicuous in the *Artikel.* There is a tribute to the memory of the former—"the great Tyrolese master and the indisputable founder of German *lutherie*;" there is a glowing eulogy to the latter, an early pupil of Stainer, who, after years of study with Amati in his Cremona *osteria*, returned to his native village, Mittenwalde, and established violin-making as a home industry.

Then suddenly you recall that other day when you stood in the Paris Conservatoire and stupidly gazed at Stainer's pocket violin,

> "A small sweet thing devised in love,
> And fashioned cunningly of wood and
> strings."

You also remember the name Klotz and Mittenwalde inscribed on the viola d'amore label. And straightway you want to go to the violin village. Shall you ever forget your search on the map for Mittenwalde? No one could tell you a thing about the place, but blank looks only whetted your determination to locate your new-found Cremona. In fact, you spent not only second *Frühstück*, but nearly an entire morning squinting over the bewildering surface of Germany's map in a vain endeavor until you corralled Bavaria, when, lo! Mittenwalde lay at your door. Nor did you lose any time in encircling

"AT AN ANCIENT WORK-BENCH WHERE HIS FATHER WORKED BEFORE HIM"

that infinitesimal spot with red ink, for fear it might escape you.

Undeserving as you felt yourself in view of the Paris episode, Providence certainly favored you, for a two hours' journey away you found the elusive Mittenwalde, all the time so near, though seemingly so far. It nestled at the foot of the huge Karwendel Mountains, apparently fast asleep the morning of your arrival, so quiet were the village streets, but you learned ere many days that long before you arose of a morning all Mittenwalde was astir and making violins. All Mittenwalde, observe, for of the 1,960 inhabitants the majority who are old enough pursue the craft of violin-making. Perhaps the follower of the gentle art of *lutherie* has only just toddled from the cradle, but even so the smallest *Kinder* must take some part in the work, if it is only holding the glue-pot for mother or big sister, or "shooing" the flies off the violins already drying from *Giebelstübchen* to *Küche*.

If it is summer-time, you will not find Mittenwalde so quiet, for its fame as a hot-weather resort has long since gone forth the length and breadth of Germany's domain, and no wonder, for there is no more attractive place in the Bavarian Alps. But in any event you will have plenty of opportunities to watch the villagers pursuing their hereditary vocation, for such it really has been since the days of Matthias Klotz, generation after generation following in the footsteps of their ancestors.

You will hear the story of their industry over and over again in every *atelier* you visit, if you care to listen—for does

"THE SMALLEST *KINDER* MUST TAKE SOME PART IN THE WORK"

not the spirit of Matthias Klotz still pervade the village, as surely as a bronze statue of him stands before the little church at the end of Mainstrasse? To be sure it does; that is why there is a tribute to his memory as founder of "*Geigenindustrie im Mittenwalde.*"

To these simple-hearted villagers it is the most marvelous tale in the world. And why not? Did not Matthias Klotz find Mittenwalde in extreme poverty when he returned from his long Cremonese apprenticeship?

"*Ach, Gott!*" they say; "such poverty—such barren soil, nothing but stones! And the *Kinder* crying for bread. But what that one good man did! It was not for long that our people were poor. *Liebe Gott*, no! For that good man showed them the pine forests and set them to work. *Ach*, but those were the days, when we could select our own wood right here at our doors. But that was two centuries ago."

And then they will rapturously tell you how Matthias Klotz went into the deep forests with his *Gesellen*, just as his master, and his father's master, Jacobus Stainer, did before him. How he knocked on the trees with his hammer and then listened to the sounds, exactly as he had seen the great Tyrolese master do, for, small as he was when he lived in Absam, he never forgot. Oh, no; and how glad the Mittenwaldeans were!

"*Gott sei dank! Ich freu' mich!*" the narrator will surely interpolate. And then resuming the tale: "*Ach*, but he was a great man, that Klotz; he knew all about woods and varnish from the wonderful

“ALL MITTENWALDE WAS ASTIR AND MAKING VIOLINS”

Amati, at whose bench he worked for twenty years. How could we, his followers, help but make good violins? At first we had to find buyers, now they have us found. *Is est nicht so?*”

Old Nicholas, who is the Stradivarius of Mittenwalde, you will find, please God, at an ancient work-bench where his father sat before him. To reach his shop you must follow the alley by the village *Hofbrauhaus*, cross the cobblestoned court, and climb a long flight of almost perpendicular rickety stairs—a rather perilous ascent, but worth the while. You may and may not be greeted with a smile; if yea, you will be favored of the gods, for Nicholas rarely smiles; if nay, do not lose courage, for no one has a kinder heart than he, though he does not wear it on his sleeves “for tourist daws at it to peck!”

Long association with inanimate wooden things has fostered a wooden expression on the old German's face, but the moment you cross his threshold you will discover that his conscience is as transparent as the varnish on his violins, and even though you climbed a long flight of stairs instead of a tree, you can indeed say with Zaccheus, in no spirit of sacrilege, “Behold a man in whom there is no guile.”

At some time in his life old Nicholas may have owned a suit of clothes, but it is doubtful. Blue jeans and a blouse unbuttoned at the throat showing his lean chest have long been his *atelier* garb—clean, scrupulously so, for he washes his own clothes, having no good *Frau* or *Mädchen* to perform the task for him. Nicholas has known much sorrow. But he has found compensations, too, he says, though he put it in a more homely way:

"For have I not always my hands—my *liebe* carving, my noble soul-satisfying work? It cannot die, like humans; but if it should, I too would die. *Ach, Gott!* how glorious it is to work in wood instead of kneading ignoble clay, like Hans over yonder. In wood is the silent mystery of the forest and mountainside, of *der Erl König*, of the cry of the chamois or an eagle, and countless echoes of far-away avalanches. *Ach, Gott!* I could never deny that the fiddle-maker's blood is in my veins."

You discover in that moment that Nicholas is a poet, though you are certain he never made a rhyme in his life; that he is an artist, though he never dabbled with paints and brushes; that he is a sculptor, though he never once chiseled ever so small a piece of marble. Day after day he sits at his wooden bench without even the customary solace of pipe or beer, always carving violin necks. Sometimes it is the head of Stainer or Klotz, frequently it is that of some pedantic patron, but more often it is a lion, that symbol of strength and courage, long ago chosen by the great Tyrolese master himself.

If you have found favor in his eyes, Nicholas will extend the hospitality of his *Giebelstübchen* to you as long as you remain in Mittenwalde, and even though it is little better than a garret, as he deprecatingly pronounces it, you will be drawn thitherward daily while in the village. You delight in hearing Nicholas talk, for there is something sublime in his imagery; you enjoy quite as much watching him work, silently, painstakingly, for no piece of work was ever slighted in his hands.

And such hands! They are so strong and muscular that you marvel how he is ever going to trace in exact position the *ff* holes or the slender arabesque of purfling on the miniature violin he is making for himself. But he does; you see his *édition de luxe* nearing completion daily, until at last a Stainer head is carved into elaborate symmetry on the small neck. To your unsophisticated eyes it is quite as perfect as that other one in the Paris Conservatoire collection, of which you are again reminded, though little you dreamed that day of the joy ahead of you just because of one small pocket violin.

How did his huge, clumsy hands ever accomplish such a feat? Why, he handled his violin parts firmly and tenderly, just as a loving mother caresses her little one, ever so gently this way, ever so gently that, crooning a lullaby if fretful, and still crooning and hovering lovingly over it day in, day out, and way into the night. That is how old Nicholas and his clumsy-looking hands coaxed into symmetry, slowly but surely, without hurry or flurry, his beautiful violin child. God bless him!

All Mittenwalde workshops look much alike. The lightest room in the house is, of course, chosen for the *atelier*, and its furnishing is chiefly tools such as are known in the vernacular of every cabinet-maker. In addition to the ordinary ones there are special saws, planes, chisels, and gauges in such a bewildering array that you wonder how the master ever knows one from the other. Upon the walls between chromos of Madonnas, cherubs, and saints are queer bisected patterns of violins that remind you of the charts seen in a tailoring establishment, for even the most skillful violin-maker must have his pattern. Violin necks, long strings of them, hang their carved heads, ignominiously awaiting their resurrection; nuts, tail-pins, pegs, sound-posts, bridges, finger-boards, and fittings of every sort are displayed upon all sides, while the smell of glue permeates the atmosphere insistently.

In the storeroom on top of the house violins in the rough, tier after tier of them, are lying in state, "seasoning"—usually a two years' process. If it is midsummer, there is sure to be another storeroom, the hottest, driest, and sunniest in the house, devoted to fiddles that have long since been sandpapered and varnished until they shine to transparency. Here they must hang to dry thoroughly after repeated varnishings, frequently as many as fifteen, until the work of Freda or Margarethe is pronounced *Fertig* by the male critic of the establishment. For to the women is nearly always intrusted the task of varnishing.

Way up on the red-tiled roofs behind some of the high-pitched gables and dormer windows open sheds are built, where wood is stored away upon rafters, season-

"TO THE WOMEN IS NEARLY ALWAYS INTRUSTED THE WORK OF VARNISHING"

ing for use many years hence. Nicholas, you may be sure, has such a shed, for he belongs to the old school, and does not take kindly to the new method of wood being supplied to home workers by dealers.

"So did the great Stradivarius on the roof of his Cremona house," says Nicholas stoutly, "and if he, the greatest master of them all, was not ashamed to proclaim his trade to the heavens, why should we poor Mittenwaldeans too proud be? The good God still has left some fine timber at our own doors—for us who are not too lazy to go after it."

Though why, at his time of life, Nicholas should want more wood is certainly mystifying, for has he not already hidden stores of timber—planks of cherry trees and mountain ash half a century old, worm-eaten sounding-boards of defunct harpsichords and violins, and reserves of close-grained white Tyrolese pine hoarded since boyhood? He is like a miser with his wood, though extremely generous otherwise. Why, Nicholas would give away his last *Pfennig!*

Where he finds his wood is also perplexing to the villagers, who claim that the forests, far into the mountain fastnesses, have long since been entirely denuded of the pine and maple required. But Nicholas only smiles scornfully, whereupon with staff in hand he sallies forth before dawn. Sometimes he returns by nightfall. Again he remains away for a week or so, but he never comes back empty-shouldered.

"*Ach*, no," says he, "for my back was fitted for its burden." Nor could any mule carry such a load. When the villagers see him coming down the mountain path, bent under his heavy load, they say, "Surely he is in league with the spirit of Jacob Stainer, or else some Tyrolese druid or wood nymph shows him the way."

Nicholas belongs to the class of village workers known as independent workmen, of whom there are but few left. Since it became necessary to import wood from far-away Hungary and Bosnia the violin industry has been almost entirely given over to two large firms, which furnish the home workers their rough materials, wood, etc., paying them at the rate of piecework. This is a great grief to Nicholas and his *confrères*, who believe only in hand-work, as did their fathers, their grandsires, and the great masters of *lutherie* before them. They cannot endure the thought of what might happen to their beautiful art—their two-century-old village craft—if it should ever be desecrated by the introduction of machinery. And who can blame them? To them this is an axiom:

"Given, a log of wood: *make* a fiddle."

Of course Nicholas plays the violin. When the day's work is over, he takes his old Stradivarius from the case and fingers it lovingly. How he came by the instrument, which is undoubtedly genuine, is quite as much of a mystery to the villagers as where he finds his wood, inasmuch as they say he was never out of the village in his whole life—except on his wood-gathering pilgrimages, and *they* ought to know. Nicholas does not tell everything *he* knows. Some malicious folk who resent his reticence say he made it himself and that it is not a real "Strad"—for even these German villagers use the barbarous mutilation of a noble name—except Nicholas. He pronounces the master's name with the full Latin enunciation just as it is printed in the lean old type now scarcely visible in the hollow chamber of his beloved violin: "Antonius Straduarius, Cremona 1730."

"They did not sell violins by the dozen in those days, as farmers sell eggs," says Nicholas sadly as he rosins his bow. After the magic of this incantation there is a long sweep of the friendly bow, many little trills and cadences, rippling off into deep sonorous tones that emerge from some unknown depth and proclaim it just what it is labeled—a real Stradivarius.

To describe the playing of Nicholas would be like an attempt to paint a rainbow or to add luster to a sunset:

> "Even as Amphion of old time played,
> Wielding deft bow,
> I sat tranced and listened, . . .
> Soft cadence of theme he breathed."

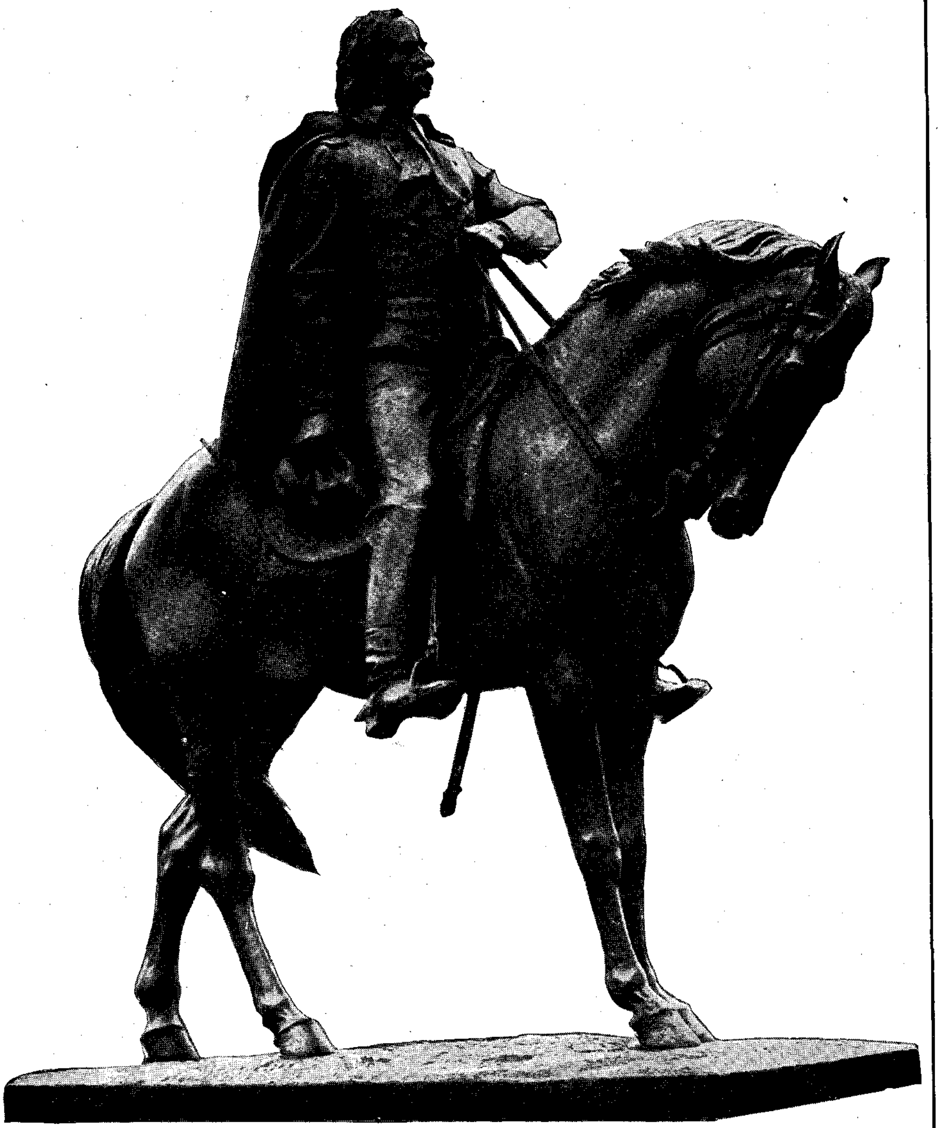
Long into the night you may hear him pouring out his heart to his old friend, and you are glad, for you know they understand each other and are happy. So *Auf wiedersehen*, dear old Nicholas and Stradivarius. *Leben sie wohl!*

TREASURE

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

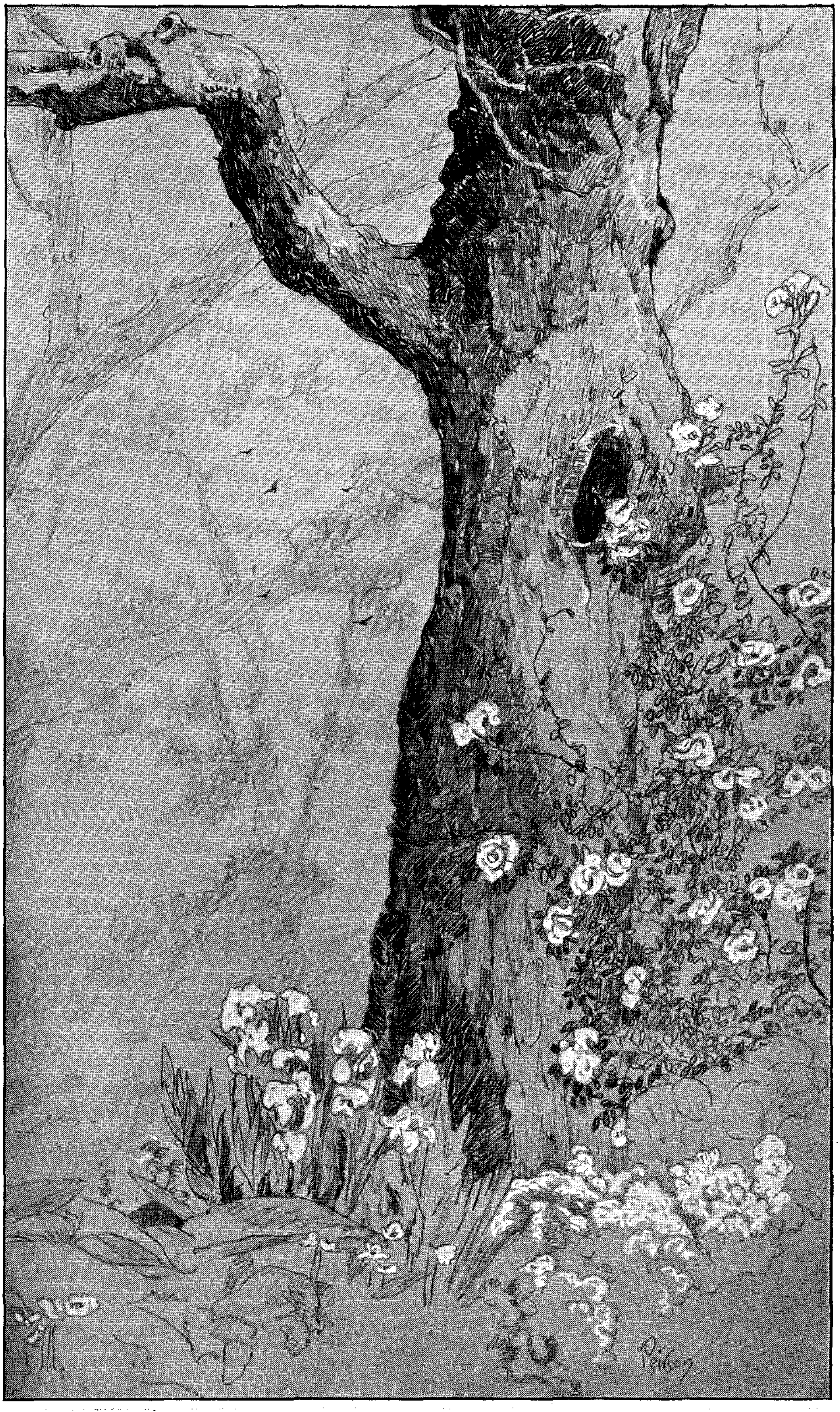
Nuggets and dust upon the surface lie,
But not the true continuing vein of gold;
Melted in fire, and prisoned in the rock,
Its boundless wealth deep treasure-chambers hold.

So life's chance pleasures shine, exhausted soon;
But when man seeks the joys that shall remain,
He finds them gleam from fire and from rock,
Prisoned by fate and purified by pain.



THE CUSTER STATUE

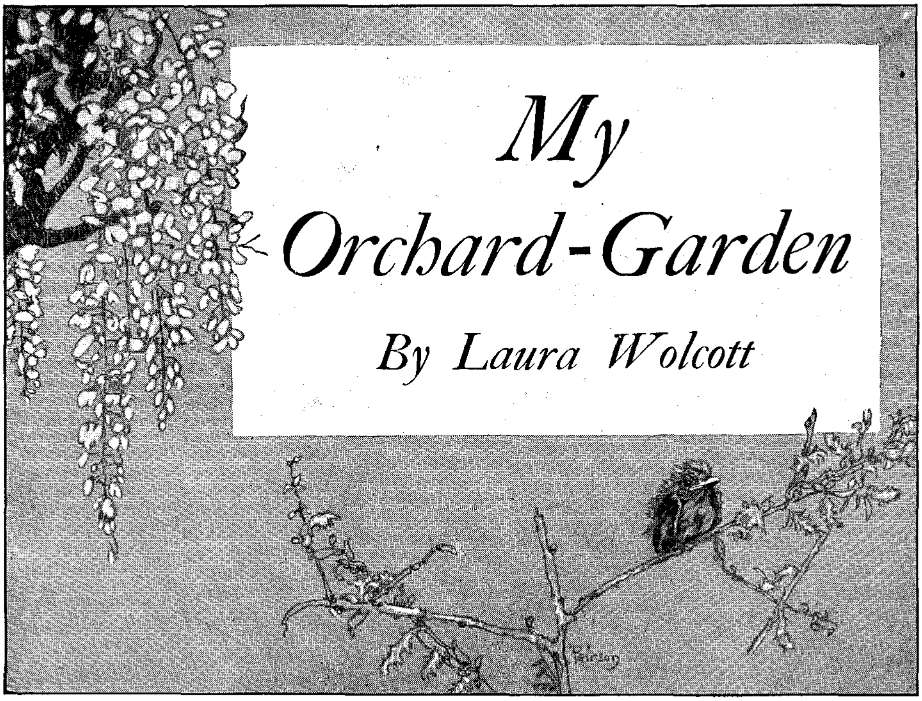
Mr. E. C. Potter, the sculptor of the statue of General George Armstrong Custer unveiled at General Custer's old home, Monroe, Michigan, on June 4, has made a strong and fine rendering of Custer's gallant and soldierly personality. The memory of the dashing cavalry leader, the brilliant but impetuous Indian fighter, and the victim, with his whole force, of the massacre at Little Big Horn, will long be cherished by the American people



"AT THE THRESHOLD OF HER STOLEN HOME CREAM-WHITE ROSES BLOOM"

My Orchard-Garden

By Laura Wolcott

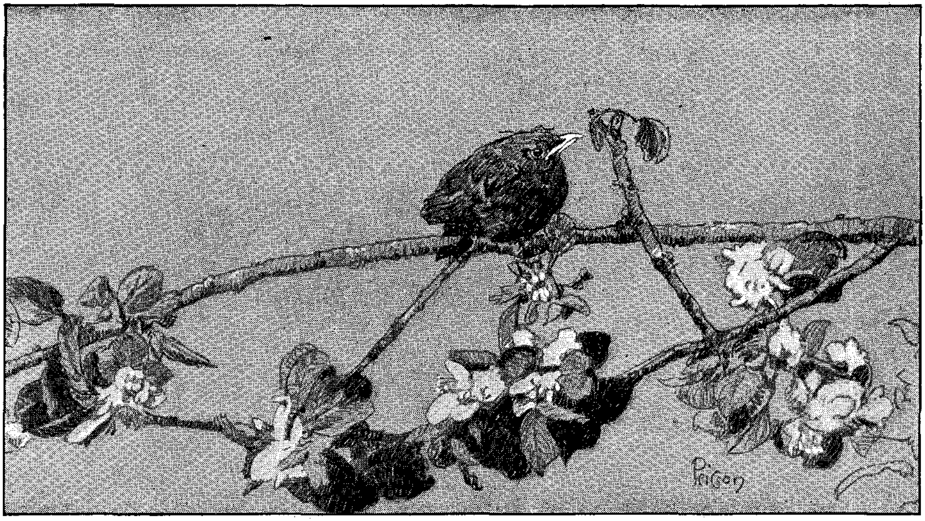


WE are told on the best authority that the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden. The Person who planted this garden must have loved the idea. And some modern folk who set aside the Creator allow the paradisiacal garden, at least as a literary asset; for we are all more or less deep-set in nature.

Even Satan loved a garden—his one antediluvian grace, so far as we know—and climbed about in it like a real boy. It was an orchard-garden, too, for we read that it held all manner of fruits, and must have exceeded in size my half-acre city plot, whose chief products are apples and pears, if one exclude the fruit of the vine. Its one historic tree must have been younger than these of mine with their crooked, gnarly branches, where younglings love to sit and swing, and eat, too, green fruit, though it was equal to holding the weight of one who looked down from it upon our great ancestors—one whose agility, if not bulk, is beyond dispute.

When penalized for his evil-doing (according to the rabbis) to the extent of losing his legs, he called together his emissaries, and, making light of his affliction, recommended them to do their utmost with whatever legs and wings had been spared them. Thus his revenge was consummated. They, in turn, called together their hosts; and it was no eight-hour-a-day job he set them to do.

No anarchist was their master. The slugs worked longest hours because they were slowest. No equal wage to activity and sloth. If a creature will not work, neither shall he eat. If he cannot work fast, neither shall he sleep long. These were the two rules of the camp. First of all, the slugs started for the day-lily bed, a great plot down my garden walk beyond the syringa arch, leaving a worse than serpent trail behind in their slimy course, and put to an end the tenderest early shoots, leaving the stumps featureless after they had done their utmost. To be sure, good Nature soon set to work at repairs, but that was nothing to their credit.



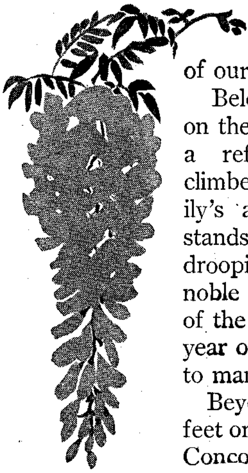
"LOOKING CORNERWISE OUT OF FRIGHTENED EYES FOR MOTHER AND THE PROMISED WORM"

Then came armies of creatures to swarm over the tender rose leaves and scoff at hellebore and ashes. What these left when satiated the rose-bugs appropriated, waiting for the exquisite blooms, lying across them daintily like *gourmets*, taking credit to themselves for leaving wrecks of petals instead of devouring every one like their gourmand allies, the Goths and Vandals, who sweep down "from somewheres," as Sampson Brass says, and, hovering on evil wings over the aster bed, leave not a suggestion of the beauty that was.

These cannot be fought with fire or water, neither with soap-and-kerosene emulsions, hellebore, nor fiery capsicum. After their Parthian shot we see them no more. And the dumb, crawling worm, at the root of all beauty, does his best to finish what they, with other worlds to conquer, could not stay to do. And so my garden-for-delight is a battlefield from May till September; and if I come off victorious at the end, it is by not once resting on my arms or calling a truce.

The English sparrow is a famous connoisseur of seeds, with no more conscience than the anarchist who accepts our country's invitation and tries to destroy its institutions in return. Would you loosen and rake over the soil, he stands alert, watching your intentions closely, cocking his knowing head, flirting down before your very hand, pouncing on your seeds before they fairly alight, working fast and calling to his fellows to come on. He laughs at your futile shooings, your missiles even, with unholy glee. The earth is his, and far be it from him to rest unmindful of the command to go in and possess it.

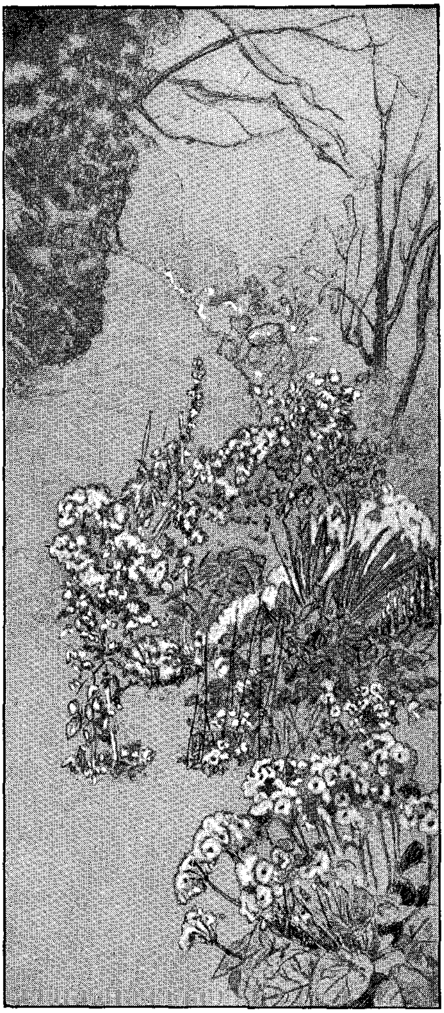
Who plants pears plants for his heirs, the selfish old adage warns us. But he who plants cherries plants for the robins, and may as well take his joy of earth out of their glee, for he will have no other so far as the fruit is concerned. But who plants mulberries plants an aviary, and, if spiritual joys are higher than physical ones, he is in possession of the supremest. It is only thus that we get even with the arch-adversary who thought to cheat us of our garden.



Below the great Norway spruce on the bank—the patient tree that a refused-to-be-trained wistaria climbed one summer in the family's absence to the very top—stands a magnificent elm with drooping branches, and beside it a noble black walnut, planted by one of the garden tribe in his seventh year on an Arbor Day, both come to manhood now.

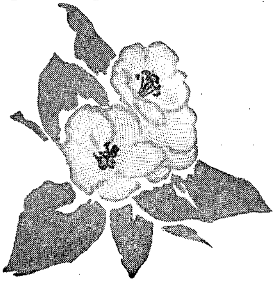
Beyond these my garden lies fifty feet or so below the house and the Concord grape arbor; far enough removed from the heart of the city to escape all but the pleasant murmur of traffic and humanity that rises at all hours like the sound of a far-off sea.

Down the steep, crooked path and through the syringa arch a close-clipped grass walk, beveled at the edges, goes straight to the brook, attended on either hand in a Sir-Roger-de-Coverley way by blossoming shrubs and vines. Once we raised pears of various exquisite flavors. But three or four years ago they began to look melancholy, and we called in a casual gardener, who looked at them with disapproval, and said, gently: "The José scale! Cut 'em down." This we did, and they now fight upon their stumps like the irrepressible revolutionary hero. Now and then they put forth at top a twig or futile blossom, mournful to see. So, to give them an object in life, I supply them with vines of a cheerful nature that will make them forget decrepitude and the growing years. We all have need of some fad after our first youth. Around these eight-foot stumps *Clematis paniculata* reaches out to clasp anything, trumpet creeper and wistaria stride upward at a great pace, and roses—one cannot say enough for the roses. They cling and wreathe and climb and blossom their very hearts' joy out so lavishly that you think they may die in the attempt, as human things do.

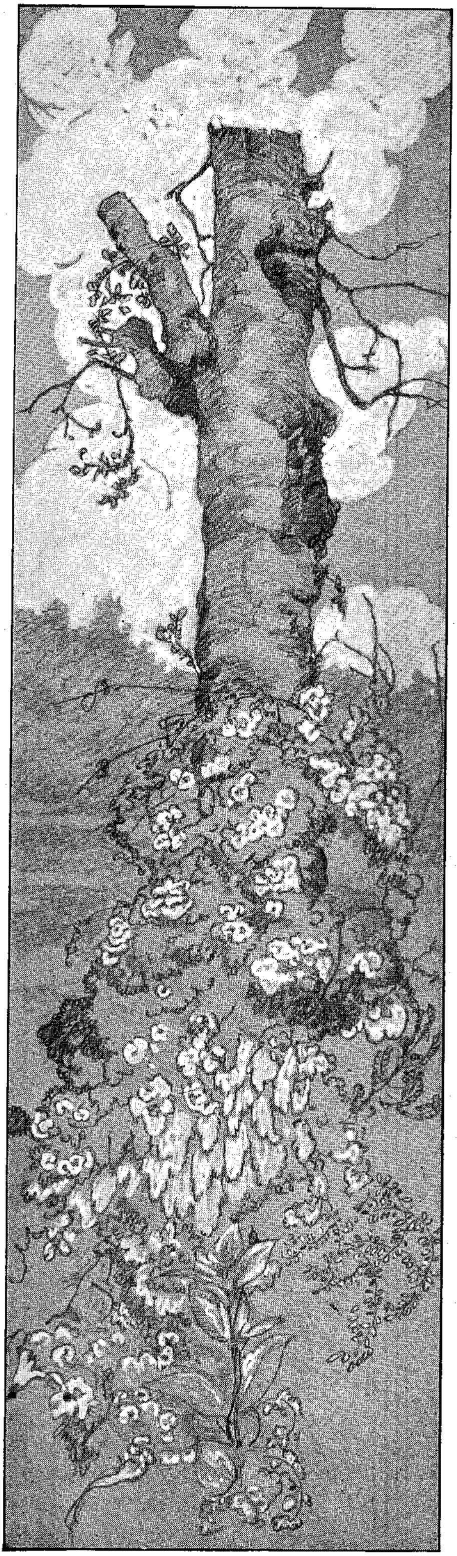


"DOWN THE STEEP, CROOKED PATH"

Half-way down the walk is a smooth two-inch hole chiseled in a tree bearing the bluebirds' "sign manDible" which Jenny Wren appropriated early in the season. At the threshold of her stolen home cream-white roses bloom—roses that she has to crowd out of the way when she enters. If you cautiously stand on tiptoe and reach your longest finger a trifle farther down than possible, you can just feel the suggestion of a little warm fluff. But not if Mistress Jenny is in sight. If you steal ever so softly down under the syringa arch, heavy with sweetness, that stands sentinel to the garden approach, she rushes at you like the little vixen that she is, her bill open like sharp scissors to utter rending cries. She alights on every post by turn and scolds and flutters and flitters, making little dives around your head. What does she think I want of her hungry little bumblebees? I cannot explain. We have no common language; and her babies are the most desirable in the world, just like any mother's.



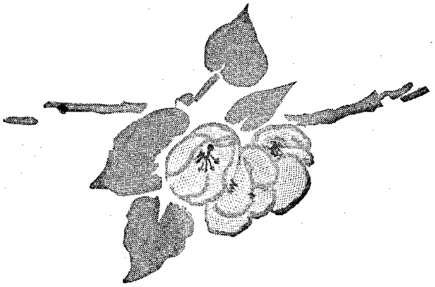
The wood-thrush of the speckled breast sings to me of liberty—"liber*tee*" he pronounces it. Last year he led his young ones along the walk just below my high west piazza, introducing them to the freedom of the domain. The song-sparrow calls to me from the top of an immense Seckel pear tree—curious creature,



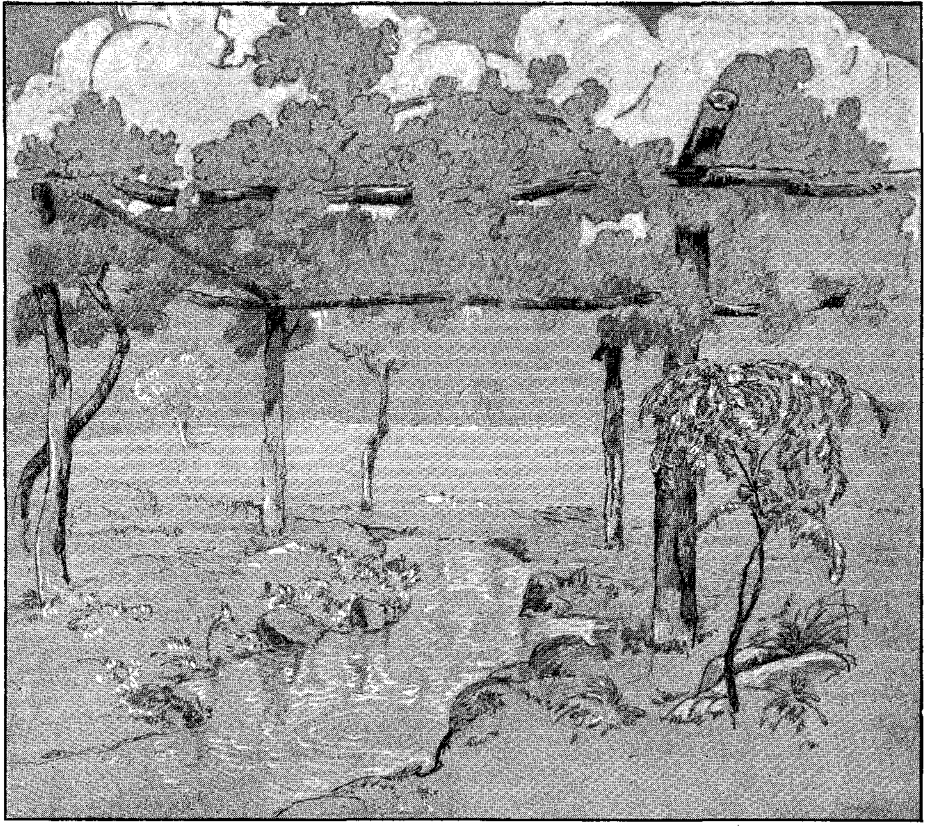
"I SUPPLY THEM WITH VINES OF A CHEERFUL NATURE"

who nests on the ground, but sings to the skies! Humming-birds visit the honeysuckle and fan the air with happy, gleaming wings, while the blundering bumblebee dives headlong into their midst. The oriole is merry over nothing in particular; the catbird shouts all he knows or guesses about everybody's pet songs; little obedient robin clings desperately to a wind-blown limb, looking cornerwise out of frightened eyes for mother and the promised worm.

The wren scolds until I reach the brook, proudest of all my possessions. In the height of summer it is only the suggestion of a hand's-breadth stream, a dream of brooks and rivers to the children who throng it, wandering between grassy and briery and willowy banks. A generation ago it gathered its forces farther north into a pond—bottomless, like all those of our youth!—for the delight of small children, who sailed boats on its unruffled surface in summer and tried their first skates on it when winter came, but never ventured into its perilous depths. Its source, the tiny spring that fed it year by year, never ran dry. For joy, if not for fame, it was on a par with the Pierian one.



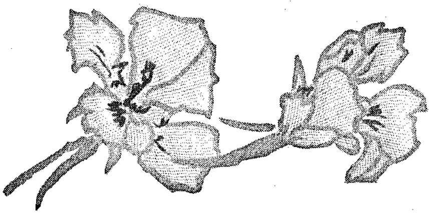
Then man came, making improvements, and the pond was cajoled to enter a great drain tile that found a welcome ending in my garden, though, in truth, I must say that its real end was in my neighbor's catch-basin. What came after we do not inquire. It has made for itself and the children a little crooked way from N.W. to S.S.E.—a brook chiefly of the imagination, but one that generations of children have rejoiced in. Every child of them all has fallen in once at least, and run frightened and screaming to the house for dry clothing—to the detriment of the brook. But this initiatory rite confers garden privileges, an honor as much bragged of later as any Greek-letter society may be in

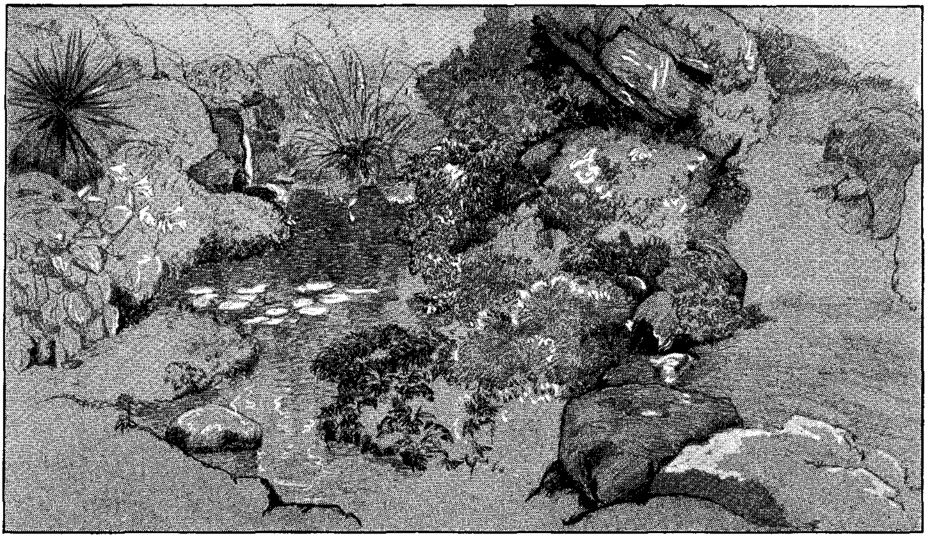


"THE BROOK, PROUDEST OF ALL MY POSSESSIONS"

years to come. Once a child newly dressed for a party climbed the old willow, which carelessly broke down after enduring shocks of time. So both went as far as possible into the widest part of the brook, and the child, going to her party in second-best garments, bore it a grudge for a day. An arbor crosses the stream, and above its stepping-stones supports a great twisted wild grapevine that blossoms in June with the rarest sweetness on earth. Other vines may be as great, but this is glorious. When spring floods subside, the water falls from the top of the bank to an eight-inch depth, and knows no more rest till vacation days come and mountains and seashore beckon. It is bridged, dammed, waded in. Stones are painfully pried out of the original retaining wall—good, solid boulders—and used as stepping-stones, made into dams chinked with mud and grass, twigs, leaves, discarded dust-cloths, old rubber shoes, bits of brick pounded to fit on the long-suffering bank, broken glass and china.

The innocent stream gurgles on faint and fainter until a pond is made; and here, day by day, the procession of boats is hilariously guided up and down and around the edges, led by strings, coaxed by sticks and the garden broom. A toy sled, a celluloid soap-dish, a wooden plate, tin cans, paper boxes, and small discarded saucepans make up the fleet. Never until vacation days come will the long-suffering and then mosquito-y brook pause to take breath. When the last boy and girl disappear, man comes to release it from its bonds. Then it is hoed out, raked out, all its toy utensils and tenpins that did bank duty as marines are carried back to the playhouse-once-a-stable, and grass seed is sown in the approach under the





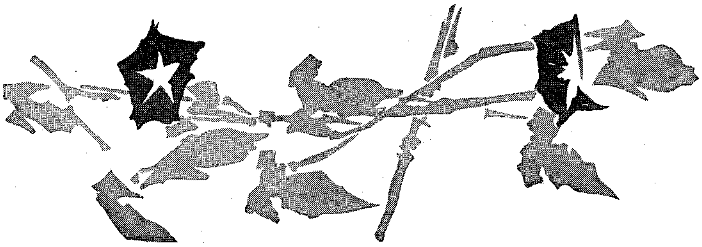
"THE SPRING . . . FOR JOY, IF NOT FOR FAME, IT WAS ON A PAR WITH THE PIERIAN ONE"

arbor that is like nothing so much as a buffalo wallow, oozy and tramped out of all shape by shoes and bare feet of many sizes. The boulders go back to their original intent; the stepping-stones are reset, taking the utmost strength of a man, who wonders at that of the children; the dam is broken down to let the brook clear itself.

Such a thread of a stream for eternal remembrance!

A brook for hostile fleets and peaceful commerce: by turns river and sea and the ocean of life itself. A pygmy thing, but how it looms!

And some lint-haired laddie may look back to it with glistening eyes when the Great Story is first unfolded to him, and as he reads of the tall ships—the beaked ships that went up unto Ilios—say with a thrill, "And I too with Odysseus was!"



The Import of Art

By William M. Chase

An Interview with Walter Pach

FOR thirty years and more, before audiences of many kinds, Mr. William M. Chase has been speaking on art—its import and its philosophy. So many thousands have heard him, and he speaks with such clearness, conviction, and authority, that we may safely say that the words of no other artist or critic have had so much influence on America's idea of art. During the past winter his utterances attracted especial notice on two occasions—when he addressed the MacDowell Club and at the opening of his own retrospective exhibition. Let us now consider ourselves invited to the studio which has witnessed the production of this remarkable group of pictures (though, to be sure, the landscapes were not done there, but always in the open air), and as it is not strange that a man should be willing to talk on the thing which has been the great enthusiasm of his lifetime, we are likely to get some ideas worth remembering.

Studios are interesting places, for they reflect the quality of mind of their inhabitants more fully than any other sort of room. Even artists may have some indifference to the objects which surround them in their dwellings; but when it comes to the place where the great effort is made to throw open every inlet and outlet of the mind, where each impression is at its maximum, then the artist is careful as to what he has about him. Rodin has nothing at all on his walls; he wants to keep his attention entirely for his model and his work. Sargent has made it his practice to retain his best pictures whenever possible, and it is these which hang in his studio—a reminder that he has a standard to live up to, or to surpass when he can.

But what sort of mind do we deduce from the varied contents of the big studios we enter now? They are hung with pictures and tapestries. On old carved cupboards are Korean bowls, Italian statuettes, and Japanese lacquers. In corners we get a sumptuous gleam of brass, suggesting Russia or Spain. Behind the model-stand is an ancient and wonderful Chinese screen partly covered by a dim-toned old velvet that has been thrown across it. In a passageway sits a Buddha in contemplation—of a volume of reproductions of Degas's works apparently. On one wall is a primitive Italian altarpiece with a Madonna and saints against a gold background. Not less golden, though from the quality of its paint, instead of metal, is a masterpiece—probably the masterpiece of Vollon. In a quiet corner is a small picture which in its gleam of light against shadow seems to declare itself a Rembrandt. If you ask Mr. Chase about it, he will say that he admired the art in the work—which was what he bought it for, not its name.

One general conclusion we may arrive at from our hasty survey: the man who chooses to live in the atmosphere of such things is one who sees beauty in very differing manifestations. Many of his treasures come down from the past. But he is not one who dwells in the past, as you will see by the modern pictures he has. At his house are works by Manet, Michel, and Monticelli, or perhaps it is the picture by some young American which has just been refused at the Academy.

So we expect to hear him speak hopefully on the painting of to-day, and we are not disappointed.

"In my student days at Munich I was much impressed by a prophecy of my teacher, Piloty, who said that the next great school of art would arise in America. At the same time my interest was turned from the painting of historical scenes (which was the fashion at the time) to the representation of the people and things that I knew. I was convinced that the great masters gave every sanction to the art that I contemplated. Take Veronese's 'Triumph of Alexander,' in the National

Gallery of London. Forget that the subjects are supposed to be Greeks and Persians, and you still have, even more clearly, the essential idea of the picture: the glory and splendor of Venice in the sixteenth century. But another thought took more and more forcible hold on me—that the subject, whether the apparent or the real one, would never have made the picture the great work we find it to-day had not the producer's deepest interest lain in the quality of the art with which he glorifies that stretch of canvas. Accordingly I set myself to learn my trade—I am not ashamed of the phrase—and I made up my mind that if I was ever to do anything, it would be through making myself a master of the medium, as the great men of the old time were. I set to work to find out how to begin a picture—an important and neglected step; too many are hurrying on to give what is called 'finish' before they have grounded their work in the truth which must inform and uphold the entire structure.

"I studied the works of the masters in many cities to which I traveled, and made copies after Hals, Velasquez, Rembrandt, and others. But, in my great desire to build my art on the eternal principles which govern theirs, I fell almost unavoidably into an error. This was brought home to me in striking fashion by Alfred Stevens, who said to me, after seeing my picture at the Salon: 'Chase, it is a good work, but don't try to make your pictures look as if they had been done by the old masters.' I saw the truth of his remark; modern conditions and trends of thought demand modern art for their expression. I saw in a new light the sublime example of Velasquez. One reason he seems so near to us is that he, like ourselves, journeyed to a country where great art was to be seen, and studied and copied there. But what was so important for me just at this time was that Velasquez—with all his acquirement from the masters who had gone before him—felt the need of choosing new forms and arrangements, new schemes of color and methods of painting, to fit the time and place he was called on to depict.

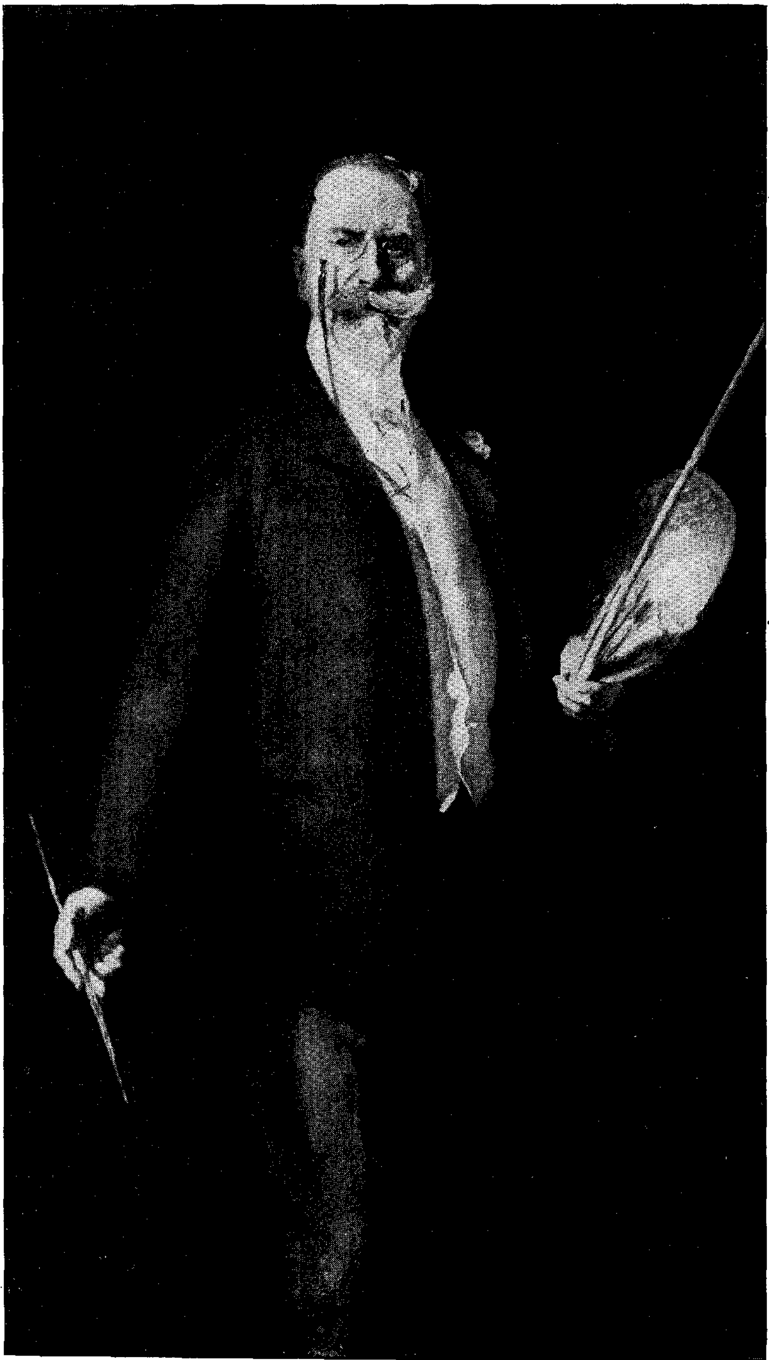
"I make sure that the marks of confidence I have received from my portrait sitters and from my students would never have been accorded me without my recognition of the need for an ever-new outlook on the questions of art.

"What are the conditions in America to-day? We are a new people in a new country. Watch the crowds along Piccadilly or the Champs Élysées—you spot the Americans among them almost as easily as if they wore our flag in their buttonholes. It means that already a new type has appeared, the offspring, as we know, of European stock, but which no longer resembles it. An Englishman in a portrait by Gainsborough or Reynolds, a Dutchman by Rembrandt, or an Italian by Titian is clearly the ancestor of the Englishman, the Dutchman, or the Italian of to-day. But though the American may have some of the blood of these very individuals (quite likely of all of them), we feel that somehow he has broken away from the steady channel of heredity. And just as his look and character are different, so his art must be different.

"Please observe that of the masters I have just mentioned each was a member of the nation which he has recorded, and that theirs is the characterization of the people which we know to be the true one. I could extend the list so that it would include almost every case. Van Dyck's might seem to be one of the few exceptions, but at the exhibition of his works this winter it was the portraits of Snyders and his wife—Flemings like the man who painted them—that were the best, and by far the best, however well he did in his pictures of the Genoese.

"We know how far mistaken many of the books are which Europeans write about our country; but if they mistake the external phases of which such works are largely composed, how much more must they go wrong in painting portraits of our people, where the very essence of the work is an intimate comprehension of the sitter's nature. No, the great record of America must come from Americans themselves.

"I would not have you understand that I am claiming superiority for our artists over those of other countries. I do no such thing. Yet in Whistler we had one of the great men of the last century; to-day we have Sargent, Weir and Wiles, Winslow Homer and Albert



COPYRIGHT 1902 BY CURTIS & CAMERON

WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE

FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

P. Ryder, Henri and Glackens—to name men of very varied temperaments who are among the most interesting figures in the world of contemporary art. What I mean is that it is to such painters that we must look for the composite likeness of America.

"I am tempted to give one more instance of that most important of artists—the one who registers for all time the ideals of his country; indeed, as short as my list has been, it would be too incomplete without a mention of Frans Hals. I wish I could have you with me in Haarlem, as I had a class of young students some years ago, and I would show you in the pictures so lovingly and zealously preserved in the Town Hall how these simple portraits are the greatest monument that exists to the manhood and womanhood of the Dutch people at one of the great periods of its history. I am not now touching on the well-nigh incomparable qualities these works have when regarded as examples of art, though there is a close connection among all the phases of a picture. I speak of them at present as the most splendid record we possess of the men who fought the great battles and gave the great example that Dutch history records. Dead and gone almost three hundred years, these men are brought before us by Hals's art, living, to-day.

"And this brings me to certain matters which I have long considered—of the importance of art.

"The knowledge we have of man in his earliest civilizations, and even from the time before that, is to a large extent derived from the relics of art that come to us. The profession of the artist is one of the most ancient that we know, and, as I tell the students about to enter it, the most dignified. Why? Because it appeals to those elements in human nature which, arriving latest in man's development up from the mere animal, are concerned with the loftiest emotions of which he is capable. And, speaking from the personal standpoint, I may say that with all my admiration for the great works of literature, as much as I am stirred by music, I still prefer the art of painting, with its permanency, its warmth, its flexibility and power of expressing the most spontaneous and momentary impressions of man together with the strength and stability of nature.

"Just here I feel as if I ought to say a word on one question that is among the most frequently misunderstood of all the matters of art. While a generally finer appreciation of pictures prevails than we had thirty or forty years ago, there is still all too much of the idea that the beauty and importance of a picture has some relation with the beauty and importance of its subject—or even that the former thing is dependent on the latter. I cannot say too often or too strongly that this notion is absolutely false. The value of a work of art depends simply and solely on the height of inspiration, on the greatness of soul, of the man who produced it. The value of the work of art is in its quality of making you a sharer in the thoughts and sensations of rarely gifted men. And our joy in receiving them comes from our recognition that, though we have not the power to do such work, we have yet sufficient of the same qualities in ourselves to respond to them when they appear. And to me it is one of the most fascinating things to note how diversely these manifestations of genius are made. The quality of the artist's mind mirrors itself in one sort of picture quite as clearly as in another. A vulgar man might paint an angel, and have it as vulgar as himself; a person of the most sensitive and beautiful nature might paint a potato, and have it a great work of art. My proof—the only one possible in these matters—is to refer to the masters. Let us first take a man like Raphael. It is thought by many that his painting of religious subjects must be, *ipse facto*, his highest achievement. I am not at all of that opinion. Raphael, like so many of the great artists, produced his finest works when he was depicting men and women—that is to say, in portraiture. The case of Velasquez brings us a step further. His noble career was passed, as we know, at the court of Philip IV, as painter of the royal family and the nobility of Spain. But we feel the master's spirit quite as sensibly when he rests from his official duties and paints the buffoons of the palace—poor little half-witted fragments of humanity, who do not take the aristocratic poses of their lords, but none the less offer all the opportunity he needs for the exercise of his divine gift. Now one example more: the great painter of Amsterdam is rightly loved for his deep feeling for mankind in its moments of sorrow and thought, as well as in its moments of pride and joy. But go with me to the Louvre, stand with me before that picture called "The Beef," and say whether the spirit of Rembrandt hovers nearer to any of his scenes from Biblical history, or any portrait of one of his own people in the Dutch Ghetto, or any portrait of the members of his family. Ah, I know I am right in this: from that one picture, with its humble subject, I know Rembrandt as much as I can ever know him, I am carried back across the centuries and given a precious insight into the depths of his mighty heart and mind.

"So, now I have told one thing that art does not depend on, let me attempt to answer the difficult question of what its source really is, or, perhaps more exactly, to give my idea of the essential phases of a great picture. I maintain that they are three in number—namely, truth, interesting treatment, and quality.

"By truth I mean that the picture shall give the impression of a thing well seen. Form and light come in with this category, and, most important of all, character, for that, too, is in the nature, when it is well seen.

"But truth is not enough—that is the external element. We must add to it the interest of the artist, and an interest which shall express itself in his manner of treatment. I have already spoken of the way art reflects the mind of its producer, and it is especially in this phase of the matter that the separate individualities most clearly appear. The stupid man, carefully trained in a school, may have his picture never so accurate a transcript of the nature before him; without the expression of a great liking for it or of an enthusiasm for the work itself, we have no whit more interest in his painting than in the objects he represents. To my mind, one of the simplest explanations of this matter of technique is to say that it is the eloquence of art. When a speaker has the gift of fine oratory, we hang upon his words and gestures, we are spellbound by his intensity and his style, no matter on what subject he chooses to address us. I fear that some people confuse technique with the use of a slashing brush and big, rough strokes of paint. Let me refer them to the work of the Primitives or to Holbein, whose calm surfaces show us one of the world's greatest masters of the technical side of art.

"My last criterion, that of quality, is the hardest of all to explain. As a matter of fact, you cannot render it in words—it is something that appeals to the eyes. You might as well try to tell what music is in its difference from mere sound as to say what gives the one picture 'quality' while the thousand or ten thousand others are lacking in it. Quality comes as a result of a perfect balance of all the parts, and may be manifested in color or line or composition. In the greatest pictures it is found in all three, and then you may be sure that you are before the most consummate of human works."

"Won't you say a little more of your own pictures, Mr. Chase? Which do you consider your masterpiece?"

"It is that one." We look in the direction he points, and see only a blank canvas in a frame, high up on the wall.

"Yes, that is my best work. I have painted on it thousands of times, and I know that I am getting on with my art because each year I paint a better picture there. Not that I shall ever actually touch a brush to that canvas; it is for the pictures that I paint in my mind, for the ideals toward which my actual works are directed. I am sorry I cannot show you that picture quite as I see it; I am always trying, but it keeps ahead of me the more I advance, and must remain something that no one can see but myself—the full measure of what my years as a painter have led me to realize of life and nature and art."

The Spirit of Democracy

By Lyman Abbott

A Series of Articles in which the Author considers the Effect of Democracy in the Family, in Education, in Industry, and in Government[1]

Second Paper

The Tendency of Democracy

IN a previous article we have seen that the American democracy of the twentieth century is the child of two ancestors—a Latin-French ancestor modified by migration to an Anglo-Saxon community, and a Hebraic-Puritan ancestor modified by intimate association with its Latin companion. We have seen that the fundamental doctrine of the Americanized Latin democracy was, in brief, that the sole legitimate end of government is to protect the personal and property rights of the individual, and, this done, the individual must be left to work out his own destiny without interference; that the fundamental doctrine of the Americanized Hebraic democracy was that society is a unit, that it is subject to certain great and immutable laws, and that the object of government is, in obedience to those laws, to aid this community in a social, industrial, and political life for the common benefit of all its members. In the one philosophy, democracy means self-government of the individual, by the individual, for the benefit of the individual. In the other philosophy it means self-government of the community, by the community, for the benefit of the community. In the one case it is individual; in the other case fraternal. The word which characterizes the one is independence; the word which characterizes the other is interdependence.

In which of these directions has America been tending for the last hundred and thirty years? In which of these directions should thoughtful Americans endeavor to guide the country?

In which direction America has been tending is tolerably clear to all observers, whether they approve or disapprove the tendency.

The immediate occasion of the Civil War was the question between the sections, whether slavery was a beneficent form of industrial organization and should be protected throughout the Nation, or an unjust and injurious form of industrial organization and should be confined within its then existing limits in the expectation of its ultimate abolition. The proximate cause of the Civil War was two contrasted opinions respecting the interpretation of a written Constitution upon two questions on which that Constitution was absolutely silent: Had a State a right to secede? If it attempted to secede, had the Federal Government a right to compel it to remain in the Union? But underlying both questions was the still more fundamental issue between the Hebraic or Puritan conception of government and the Latin or French conception of government.

The doctrine that all government is founded on a compact, when applied to the United States, naturally led to the affirmation that the Nation was a confederation of independent and sovereign States. The doctrine that all government rests on the consent of the governed, when applied to such a supposed confederation, naturally led to the conclusion that if the consent of any one or more of these sovereign States was withdrawn, the government over them ceased to be a just government, and the right either of repudiation or of revolution followed. To Calhoun and his political associates this meant nullification, or the right of a sovereign State in the exercise of its sovereignty to refuse its assent to any Federal law which it deemed unjust. To Jefferson Davis and his associates it meant the right of a sovereign State to withdraw from the confederacy altogether when the acts of the confederation were injurious to its interests. How pervasive this doctrine that government rests on the consent of the governed had become in America is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Buchanan, who denied the right of a State to secede, also denied the right of the Federal Government to prevent secession, and that Horace Greeley, the foremost anti-slavery editor of the North, besought the Nation to let the erring sisters depart in peace.

---

[1] These articles are based on and in part condensed from a series of lectures on "The Spirit of Democracy" delivered by the author on consecutive Sunday afternoons before the Brooklyn (New York) Institute in January and February, 1910.

The result of the Civil War has been absolutely to expel from the consciousness of the Nation, both North and South, the doctrine that just government depends on the consent of the governed. The Union of to-day is not what Horace Greeley feared it would be, that of a triumphant North over a subjugated South. It is a Union cemented by mutual respect, affection, and esteem, based on the tacit assumption that government is something more than copartnership, whether of individuals or of States; that it is a divine organism, deriving its authority, not from the consent of the governed, but from the justice with which the governors exercise their authority, and is neither founded on consent nor can be dissolved by dissent. Thomas Jefferson advocated an occasional revolution, much as the doctors of the old school advocated an occasional blood-letting, as a useful measure of hygiene. "God forbid that we should be twenty years without a rebellion. We have had thirteen States independent for eleven years. There has been but one rebellion. That comes to one rebellion in a century and a half for each State. What country ever existed a century and a half without a rebellion? What signifies a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure."[1] That phase of Jeffersonianism would to-day find no advocate in America in any section of the country. Even the wildest-eyed anarchist, if he ventured to affirm it, would be listened to, if at all, with scant politeness.

The doctrine that government rests on the consent of the governed carried with it by necessary implication that all the governed must have some share in making the government. Universal suffrage as one of the natural rights of man was a logically necessary element in the Latin theory of law and liberty. "The right to vote for representatives," says Professor Dunning, "was held to be an immediate corollary of the principle that every man was by nature free and could be subjected to government only by his consent; for government must be by law and law must be the will of each individual, expressed either in person or through a representative."[1] The omnipotence of the majority carried with it, in the minds of certain theorists, the infallibility of the majority. Strictly speaking, there was no real minority and could be none. Says Rousseau:

> When a law is proposed in an assembly of the people, what is asked of them is not exactly whether they approve of the proposition or whether they reject it, but whether or not it conforms to the general will, which is theirs; each one in giving his vote gives his opinion upon it, and from the counting of the votes is deduced the declaration of the general will. When, however, the opinion contrary to mine prevails, it shows only that I was mistaken, and what I had supposed to be the general will was not general. If my individual opinion had prevailed, I should have done something other than I had intended, and then I should not have been free.[2]

The Puritan doctrine, on the other hand, regarded suffrage as a prerogative to be earned by a worthy character. "The saints should govern the earth," said the Puritan; and not all men were saints. In the early New England colonies, therefore, suffrage was conditioned on possession of property, possession of intelligence, paying of taxes, and, in some cases, on church membership. It is true that the disciples of neither school were always consistent. Political theories in practical application rarely are consistent. Thomas Jefferson advocated a restricted suffrage based on educational and property qualifications. Henry Ward Beecher, the Puritan son of Puritan ancestors, advocated universal suffrage as a natural right, and would have it given to women, to the newly landed immigrant, and to the just emancipated negro.

---

[1] W. G. Curtis, "The True Thomas Jefferson," p. 81.

[1] W. A. Dunning, "A History of Political Theories from Luther to Montesquieu," p. 236.

[2] J. J. Rousseau, "The Social Contract," Book IV, Chap. II.

In this respect, curiously, the doctrine of universal suffrage, as a natural right, has dominated the North, and limited suffrage now dominates the South. I believe that Massachusetts is the only New England State which requires educational qualifications as a condition precedent to the vote. On the other hand, the South, suffering during the Reconstruction period from the intolerable rule of an ignorant majority, led by unscrupulous self-seekers, has, with substantial unanimity, adopted the doctrine that suffrage is not a natural right, but an acquired prerogative, and should be given only to those who have proved themselves capable of exercising it for the benefit of the State. Even in the North, especially in our great cities, there is an increasing tendency to question the practical wisdom or justice of universal suffrage. It is always difficult to take away political power when once it has been given; but the recent adoption of the Australian ballot system, of careful registration, and of greater care in the naturalization of foreigners has its secret cause in the recognized peril of unqualified suffrage.

Up to a very recent date the doctrine that it is the duty of the State to provide education for all the people was practically unknown in most Latin countries. Education was regarded as a function of either the family or the Church, and to the family and the Church it was largely left. Even to-day in France the question whether the State or the Church shall educate the children of the Republic is probably the most bitterly contested question in that country. Half a century ago there was no public school system in the southern half of this country, unless North Carolina may be regarded as an exception, and even there the exception was rather theoretical than practical. To-day there is no State, Territory, or possession of the United States in which there is not a more or less efficient public school system. The Southern States, with a persistence, a heroism, and a self-sacrifice too little appreciated in the North, have established a system which aims to make equal provision for the children of all classes and both races, in a settled determination to give, despite no little unintelligent and prejudiced opposition, as far as in them lies, a fair opportunity for every child, poor or rich, black or white, to make the most he can of himself.

Some readers of this article will remember with what combined invective and derision in 1850 the country greeted W. H. Seward's declaration that there is a Higher Law than the Constitution. The doctrine that government grows out of a compact and rests on the consent of the governed carried with it the doctrine that there could be no higher appeal than to the written Constitution which embodies that compact and expresses that consent. The era of Daniel Webster's statesmanship was dominated by that doctrine, and his appeal was habitually to the Constitution as the ultimate authority. The country could go no higher. The temperance reform, the anti-slavery reform, the educational reform, social and industrial reform, all combined to compel attention to other than merely Constitutional considerations. To-day we ask, not, What is Constitutional? but, What is right? If a policy is right, we seek by a liberal construction of the Constitution to find a way to secure it; and if that is impossible, we begin to question, What amendment to the Constitution is required and is practical? In discussing the currency question, the temperance question, the colonial question, and the railway rate regulation question the people take but a languid interest in Constitutional arguments. They are effective only in so far as they produce an impression that the law proposed may prove inoperative because the Supreme Court may declare it unconstitutional. Our questions to-day are, Is the free silver or the gold standard right? Is prohibition or limited license right? Is it right for us to govern a province which is not a part of self-governing America? Is it right for the Congress to interfere with the regulation of the railways, or are they private property which justice requires should be left to private control? In a word, if we do not yet ask, What are the laws of God? and if we are not content to take as an ultimate appeal, as the Puritans were, the interpretation of those laws as found in the Old Testament, still less are we content merely to ask what past compacts demand or present majorities desire. Political leaders and editorial writers outvie the pulpit in pressing upon their constituencies the question whether proposed policies and platforms are in harmony with those eternal laws of right and wrong which, whatever their basis, find their interpretation and their enforcement in the universal conscience.

Thus during the last hundred years in these four respects the country has been steadily moving away from the Latinized conception and toward the Puritan conception of law and liberty: away from government founded on the consent of the governed and toward government a divine organism; away from universal suffrage toward limited suffrage; away from leaving education to private enterprise toward treating education as a State function; and away from political authority resting on the will of majorities to political authority resting on eternal and immutable laws of right and wrong.

Nor can I doubt that this movement has been in the right direction: that a social democracy with government founded on the moral law, and regarded as a divine organism to be carried on co-operatively for the common benefit, is more truly and radically democratic than an individualistic democracy, with government founded on mutual consent, regarded as a necessary evil, confined in its functions to the protection of person and property, and leaving each individual to take care of his own individual interests regardless of his fellows, except as his political selfishness is modified by personal benevolence.

So far in this and the preceding article I have treated democracy as purely political—that is, a form of government. But it is more than political; more than a mere form of government. The spirit of democracy is the creation neither of France nor of England, of Latinism nor of Hebraism. Democracy is primarily the growth of humanity. It is the emergence of man from a state of pupilage toward the state of manhood, with all his animal appetites and passions, all his higher aspirations and desires, as yet neither understood nor controlled. It is the spirit of growth, of progress, of development. Democracy is not merely a form of government; it is not merely a phase of society; it is a spirit of life. Democracy, therefore, does not merely have to do with the political organization. It is the reign of the common people in every department of life. It therefore revolutionizes every department of life: architecture, mechanics, invention, literature, art, the home, the school, industry, government, religion. Latin democracy and Hebrew democracy are only the directions in which this movement of the common people is being directed. A brief glance at the course of the last hundred years will suffice to illustrate this truth; a volume would be needed fully to interpret its various applications.

Demos builds no temples equal to those of Greece, no cathedrals equal to those of mediæval Christianity. When an attempt is made to build one, as in New York City or in the suburbs of Washington, there is a vague feeling that it is an anachronism, a building born out of due time. Demos builds pewed churches where the worshiper may sit at ease, measures the service by its ability to serve the worshiper, not by its fitness to please God, and puts emphasis on the sermon as a chief instrument of instruction and inspiration. Demos builds no palaces equal to those of ancient times. But he builds innumerable homes which offend the taste by barrenness of architectural ornament or vulgarity of ostentatious display, but which abound in comforts which the most luxurious lords of the Middle Ages or patricians of ancient Rome never knew. Demos owns no finer horses than the ancient landed proprietor, and has no such gilded coaches and liveried outriders. The principal survival of the old coaching days is an occasional four-in-hand driven by an amateur and highly cultivated Tony Weller. But the roads are incomparably better than those on which princes jolted and jostled when they drove at all, and the railway invented in the last century for the convenience of Demos covers in an hour more distance than his noble ancestors could have covered in a day. No modern artist in color surpasses a Titian, a Rembrandt, a Frans Hals. But public picture galleries, unknown before the middle of the eighteenth century, give to the plainest and humblest of the people access to the noblest and rarest art. No wood-engraving of to-day surpasses that of Albrecht Dürer in beauty of design and perfection of execution; but photo-engraving, not yet half a century old, lays the work of the designer on every cottage table. For our present literature we go back to the creative geniuses of the past; but the printing-press which gives us in the morning daily the equivalent in amount of a moderate volume for a penny also puts into one's hands for the price of a pot of beer or a cigar the great works of the great masters. And the first public library, established in England in 1850, has been followed by such a progeny of children that in the United States there is scarcely to be found in any except the most sparsely settled States any town of moderate size without its library free to all the people. The public school puts the fundamentals of education within the reach of the great majority of the children of even the poorest and less educated; and the half-million of pupils who crowd the high schools, which have been in existence but little over half a century, bear witness to the avidity with which the higher branches of education are sought by increasing numbers of boys and girls. In short, democracy means radical changes in all the material conditions of life, and in the nature and the spirit of life: in the means of intercommunication and transportation; in the tools and implements of industry; in the comforts in the homes; in the opportunities for self-development; in the fundamental conceptions of the aims and the uses of the institutions of religion. It means not merely government of the people, by the people, and for the people; it means, no less, wealth, industry, education, religion—in a word, life—for the people. That in this developing life we are to accept the guidance of the Hebrew-Puritan democracy rather than that of the Latin-French democracy, the theistic rather than the untheistic, the social rather than the individual, appears to me so axiomatic that it needs only to be clearly apprehended in order to be approved. At all events, I shall in the succeeding articles in this series assume that we are tending, and that we ought to tend, in the direction of a social democracy; and I shall try to indicate what light this guiding principle throws on the current questions of The Family, The School, Industry, and Politics.

FIVE WAYS TO FAIRYLAND

BY MARY ELIZABETH RODHOUSE

One way to Fairyland is through the dawn,
Over the misty summit of the hill,
Through the dew-drenched, bird-haunted wood, until
The path leads straight into the glowing eastern light.

One way to Fairyland is through the noon,
The sky one blazing sapphire, not a breeze
Nor sound save some faint twitter in the trees.
The earth is hushed, yet throbbing, and all strangely bright.

One way to Fairyland is through the dusk,—
Crickets and katydids begin to sing;
Grasses and leaves are softly whispering;
The shadows deepen; from the garden faint, sweet odors come.

One way to Fairyland is midnight's hour
In some old wood. The moonlight fitfully
Drifts through the boughs o'erhead, fantastically
Splashing the black with silver in a world entranced and dumb.

One way to Fairyland is through the heart—
The heart where shy love-spirits have their birth,
Fairies that make a paradise of earth.
One way to Fairyland is through the heart.

Howard Brushes

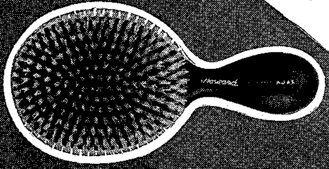
Best Brushes Made

GODIVA AJAX SAMSON

Brushing is Life to the Hair

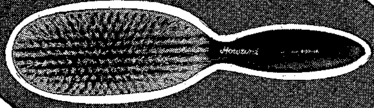
Every stroke of a Howard Brush reaches each layer of hair and makes the scalp tingle with a healthy glow, exciting vitality and encouraging a luxuriant growth.

A Howard Brush is scientifically constructed. Its stiff penetrating bristles remove completely the daily accumulation of dust, without injury to the hair or scalp, and stimulate the free flow of natural hair oil, keeping the hair clean, healthy and vigorous.

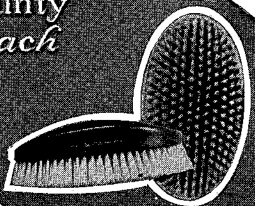


Howard AJAX
The Handy Traveller
$2.00 *to* $3.00 *each*

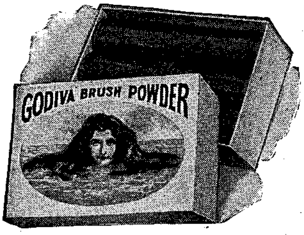
Howard Brushes are made from one solid piece of Turtle Ebony, or other precious woods, artistically fashioned and beautifully finished. Every detail of workmanship and material is the best, and with proper care a Howard Brush will last a lifetime.



Howard GODIVA
The Brush Dainty
$1.25 *to* $3.50 *each*



Howard SAMSON
Military De Lux
$3.25 *to* $6.00
per pair



GODIVA BRUSH POWDER

is a specially prepared powder with which a hair brush may be cleansed thoroughly without the slightest injury to the bristles. If your merchant cannot supply you with "Godiva Brush Powder," we will send a sample box, and booklet telling how to care for Hair Brushes, on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

The name "Howard" is on the handle of every Howard Brush

The Howard Brush Co., 15 West 24th St., New York

The

PLEASURES of HEALTH

can only be realized when supported by physical strength. Physical strength can only be attained through proper nourishment and physical exercise.

ANHEUSER BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

is not only a liquid food of itself but, when taken with meals, produces the fermentation necessary for the digestion of other foods.

Declared by U. S. Revenue Department A PURE
MALT PRODUCT and **not** an alcoholic beverage
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS

ANHEUSER-BUSCH - - - - St. Louis, Mo.

July Suppers

Shot from Guns

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are as crisp as crackers, and four times as porous as bread. There was never a cereal food ever created so adapted for serving in milk.

In these unique foods the wheat or rice kernels are puffed to eight times natural size.

They are exceedingly porous, deliciously crisp, and they have a nut-like flavor. The coats are unbroken, and the grains are shaped just as they came from the fields.

Imagine what a supper dish these foods make when served in a bowl of milk.

Whole-Grain Foods

In crackers or bread you get but part of the wheat. In Puffed Wheat you get the whole grain.

In crackers or bread only part of the starch granules are broken. In Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice every starch granule is literally blasted to pieces. The digestive juices act instantly.

So there is nothing so suitable as Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice for a supper or bedtime or a between-meal dish. And there is nothing so good.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in Extreme West* **Puffed Rice, 15c**

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson—the foods that are shot from guns.

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

The heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Then the guns are suddenly unsealed, the steam explodes, and every starch granule is literally blasted to pieces.

The terrific explosion shoots out from the guns these delicious, digestible grains—the most delightful cereal foods in existence.

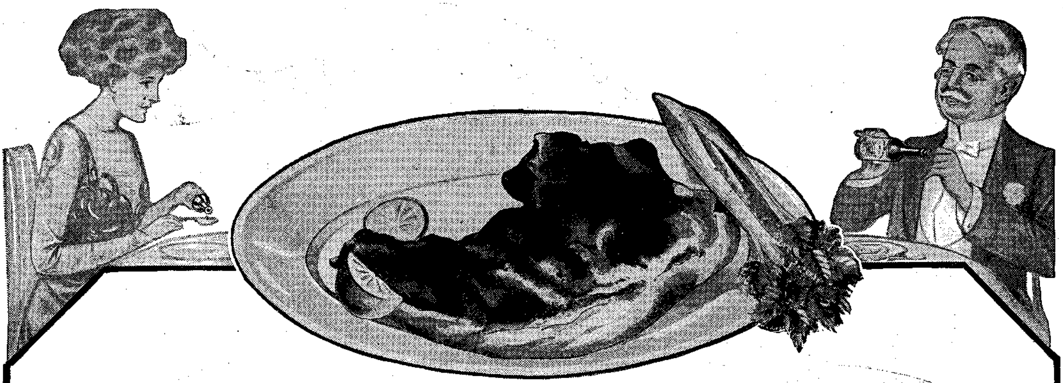
Serve Them With Berries for Breakfast

In the morning, mix these puffed grains with your berries. They are nut-like and crisp, and their blend with the berries gives something like a shortcake flavor.

Or serve the puffed grains alone—with milk or cream. You will realize then why people are eating a million and a quarter packages monthly.

Order them now—before you forget. For the people you serve will want Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice every day in hot weather.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company



STEAKS A perfect seasoning and a royal relish for steaks is

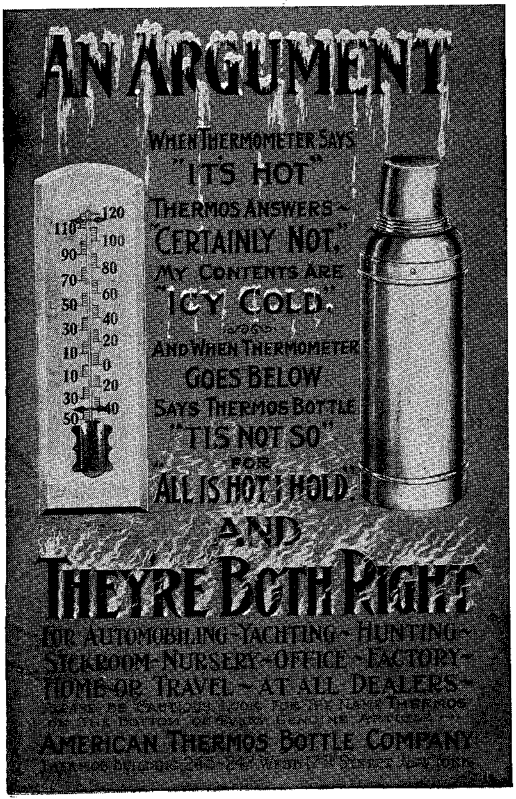
LEA & PERRINS

SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Roast Meats, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebits and Salad Dressings are improved by its use.

Beware of Imitations. JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.



AN ARGUMENT
WHEN THERMOMETER SAYS
"IT'S HOT"
THERMOS ANSWERS
"CERTAINLY NOT,"
MY CONTENTS ARE
"ICY COLD."
AND WHEN THERMOMETER
GOES BELOW
SAYS THERMOS BOTTLE
"'TIS NOT SO"
FOR
ALL IS HOT I HOLD
AND
THEYRE BOTH RIGHT
FOR AUTOMOBILING - YACHTING - HUNTING -
SICKROOM - NURSERY - OFFICE - FACTORY -
HOME OR TRAVEL - AT ALL DEALERS -
AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY
110
90
70
50
30
10
10
30
50
120
100
80
60
40
20
0
20
40

U-ALL-NO
AFTER DINNER MINT

The Charm of Cream Mint

is in its freshness, flavor, purity and delicacy of texture —all found in

·U-ALL-NO·

·AFTER DINNER MINT·

Famous everywhere as a delicious confection for any occasion.

Sold in air-tight tins by grocers, confectioners and druggists. If not at your dealer's send 10c for a liberal box.

MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA, 441 NORTH 12TH ST., PHILADELPHIA

THE HOUSEHOLD APERIENT.

THE BEST

"APENTA"

NATURAL APERIENT WATER

BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO
CORN STARCH
EXPRESSLY FOR FOOD.
T. KINGSFORD & SON.
PERFECTLY PURE.

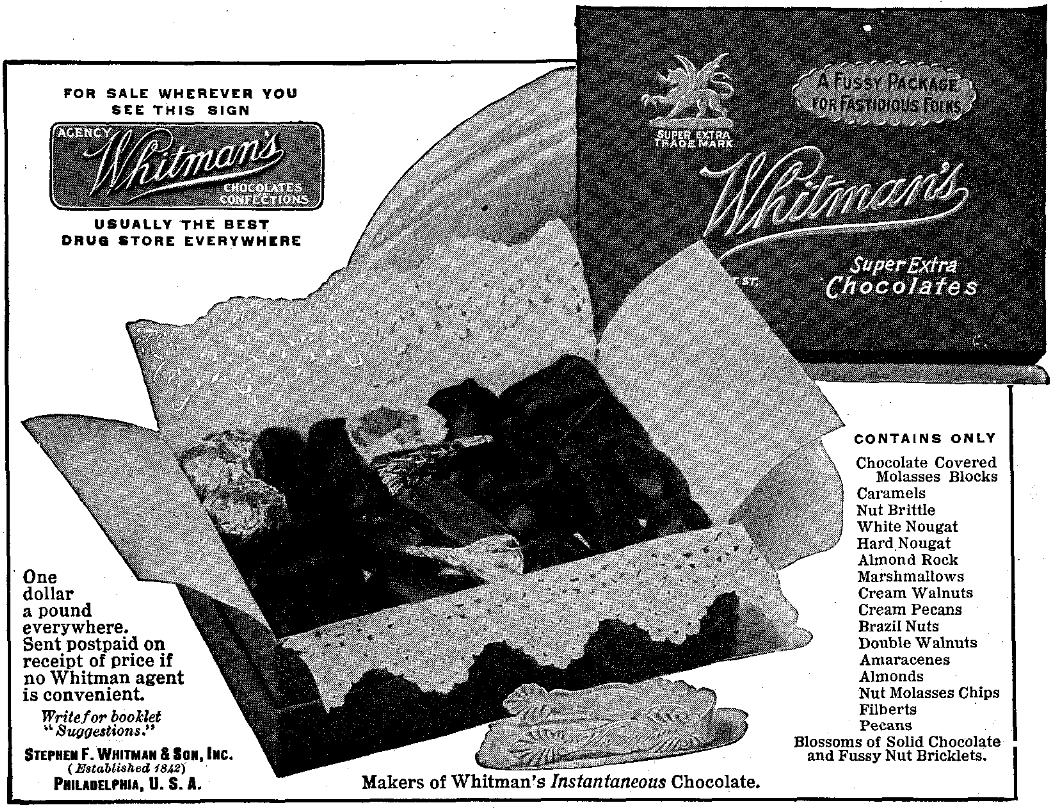
Try a Kingsford custard with tart berries, served cold. Or, with summer fruits, a delicate sauce or cream—easy to make and hard to surpass.

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

makes ideal summer desserts—light, cooling and easily digested. Kingsford's will help your juicy fruit pies, such as rhubarb and cherry. Used in the pastry, it keeps the under crust dry and tender.

All these things in Cook Book "DD." "What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch"—168 of the best recipes you ever tried. *The book is free.* Send for it. Your name on a post card will bring it.

T. KINGSFORD & SON
Oswego, N. Y.
National Starch Co., Successors


SUPER EXTRA TRADE MARK
A Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks
Whitman's
Super Extra Chocolates
AGENCY
Whitman's
CHOCOLATES CONFECTIONS

FOR SALE WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN

USUALLY THE BEST DRUG STORE EVERYWHERE

One dollar a pound everywhere. Sent postpaid on receipt of price if no Whitman agent is convenient.

Write for booklet "Suggestions."

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC.
(Established 1842)
PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

CONTAINS ONLY

- Chocolate Covered Molasses Blocks
- Caramels
- Nut Brittle
- White Nougat
- Hard Nougat
- Almond Rock
- Marshmallows
- Cream Walnuts
- Cream Pecans
- Brazil Nuts
- Double Walnuts
- Amaracenes
- Almonds
- Nut Molasses Chips
- Filberts
- Pecans
- Blossoms of Solid Chocolate and Fussy Nut Bricklets.

Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate.

Karo
CORN SYRUP

For the Picnic Basket —take Karo along—

Eat it with biscuit or spread on bread.

Use it for a tea punch—hot or iced coffee. Cooling drinks are delicious sweetened with Karo (See the Book, *pages 26 to 28*). Karo agrees with everybody.

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Eat it on	Use it for
Griddle cakes	Ginger bread
Hot biscuit	Cookies
Waffles	Candy

Karo Cook Book—fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making—Free. Send your name on a postcard, today, to

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
NEW YORK
Dept. D D. P. O. Box 161

Stewart Hartshorn

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

For The Complexion
MURRAY'S
CHARCOAL TABLETS

Absolutely unmedicated. Absorb all gases and stop stomach fermentation. The daily use of this **pure, unmedicated charcoal** gives a clear, soft, smooth and rosy complexion.

For 10c. in stamps, a full-size **25c.** box mailed for trial. **Once only.**

A. J. DITMAN, 30 Astor House, N.Y.

The Chest with a Chill in it

WHITE MOUNTAIN REFRIGERATORS

In Over a Million Homes

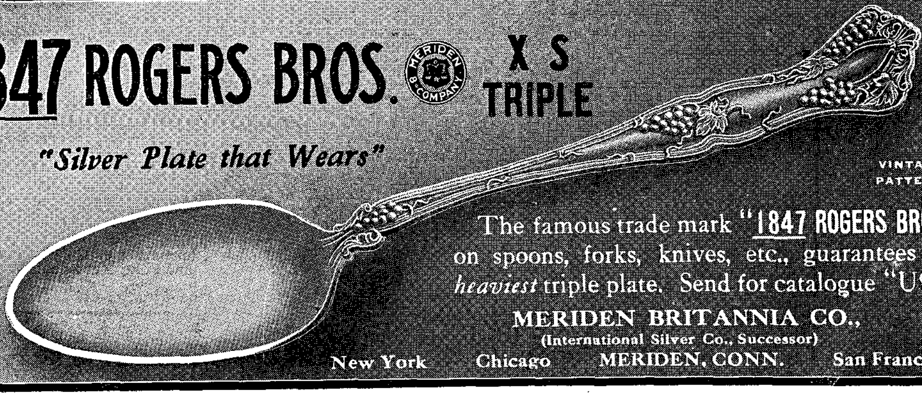
The world famous White Mountain Refrigerators because of artistic design, beautiful finish and scientific construction are a fitting addition to the most beautiful Summer Homes. Write to-day for Picture booklet.

Hundreds of styles

MAINE MFG. CO.
NASHUA, N. H.

1847 ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE

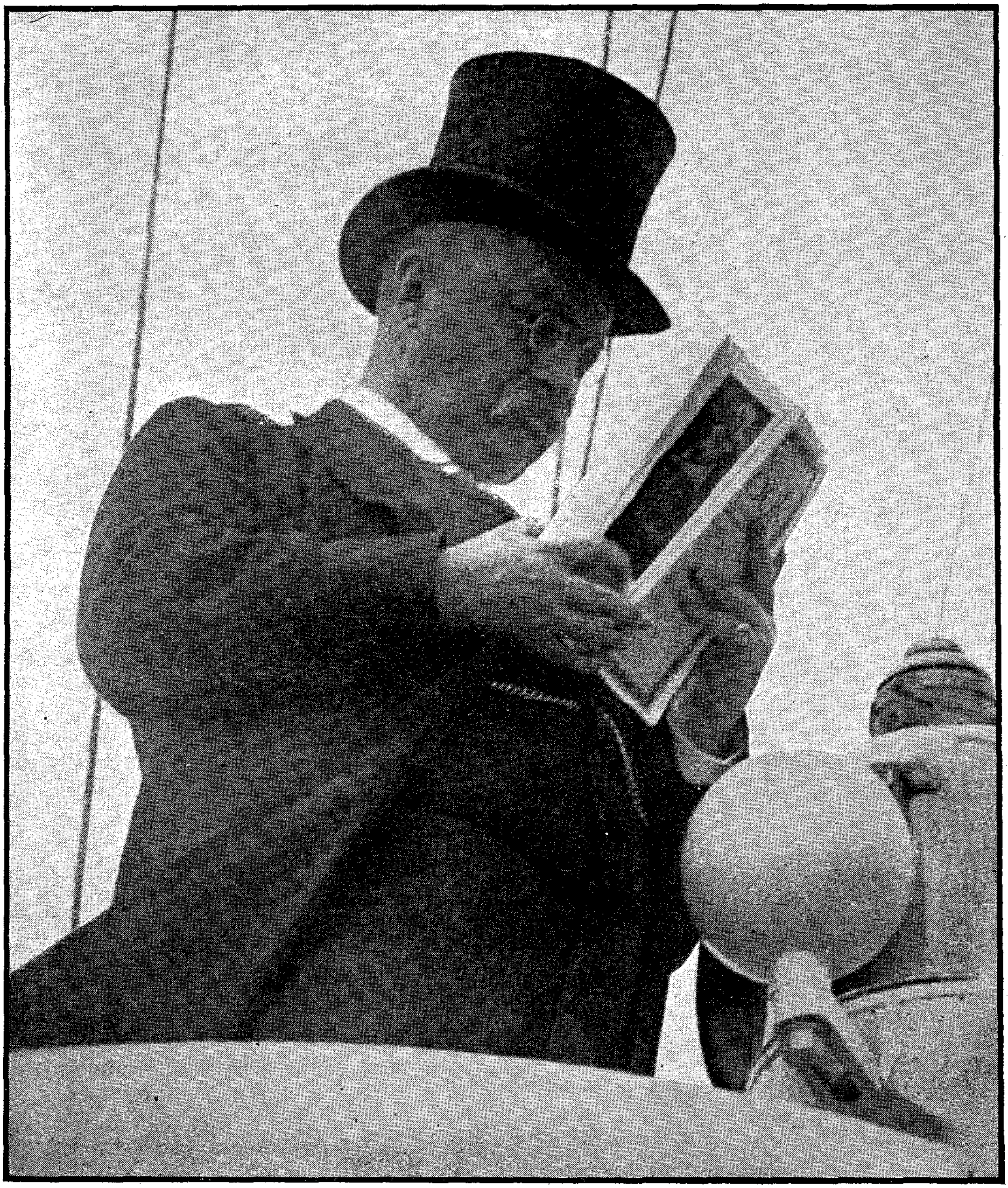
"Silver Plate that Wears"



VINTAGE PATTERN

The famous trade mark "1847 ROGERS BROS." on spoons, forks, knives, etc., guarantees the *heaviest* triple plate. Send for catalogue "U92."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
(International Silver Co., Successor)
New York Chicago MERIDEN, CONN. San Francisco



Photographed on board the Reception Committee Boat, Androscoggin, in New York Harbor, June 18

Mr. Roosevelt's Statement to the Press

"Once or twice a week I intend to go in to New York and I will be at the *Outlook* office there. That is the only place that I shall receive callers who want me to say anything." —*From the New York Sun.*

Send 2-cent stamp for
the 8-page

Index

of People and Places

to the Publishers

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY

Boston

Just Published

Astir

A Publisher's Life-Story

By John Adams Thayer

Intended originally for posthumous publication, the author has yielded to the persuasions of his friends to give this unique narrative to the world during his own life-time.

The great magazine publishers and editors of to-day are vigorously characterized.
Magazine Making is shown from the inside.
The story is told of the Fight for Clean Advertising.
You get a Fresh View-Point of Thomas W. Lawson.
You are absorbed in the Wonder-Tale of the Success of Everybody's Magazine.

Not since *The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* have we published so human a book. But this is not fiction. It is the real business story of a real business man. Human throughout, it frequently attains dramatic intensity.

At all bookstores, $1.20 *net.* Postage, 12 cents.

Small, Maynard & Company, Publishers - - Boston

French edition published simultaneously in Paris

The Outlook Should be Notified Promptly

of a change in a subscriber's address. To avoid all possible complications, the last address to which a subscriber's copy has been mailed, as well as the new address, SHOULD BE GIVEN IN FULL, and the notice should reach the Outlook office, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, two weeks before the date of the first issue to be affected.

NEW NOVELS FOR VACATION READING

"One should carry away for vacation reading a novel of goodly length, that it may not be done with before vacation has really begun; of pervasive and persuasive humor, that it may entertain a mind above the cheaply comic; of gentle flow in narrative, for the merely sensational gives no lasting pleasure; above all, a story whose characters are so real and friendly that the reader is content to spend his vacation's leisure hours in their company."—*The Outlook.*

THESE ARE JUST SUCH NOVELS AS ARE RECOMMENDED BY "THE OUTLOOK." THEY ARE THE BEST NEW NOVELS OF THE SEASON

Winston Churchill's *new novel* "A Modern Chronicle"

"He has done nothing that is so sure in its art and so readable as a work of fiction."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"From the beautiful Southern city, through New York's suburbs, smart summer resorts, Newport, and the West, one follows the heroine, Honora, with profound interest." "Honora is one of the most vital women in modern fiction."

By the Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," "Coniston," etc.

"Nathan Burke" *the remarkable novel by* Mary S. Watts

The above paragraph on vacation reading quoted from *The Outlook* was followed there by the sentence, "Just such a book is Nathan Burke."

"One of the big books of this or any year. . . . Few books have been written in years that will please so much."

"An exquisitely delightful piece of literature of a sort that isn't common nowadays."

Gertrude Atherton's *strongest novel* "Tower of Ivory"

"It is a powerful, gripping piece of fiction, in which the story of the love of a real man and of a great woman for each other is told as no other Anglo-Saxon living could tell it."—*Evening Mail.*

By the Author of "The Conqueror," "The Splendid Idle Forties," etc.

F. Marion Crawford's *last novel* "The Undesirable Governess"

No one who knows the versatile powers of this "prince of story tellers" should feel that his acquaintance is complete until he has read this merry tale, in which the author indulged to the full a light-hearted, infectious gayety and a characteristic ingenuity. It is distinctly a book which contributes to the incredulous but admiring reader's laughing delight.

By the Author of "Saracinesca," "The White Sister," etc.

Robert Herrick's *new novel* "A Life for a Life"

"I do not hesitate to say that the book is the best one, beyond all question, which Mr. Herrick has yet written."—*The Chicago Tribune.*

By the Author of "Together," "The Common Lot," etc.

DO NOT FORGET TO BUY THESE NEW NOVELS TO-DAY BEFORE YOU LEAVE TOWN. ASK ANY BOOKSELLER OR NEWSDEALER FOR THEM.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers

TEACHERS' AGENCIES

The Pratt Teachers Agency 70 Fifth Ave. New York

Recommends teachers to colleges, public and private schools. Advise parents about schools. **Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.**

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

CALIFORNIA

BELMONT SCHOOL

(FOR BOYS)

Belmont, California, 25 miles south of San Francisco, believes that it reasonably well meets the moral, physical and intellectual requirements of careful parents. Write for specific information.

W. T. Reid, A. M. (Harvard), Head Master.
W. T. Reid, Jr., A. M. (Harvard), Asst. Head Master.

California Hospital Los Angeles School for Nurses

Three years. Ideal private hospital. 150 beds. Maternity, medical, surgical, eye and ear departments. Surrounded by tropical gardens. *Superior training. Illustrated booklet free. Write.*

COLORADO

ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOL

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Will open on Wednesday, September 21, 1910

Apply to the Headmaster, the Rev. Gibson Bell, A.B. Harvard, B.D., Colorado Springs, Colo., for prospectus and further information.

THE WOLCOTT SCHOOL, DENVER

Superior climate. Accredited with Eastern Colleges for girls. Fine music advantages. Gymnasium, dancing, sports.

CONNECTICUT

INGLESIDE—A School for Girls

New Milford, Litchfield Co., Conn.

School year begins Tuesday, October 4, 1910.

Mrs. WM. D. BLACK, Patroness.

The Catharine Aiken Boarding and Day School for Girls

STAMFORD, CONN.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Scoville Devan, A.B. Wellesley.

FLORIDA

WHY IMPERIL HEALTH

of boys and girls by confinement in stuffy and superheated school-rooms, and exposure to severe weather, when at

ROLLINS, Florida's Oldest College

AT WINTER PARK

they can live out of doors, and have best instruction and care, at less cost than at home? College, Academy, Music, Expression, Art, Business—*golf, tennis, boating, gymnasium, athletics.* Pres. W. F. BLACKMAN, Ph.D., LL.D. (Oberlin, Yale, Cornell, Berlin).

MARYLAND

A Country Home School for Young Boys

A wholesome life. Skillful teaching. Accessible location. Address H. H. BALLARD, Ph.D., Box 4, Sta. B, Baltimore, Md.

ILLINOIS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

HOME STUDY

18th Year

CORRESPONDENCE-STUDY DEPT.

offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

The U. of C. (Div. E) Chicago, Ill.

ILLINOIS

THE KENWOOD INSTITUTE

and THE LORING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Now Consolidated at 4600 Ellis Avenue, Chicago

Certificate admits to all colleges for women. Bryn Mawr preparation a specialty. College Preparatory and Special Courses. Unequaled advantages in Music and Art. Handsome residence, offering bath with each bedroom; tennis and basketball courts and playgrounds. *Fall term opens Sept. 20th.* Catalogue on request.

Stella Dyer Loring & Helen D. Loring, Principals.

MASSACHUSETTS

LASELL SEMINARY

Auburndale, Mass. College preparation. Household Arts and Sciences. Ten miles from Boston. Address

G. M. Winslow, Ph.D., Principal

DEAN ACADEMY

FRANKLIN, MASS.

Young men and young women find here a home-like atmosphere, thorough and efficient training in every department of a broad culture, a loyal and helpful school spirit. Liberal endowment permits liberal terms, $300 per year.

For catalogue and information address

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt.D., Principal.

The Mary A. Burnham School For Girls

Founded by Miss Burnham in 1877. Special and College Preparatory courses. Correspondence should be addressed to Miss Helen E. Thompson, Headmistress. Martha Chamberlain Burnham.

Northampton, Massachusetts.

"THE ELMS" SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

English, Music, Special, and College Preparatory Courses

Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Wellesley.

Miss PORTER, Principal, Springfield, Mass.

Waban School You ought to know about us. The only one of its kind.

Individual attention; thorough work; manly atmosphere. Summer camp on Maine coast. Box 14-O, Waban, Mass.

Massachusetts, Worcester.

Worcester Academy

All advantages of a large school; master teachers; comprehensive equipment. Eight buildings. Special laboratories. Gymnasium. "Megaron," a noble Recreation Hall. Perfect Swimming Pool. New athletic field, completely equipped. 77th year begins Sept. 13th. Illustrated catalogue. D. W. Abercrombie, LL.D.

MICHIGAN

THE DETROIT HOME AND DAY SCHOOL

Established 1878.

Thirty received in the school family. Prepares for College. Well-equipped gymnasium and laboratories for physics, chemistry, and domestic science.

The Misses Liggett, Principals. Detroit, Mich.

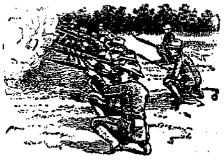
Michigan College of Mines

F. W. McNAIR, President

Located in Lake Superior district. Mines and mills accessible for college work. For Year Book and Record of Graduates apply to President or Secretary, Houghton, Michigan.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

ROCKLAND MILITARY ACADEMY



Education is costly. Ignorance more so. This school develops manliness, builds character, trains mind and body at the formative time of a boy's life. Military system, judicious athletics, preparation for College, West Point, Annapolis, or business. 14 years under same management. Summer Camp. Over $10,000 expended recently in improvements. Our five books free.

Elmer E. French, Supt., 5 Seminary Hill, West Lebanon, N. H., on the Conn. River, 4 miles from Dartmouth College.

NEW JERSEY

The Lakewood School for Girls

Academic and Special Courses. Wonderful winter climate. Outdoor sports. Miss Edith Samson, Lakewood, New Jersey.

NEW JERSEY

PRINCETON SUMMER SCHOOL. Prepares for Princeton entrance examinations. 19th season opens July 11. Students may enter at any time. NO FAILURES LAST SEASON. Address C. R. MOREY, 15 University Pl., Princeton, N. J.

KENT PLACE SCHOOL for Girls
SUMMIT, N. J. (Near New York). Mrs. Sarah Woodman Paul, Principal. Hamilton Wright Mabie, LL.D., Presd't Board of Directors.

NEW YORK CITY

LOOKING FOR A SCHOOL OR CAMP?
YOU CAN FIND *the* SCHOOL WANTED
by writing SCHOOL AGENCY, 529-41 Park Row, N. Y.

NEW YORK

Mrs. Hazen's Suburban School For Girls, Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Half hour from Grand Central Station, New York.
Mrs. John Cunningham Hazen, Principal.
Miss Sara Louise Tracy, Associate.

Rye Seminary, Rye, New York.
For particulars address
Mrs. S. J. LIFE, The Misses STOWE

THE OAKWOOD SEMINARY
Union Springs-on-Cayuga Lake, N. Y. Endowed boarding school for boys and girls under management of Friends. College preparation. Strong Christian faculty. Board and tuition $250. Capacity 75. Patronage not limited to Friends. Send for catalogue.
WALTER HALLOCK WOOD, A.B., Prin.

OHIO

Laurel School For Girls
10001 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
The Laurel School receives a limited number of boarding pupils. House and school separate. Circulars ready.

PENNSYLVANIA

The Misses Shipley's School

Preparatory to Bryn Mawr College.

BUILDING—Specially designed Colonial building with every improved appointment. SITUATION—Educational and social opportunities of situation opposite Bryn Mawr College. INSTRUCTION—Diploma in College Preparatory and Academic courses. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley. Specialists in all departments. Two resident French teachers. ATHLETICS—Resident athletic director.
YOUNGER PUPILS receive special attention.
For circular address
THE SECRETARY, Box "G," BRYN MAWR, Pa.

Ogontz School for Young Ladies
Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. The late Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Miss A. A. SUTHERLAND, Principals. Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

The Thurston-Gleim Home School for Girls
825-827 Negley Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
For particulars address Miss ALICE M. THURSTON, Director.

RHODE ISLAND

THE LINCOLN SCHOOL Providence, R. I.
Miss MARGARET GILMAN, Principal. Correspondence should be addressed to Miss Margaret F. Miller, 272 Benefit St., Providence, R.I.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee-Downer College
Milwaukee-Downer Seminary
Milwaukee, Wis.
Department of Home Economics prepares for teaching Domestic Science and Domestic Arts. Music, Art, Elocution, Physical Training. Location combines advantages of city and country.
Address Miss ELLEN C. SABIN, President.

SIX PER CENT SECURED CERTIFICATES

SALT Lake Real Estate, on which are based the Mortgages Securing our Certificates, is improved, increasing in value and worth at least twice the obligation. Those investing their funds in these Certificates are assured of unquestioned safety, for in addition to the security afforded by the First Mortgages the Certificates are also guaranteed by our large Capital and Surplus. 6% per annum.
Write for booklet "A."

Capital and Surplus $400,000.00

SALT LAKE SECURITY & TRUST COMPANY
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
F. E. McGURRIN, PRES. EST. 1886

Market Stability

On account of the near maturity, high grade securities due in from one to three years are particularly desirable for the investment of temporary funds, being

Free from violent fluctuations,
The price keeping close to the maturity value

Readily convertible into cash,
There being a special demand for short term investments

Send for Circular No. 961 giving list of selected short term securities now obtainable at prices to net from

4½% to 6%

Guaranty Trust Company of New York
ESTABLISHED 1864

Capital........$5,000,000
Surplus.......$18,000,000

28 Nassau Street, - New York
33 Lombard Street, London, E.C.
514 Fifth Avenue, - New York

Banking Department
Trust Department
Bond Department
Transfer Department
Foreign Department

CHARTERED 1864

Union Trust Company of New York

MAIN OFFICE: 80 BROADWAY
Uptown Office: 425 Fifth Avenue, corner 38th Street,
With Modern Safe Deposit Vaults

Capital $1,000,000 **Surplus (earned) $8,000,000**

ALLOWS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

Acts as Executor, Guardian, Trustee, Administrator and in all Fiduciary Capacities on behalf of Individuals, Institutions or Corporations.

TRUSTEES

Walter P. Bliss,
Amory S. Carhart,
Amos F. Eno,
Frederic deP. Foster,
Harrison E. Gawtry,
Robert Walton Goelet,
Adrian Iselin, Jr.,
Augustus W. Kelley,
H. Van Rensselaer Kennedy,
James Gore King,
Edwin G. Merrill,
V. Everit Macy,
W. Emlen Roosevelt,
N. Parker Shortridge,
James Speyer,
John V. B. Thayer,
Charles H. Tweed,
William Woodward,
M. Orme Wilson.

OFFICERS

EDWIN G. MERRILL, President.
AUGUSTUS W. KELLEY, Vice-Prest.
JOHN V. B. THAYER, Vice-Prest. & Sec.
EDWARD R. MERRITT, Vice-Prest.
CARROLL C. RAWLINGS, Trust Officer.
HENRY M. POPHAM, T. W. HARTSHORNE, HENRY M. MYRICK, Asst. Sec'ys.

To Be Conservative One Must Be Well-Informed

A host of people have surplus funds that are either unproductive or bringing in a nominal income. Most of these people would like to invest in conservative income-producing securities, but lack the confidence that comes with a knowledge of investment values.

We are extensive dealers in investment bonds with an experience covering thirty-four years. If you are in search of information on this subject we shall be glad to send you free of cost several interesting pamphlets bearing on conservative investment.

If you have money to invest, we are in a position to offer you a wide variety of high grade Municipal, Railroad, and Public Utility Bonds in denominations of $100 and upwards, yielding from 4¼ to 5¾%. Investment literature and circular 104-Y on request.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS

John Hancock Building, Boston

NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER SAN FRANCISCO